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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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IS AMERICA A PARADISE FOR WOMEN?

"Yes," says SINCLAIR LEWIS "No," says DOROTHY THOMPSON

A delightfully frank discussion between the famous author and his wife

JUNE 1929

TEN CENTS

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A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

YOU'VE certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house —one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything we could write.

And when they say, "How *do* you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

P.S. *for brides only* . . . . . .

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap *and* plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give *extra* help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle to your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXX. No. 9 JUNE, 1929

WINNERS OF THE $1500.00 CONTEST

17 Best Solutions Selected by the Author of "The Disappearance of Mary Young"

THE SEVENTEEN prize-winners whose names and addresses appear below were selected by Mr. Milton M. Propper, author of "The Disappearance of Mary Young," from the many thousands who participated in our recent contest. Checks have already been mailed to them.

Mr. Propper reported that he considered the solutions of the mystery sent in by these seventeen contestants the most plausible, original, and practical, and in no way similar to his own conclusion.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the readers of Pictorial Review very cordially for their interest and cooperation. We would like also to congratulate the fortunate seventeen who were selected by Mr. Propper, and to wish better luck next time to those who did not happen to be successful on this occasion.

First Prize, $500.00

ZULA GAMBERT
P. O. Box 1744, San Francisco, California

Second Prize, $300.00

KATHERINE E. TURNER
2019 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Third Prize, $200.00

MARGARET L. WIATT
College Park, Maryland

Fourth Prize, $100.00

MABEL G. HAIR
New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania

Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Prizes, $50.00 *each*

MRS. GRACE JOHNSON, Hepler, Kansas
WILLIAM T. SCANLON, Fontana, Wisconsin
MRS. JAS. GARVEY, R. R. 3, Goderich, Ontario, Canada

The following received $25.00 *each*

VIRGINIA REAM . . . 3313 E. 14th, Wichita, Kansas
HAROLD G. OLIN . . . . . Bellville, Ohio
MARY F. O'BRIEN, 555 Pemberton Ave., Lexington, Ky.
MARY WARRINGTON, Chapin Street, Washington, D. C.
MRS. ALICE W. HUTCHINS . . . South Windham, Me.
ALICE SAENGER . . 68 4th Street, South Orange, N. J.
GLENN HALL . . . 148 Governor Street, Providence, R. I.
MRS. B. F. SHINKMAN . . Box 462, El Dorado, Kansas
MRS. A. G. WILLIAMS, 307 W. Park Drive, Raleigh, N. C.
AGNES E. HAMILTON . . Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

Another smashing thriller will begin in the August issue— "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street," by Robert J. Casey. Look for the big announcement next month in Pictorial Review.

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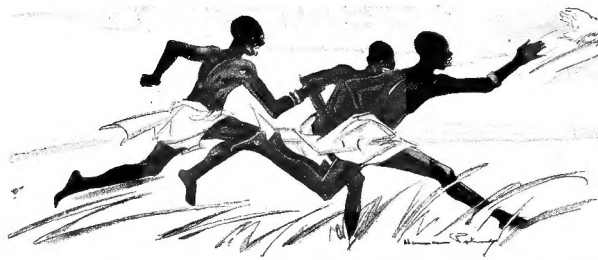

Drawings by Herman Palmer

"BECAUSE THE COOK-BOY WAS BORED AND WANTED A LARK HE LET THE SCRUBBY LITTLE FOWL ESCAPE"

HOUSEKEEPING ON THE EQUATOR

By Elinor Mordaunt

AFTER all it really matters very little where one lives or how one lives; it is the people one lives with that counts, at least to us women. For the rest it is all a question of getting used to things, and there is no doubt about it that women are more adaptable than men. A woman will get to setting her bread to rise, and figuring out how to get her desserts made without eggs or milk or butter or fruit, while a man is turning round and round in circles like a dog looking for a place to sit down in.

You often hear people say, "I would never have expected that of so-and-so." Well, what do they want? Isn't it fun to come across something one has never expected, even in a neighbor or a fool? One knows oneself so little, one can scarcely move without reflecting, "Well, I never thought I could have put up with a thing like that; managed with a thing like that; lived like that!" and how can one be expected to know any one else any better than oneself?

As a matter of fact most women ask too little, not too much, of themselves, just as their men ask too little of them.

Last year I was staying with my son in British East Africa. His house, on his own coffee estate, is only three miles from the equator; but tho the days are hot it is so high up—over six thousand feet above sea-level—that one is glad of a wood-fire at sunset, and to sleep with three blankets on one's bed at night.

Just before I left, my son's sweetheart came out to marry him.

She had never lived out of England, and scarcely at all out of London; she knew nothing whatever of pioneer life. They have been married less than a year even now, but some months ago I had a letter from her in which she said, "We are very busy picking coffee; but it is such a nuisance—all the young men have had to be given leave, and gone off, whooping with joy, after a lion, that's been a perfect nuisance about here lately, carrying off goats and cattle."

Think of that! Not a word of "We've all been scared to death of a lion," but just what a bother it was to run short of labor, even for a day, when the precious crop was just ready to be gathered.

She came out to stay with us for a month before she married my son, as it seemed only fair that she should know what she was up against before it was too late.

I remember that she asked me where the butcher was, and I told her that fifteen miles away a man killed a bullock once a week. But as he usually did not kill until evening, the boy who went for the meat very often did not get back till late next day, when likely enough the flies had got at it; while at other times the bullock could not be caught and there was no meat for *that* week.

Again, in one of her letters she told me how they had gone off to spend a few days with the young bachelor who had been best man at their wedding. He had only a one-room house. But out there this sort of difficulty is easily remedied, for one simply builds another house as a guest-room; and another and yet another, as one's means of entertaining increases. And this in reality boils down to the payment of the grocer's bill, a serious item out there, as all groceries and liquors come from the town nearly three hundred miles away.

To build these single-room houses the natives stick posts and long sticks in the ground, making an enclosure of the sort of size for a fair square or round room, and round rooms are very popular. About these stakes they build up mud walls pretty well a foot thick—the heavier poles being for the support of the roof. At this they work stark naked, with a never-failing joy in clapping on the mud. For the roof they fasten more sticks point to point in a triangle, or gathered up to one point in a round hut, and thatch it with thick, dry grass. The mud is then smoothed over so that it sets with a satin-like surface; and then, if you can afford it, whitewashed or color-washed over.

I myself whitened all the buildings of my son's house, inside and out before his bride arrived, and between us we built a chimney so that we could have a real fireplace to welcome her with. The bricks were made of burned earth and came out a lovely color, and until the chimney got too high for me I laid them; then my son finished off the job.

Many are the trades I have followed—and years ago in Australia I went to a tinsmith's class at a working men's college because it annoyed me so, not being able to mend my own pots and pans—but this was the first time I ever laid bricks, and I just loved the placing of them, the slapping on of the mud we used for mortar: seeing the chimney rise up straight under my hands. For I do believe that no pleasure on earth can equal a job of work.

I don't know if people in America have houses like this, but in England they are called "*Pisé*" and in Australia "wattle and daub," "wattle" being the old name for the yellow flowering mimosa-tree, which is the wood most commonly used for the posts. Houses built like this are splendidly cool, and last a long while. The only real expense incurred, apart from color-work, is for the glass and the window-frames and doors, which in East Africa are generally made of sweet-scented cedar-wood, the cheapest of all woods out there.

Well, the young host had built such a guest-house for the bride and bridegroom. But he ran short of either time or money, for there were no doors or windows. Anyhow my daughter-in-law wrote: "We heard a leopard mouching round our bedroom the first night, and, getting out of the window-hole, went over to the main house, and all slept there in the one room. Next day, tho, Frank fixed a sort of door and bars over the windows; and I made bread and a game-pie, and we had no end of a time."

Well, doesn't that show how easily woman can get used to any sort of life, like a pair of comfortable shoes?

As for a makeshift door, you can easily make one of saplings nailed together. The biggest sapling you put upright where the hinges would be, and slightly point either end of it. Then you embed a bottle upside down in the ground, close inside the bottom of the lintel, and another bottle in the clay at the top, and the two ends of the tapered sapling swing in the hollows of these as smooth as silk, with no possibility of any creaking.

THE first time I went out to stay with my son his first question when he came to meet me was, "I say, Mother, can you make bread?" Once traveling with my camping-kit through some New Guinea islands, I came across a single white man, the first white face I had seen for weeks, and his first greeting, too, was, not, "How wonderful to see a white woman here!" or any Livingstone and Stanley business like that, but just, "For Heaven's sake, have you any bread?"

Of course I told my son that I could make bread, but I did not quite know what I was letting myself in for: that I should have to make the yeast to make the bread rise first—for baking-powder bread can not be endured save in an emergency—and bake it in a tiny oven, with a stove that held so little wood that it was practically impossible to keep any level of heat; that there would be no chimney in the kitchen—and it is difficult to fix a chimney safely with a thatched roof—while the wood was mostly green, so that when I cooked, the tears would run in streams down my grimy cheeks.

And this was not the real beginning of it either. One had to make one's yeast twenty-four hours before it was needed, of salt and sugar, and potatoes boiled in their skins and pressed through muslin; and ten to one the bottle one strained it into would burst, or some mischievous boy—and we call all the natives "boys"—would undo the string which tied down the cork just for the fun of seeing it pop.

And even when the bread was made it had to be set to rise in the sun—for it was impossible to keep it clear of soot and wood-ash in the kitchen—and dogs were apt to eat it, or cats to walk over it, or the sun to go in for the first time for days, just as it was most needed; so that your bread sat down on you, and the whole household was filled with, overcome with,

"FOR A WHOLE WEEK I STUCK TO THESE SPEARS"

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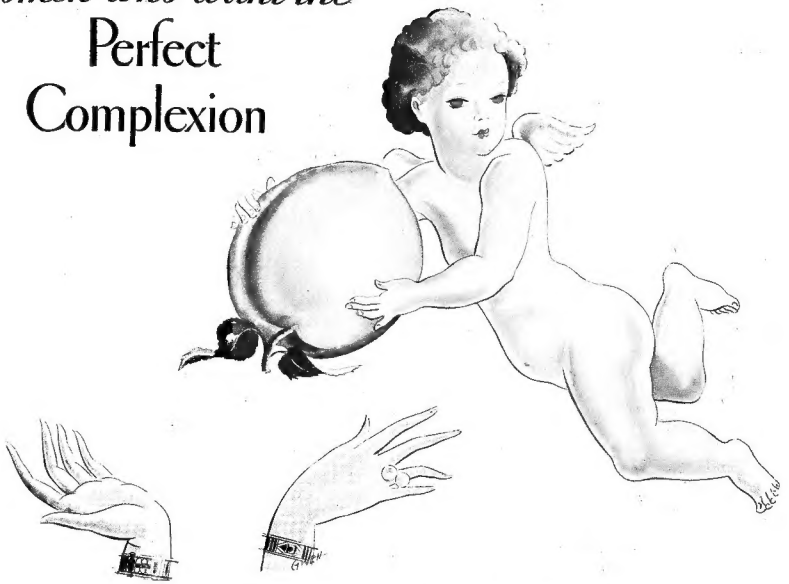
Wanted: *Women who want the* Perfect Complexion



You have been faithful, oh ladies, to your creams and to your unguents and your fingers are clever in the ways of massage!

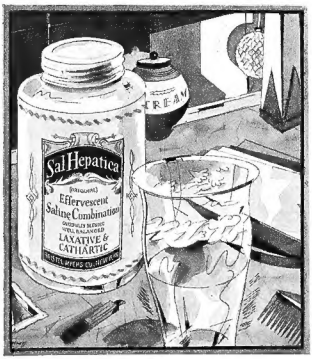
But still blemishes come to mar the beauty of your complexion and still do you sigh for the skin of your youth!

What then, have you left undone? Where have you robbed your creams of their power to beautify? Is it not that you overlook that true beauty comes more from *within* than from *without?*

Most emphatically it does. And the greatest service you can do your skin is to keep free from constipation and internally clean by the saline method—with Sal Hepatica.

Salines are the modern sesame to beauty

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the custom of fashionable Europeans. It is the practice of the smart women of the continent to regularly visit the saline springs—the "cure stations," Vichy, Carlsbad, Weisbaden — where they freshen their complexions and restore themselves to health by drinking the famous "health waters."



Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today! Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. For salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

Send now the coupon for free booklet which tells in detail how Sal Hepatica keeps your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it relieves many common family ills.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H69, 71 West St., New York, N.Y. Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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★ ★ ★ **Sal Hepatica**

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BUNNY'S AUNT MATHILDA

When an attempt is made to capture the unattainable something happens

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

Illustration by Robert A. Graef

"'ARE ANY YOUNG MEN—BESIDES YOU—ATTENTIVE TO HER?' 'HEAVENS, YES! WE TRIP OVER ONE ANOTHER'"

CHASTE, prim furnishings. Plain net curtains. Portraits in oil of pink-cheeked ancestors. Neat sets of Thackeray, Dickens, Emerson, Shakespeare, and Carlyle, behind glass. Antimacassars, and two goldfish in a stony, mossy tank. All these things belonged to Miss Mathilda H. Meade. And she to them.

Miss Meade was thirty-nine. She was thin, with coat-hanger shoulders and surprizingly stout legs. She wore spectacles usually, and when she did not there was always a spectacle-mark between her brows, and her faded blue eyes blinked and watered. Most of her dresses had little string belts which she tied too loose and too low, so that even when standing she gave an effect of sitting, as in a swing.

In 1915 Mr. Hugh Leigh, of Havemeyer, Leigh & Boyd, New York, had peevishly said to his office manager, "Will you, for Heaven's sake, find me a secretary who won't get *married?*" The office manager had found Miss Meade.

She was drab; she was negative; she looked a good deal like almost every one else, and wore every one's sort of clothes—but there was about her one flashing, vivid thing: she was Bunny Meade's aunt. This was her personality. This colored and defined her, like sunset on a window-glass. For Bunny was jaunty and picturesque, a play-boy, a glamourous youth; and nobody could be the aunt of such a one and still be quite entirely *nobody.*

Bunny also lived in New York, tho his parents lived in Rhode Island. He had a room and a bath in a club in the Thirties, East. Two years ago, when he came from college (by request, not by diploma), Miss Mathilda had offered him her guest-room; but he had said he wanted to live near the office, "if you know what I mean." Miss Mathilda had thought he meant he wanted to live near the office. She was not very perspicacious, that lady.

Bunny was twenty-two, and he did newspaper cartoons, and he had a great many friends. Miss Mathilda did not see him often. Sometimes she did not see him for a month. There was daily, however, the chance that she might see him or hear from him, and this made life pleasant, and door-bells and telephone-rings thrilling. She always kept his favorite cigarets on hand; and every day, unconsciously, she ordered more dinner than she alone could possibly consume.

When he appeared, it was heaven. He never stayed long; he usually borrowed money; be always spilled ashes in every direction; still it was heaven. Her mind on these occasions divided itself in two: a half that hung on his words, and a half that fretted and worried about his comfort. Wouldn't he like this chair? A cushion behind his back? A footstool? More matches? *Something?*

It was great fun to hear about his girls.

Not that she ever heard much about any of them; but he told her a little. She caught and cherished names. Barbara. Marion. Claire. She harkened eagerly to, and strove to comprehend, certain cryptic descriptions. Barbara, it seemed, was "just a dim bulb." Marion was "rather neatly thrown together," but "dumb—in a big way!" Claire was the current favorite. Claire had everything. Bunny, by his own confession, was "all hot and bothered" about Claire.

"Bring her to see me," Miss Mathilda begged, time and time again.

And once he did.

THE visit was preceded by a telephone-call. "Listen, Tilda: do me a favor, will you?"

"Oh, *yes!*" she said.

It developed that they had been to a football game that afternoon, Claire and Bunny, and that evening they were going to a dance. The dance was at Perrin's, a private affair, and it wouldn't break up till very late—too late for Claire to be driven back to her home far down Long Island. The hotels were crowded, and everything was in a jam, and *would* Tilda let Claire stay there with her, and dress there before the dance. They'd had their dinner——

This was at eight o'clock.

By eight-thirty the guest-room had received its second thorough sweeping of the day; the massive mahogany guest-room bed had been tenderly dressed in linens and woolens; six starched little towels of the bridge-prize sort had been hung on the rack in the bathroom; and Miss Mathilda in new brown satin was doing a number of things at once, and praying that the door-bell would not ring till they were done.

It rang at five minutes of ten. One second later the knob was wrenched, and a half-second after that Bunny's fist beat a gay tattoo on the panel. *Knock! Knock-a-knock-knock!* Bang! BANG!

Miss Mathilda, giggling a little, adjusting with tremulous fingers the tiny string belt which was tied too low, scurried breathless to answer.

It was dim in the foyer, and she could not see Claire very well; but she felt her hand, little and firm, and heard her liquid, murmurous voice, "How do you do, Miss Meade? This is so sweet of you!"

BUNNY was exuberant. He hugged his aunt, a giant raccoon arm about her shoulders. "How are you?" he demanded. "Did you think we weren't coming? *How* long ago was it I called you? Listen! D'you know what happened? Tell her, Claire. You tell her. I choke."

"Well," said Claire, "first I spent an hour in a taxi in front of Bunny's club while he changed his clothes——"

"Not that!" interrupted Bunny. "I meant about the check. One of us," he gleefully explained to Miss Mathilda "—chivalry forbids the mention of names—but *one* of us lost the check! The check for Claire's suitcase. It was checked at the Grand Central. Gosh! What a time! Say, but why do we loiter in doorways, as it were?"

"Yes, come in," said Miss Mathilda suddenly, feverishly, "come in. I—I was so interested——"

She hurried ahead of them into the living-room and circled in haste around it, pulling chairs forward an inch or two apiece. "Sit here, Miss—Miss Bruce. Sit down. Here, Bunny——"

"We can't," declared Bunny. "We're late now, and Claire's got to jump into a dress."

"Oh, not quite yet—" Miss Mathilda said. She said it absently. She was looking at Claire. Beaming at her, and blinking, her pale eyes moist with sentiment. Bunny's little sweetheart! How lovely she was! With tawny hair, and a small, exquisite face, and a baby mouth. When she smiled her lashes smiled first, tangling at the corners.

"Sit down just a *minute,*" Miss Mathilda pleaded. "Do."

So they sat down, albeit in attitudes markedly transient, on the edges of chairs. Claire loosened her coat. It had a huge fur collar, tugged somewhat to the left by a heavy clot of tired football-game violets. Beneath it the frock was tan and tight and very short indeed, and against the partial halo of the collar Claire's hat was tan also, and smart as a tiny hat can be.

"We're always late," observed Claire.

She drew off her gloves, finger by finger. She had decorative hands, ivory pale, with little pink shells at the tips.

"I always was," she continued, "and since I've known Bunny I'm *later.*" She smiled at Miss Mathilda confidentially. "I used to complain that I never saw a kick-off or a rising curtain. Now I think I'm lucky if I get there at all."

"Just where," demanded Bunny, "haven't you *got?*"

"Oh—places."

"Isn't she beautiful, Tilda?" said Bunny unexpectedly.

Miss Mathilda, after a shocked glance at him, mumbled affirmatively.

"Beautiful," repeated Bunny, wagging his head.

"But is it art?" said Claire.

She swung one slim leg from the knee of its mate, and idly surveyed the room, and seemed not to know that when one is flattered one ought to show confusion; seemed, indeed, not to know that she had been flattered.

"I hope I'm not a bother," she remarked to Miss Mathilda, "descending on you bag and baggage like this?"

"Oh, you're not! You're not at *all!*"

"It's so good of you to take me in——"

"I'm so *glad* to! Bunny has spoken of you so often——"

"And," said Bunny, "with such feeling."

HE STOOD up. He moved toward Claire, and from his great height swooped down upon her, yanking her up by both wrists. "Come on, baby," he said. "Time you got going."

Miss Mathilda again protested, but vainly.

"She must, really," Bunny insisted. "It takes her forever to dress."

"That from you!" jeered Claire.

They conducted her into the guest-room. Miss Mathilda went ahead, flutteringly, and Bunny brought up the rear with the suitcase.

"*And* the orchid?" queried Claire over her shoulder.

"And the orchid."

It was in a florist's cardboard box, and it was not an orchid, but three orchids and some fern. Miss Mathilda, with permission, unpacked it reverently. "Ummm!" she breathed.

"Nice," said Claire.

Bunny had departed again. With a thumb and first finger Claire pulled off her hat, carelessly, as a boy does. She hung it on one of the bedposts, where it looked

Continued on Page 102

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Mother . . . Accept This Outfit

Build Up Your Child This Summer

FREE—*50c Shaker with 3-Day Trial Package*

NOTE COUPON

Add a Pound a Week in Weight—Correct Nervousness Appreciably—An Utterly New-Type Food-Drink From Switzerland That Increases Weight a Pound or More a Week and Curbs Nervousness Remarkably—Use Coupon for 3-Day Supply and Free Shaker

YOU have probably heard people talk about Ovaltine; but may never have tried it for your children. The offer below is made to induce you to try it. New to America, 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The discovery of Swiss Science—world-leader in child health—it is credited with many remarkable results. So remarkable that its use has spread over 54 different nations.

It may make your child over this Summer—or it may not—one can never tell. But, in light of its effects on other children—it deserves a trial.

What Ovaltine Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink UTTERLY DIFFERENT from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with "Chocolate" and "Malt" drinks common in this country.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as iron, lime and phosphorus), foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

"We Tried it From Curiosity"

"My 14 year old daughter was about 12 pounds underweight. Oil "tablets" and the various brands of "malteds" were tried without success. Then chiefly from curiosity we tried the food-drink Ovaltine. We mixed it with milk—she drank it down eagerly and asked for more. She has gained 3 pounds already and is taking 4 glasses of Ovaltine a day—which means a full quart of milk, too—A. J. Rosenstein, 137 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day supply and *free* shaker. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Delicious as a cold "shake-up" drink. Results will surprise you.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY *and* FREE SHAKER

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and *free* Shaker. (Offer not applicable to Canada)

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*Address*_____

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(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

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MY EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER'S WIFE

By Sara Crandall

Illustration by A. D. Rahn

FOR forty-six years I have been a preacher's wife —the wife of the same preacher for all of these years. We had been married for more than thirty years before my husband's salary even exceeded one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Meanwhile we had reared six children, giving each one an education much more extensive than that enjoyed by the average child. Five of the six went through colleges or universities, and the sixth finished in an excellent private school of high standing before he quit of his own accord and began working. These boys and girls of ours were always well dressed, and always enjoyed themselves. Our home was always open to visitors, and literally thousands have come to stay with us for a meal, or a day, or a week, or perhaps for several months.

From this you may conclude that I am a slavish kind of woman, whose life has been spent in the kitchen and over a sewing-machine. But you are wrong if you have any such notion. I would not trade my experiences for those of any one I know of.

Indeed, looking back, now that my husband and I have both reached the threescore-and-ten mark, I wonder sincerely if any other life is so filled with happiness as that of a good minister's wife. I hesitate to mention the number of homes into which my husband and I have been welcomed, or would be welcomed. It certainly would be an astonishingly large number—well into the thousands.

I have met all sorts of people, and have known many of them intimately. Into our lives have come the critical and jealous folks, the dead-beats, those who have mistaken ideas about the meaning of Christianity, those who were in trouble, and those who were comical. But, mainly, my experiences have been beautiful. But to be honest, and perhaps to be interesting, I must relate the unlovely experiences also.

Most congregations tell the new minister's wife of all the good qualities and kind acts of her predecessor. But this isn't so cruel as it sounds, for all of us ministers' wives have successors; therefore we console ourselves with the knowledge that our good traits are being extolled after we have moved on to some other field!

I recall one woman who, in particular, was an expert critic. She had a righteous sort of walk, always wore unbecoming hats, and in other ways showed plainly that she was unworldly. One afternoon she came to see me. It was soon after we had moved into a new field. For some time we sat in almost silence, while she rocked back and forth.

"I have come to say something to you," she finally remarked in rather sharp tones.

"I thought so," I replied, as unconcerned as possible.

"When I am with you," she went on, "you seem quite pleasant and sociable, but when you pass my pew in church each Sunday, you walk so very straight that I can not but say to myself, 'Such a lofty bearing must carry a lofty spirit.' So I have come to ask that you stoop a little as you go down the aisle."

"I come from a family of very erect people," I answered, holding in my laughter, "and I'm afraid you will have to wait until nature bends my back."

But her visit made me self-conscious, and always after that I was aware of rearing back a little more than my normal carriage whenever I passed her pew. I just couldn't help it!

I sometimes found it hard to please a congregation in my manner of dressing. Some members seemed to think that the preacher's wife should be poorly dressed, so that even the most poverty-stricken members of the church would feel that she was no better than they in any respect. Others thought I should wear cheap clothes as a mark of humility. I recall distinctly a visit from one woman who, quite evidently, had something on her mind when she arrived.

"I think it is a mark of true friendship to repeat to you some criticisms I have heard of your conduct," she finally said.

"Please do," I answered, "for if I am offending I should like to know why."

"Well, the main thing is this," she explained. "Some of your neighbors tell me that before you sweep the house you always put on gloves. Now *my* hands look like a scrubwoman's, and I object to keeping you up in style so that you can wear gloves when you handle a broom. It isn't becoming in a minister's wife to show such vanity."

"What I wear," I said, "my husband pays for, and I don't see that any one has a right to dictate to me about such matters."

On another occasion the women of our church were saving money to buy a new church carpet. They had decided to deny themselves some personal things in order to make up the necessary amount. It happened that I had been ill for some time, and had made no new clothes for myself in months. Meanwhile the seasons had changed, and I needed a new dress and hat. Consequently I bought the hat and made the dress, and upon my first Sunday in church after my recovery I wore them.

It was not long after this that a woman called upon me and said, "We noticed last Sunday that you were wearing new clothes, and it shocked us, for we are *supposed* to be saving money for a church carpet."

I was amazed at this criticism, especially since it came from a very lovable person.

"Yes," I told her, "I had on a new hat and a new dress. I took in sewing and made the money to buy them, and I think I have a perfect right to them."

She looked at me, almost with tears in her eyes. "Never again," she said, "will I make an adverse criticism on any one until I know all the facts." And, so far as I know, she never did.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary criticism ever made of me came from another woman church-member. "We have noticed," she said, "that whenever one of us comes to you and criticizes another member of the church, you always remind us of that member's good points. Now, church-members do not expect that from a minister's wife. We like to think we can come to our minister's wife and tell her what she should know about people!"

Happily, that woman's attitude is very exceptional.

The superintendent of one of my husband's Sunday-schools was also given to criticism of a personal sort. I am very near-sighted, and therefore have a hard time remembering faces. I was introduced to this man the first Sunday we spent in a new pastorate; introduced to him and to hundreds of others. Two weeks later he came up to me on the street.

"I am constrained to say, Sister," he began, "that your husband did not select a woman who has the making of a good pastor's wife."

I was young then, and this was the first large church my husband had served, so I was a little terrified lest I had done something to hinder his work.

"Why," I managed to stammer, "have you reached such a conclusion as that?"

"I passed you on the street a few days ago," he explained, "and you went by with your head high in the air and did not speak to me!"

That made me angry.

"Do you think," I said, "that you are such a striking figure that I could remember you out of five hundred persons, all of whom were introduced to me within a few hours?" He merely stared in answer to me.

On another occasion he said to me, "It is very fortunate that you have so little money. As it is, you dress well, and if you had more you would be a veritable fashion-plate!"

"I am extremely sorry I haven't more money," I replied, "for it would do some members of the congregation good to see how a woman should dress."

You will be amazed to know that after all of this petty criticism my husband and that man shared a house together! But we had become friends by that time. He had real manhood in him, even if he did let pettiness get the upper hand now and then.

However, the final exchange of shots between us did not come until we were living under the same roof. His wife went off for a little trip, and asked me to look after her children, which I was glad to do, for she was a lovely woman. On the first Sunday morning of her absence he came to me and asked if the children were to be dressed for Sunday-school.

"On condition that everything is quiet," I said. "I would not endure what I have seen your wife go through with every Sunday. You storm and fume and fuss while she is doing her best to get the children off on time. I wish you would tell me how you reconcile your conduct at home with your gentle remarks at Sunday-school."

"Nobody but you would dare say that to me," he replied. But the remark did him good.

"Please tell me," his wife said after her return, "what took place last Sunday. I have never seen such a change in a man as in my husband."

Thirty-two years have gone by since we lived in the same town with that man. Each of us has had great sorrow in the loss of children. But the lapse of years has not dimmed the friendship that grew out of our early hostility. One day not long ago my husband saw this man, and they were talking of the long ago.

"When you return home," he said to my husband, "give your wife my love, and tell her that I honor her above all the women of my acquaintance."

Could any one but a minister's wife have such an experience?

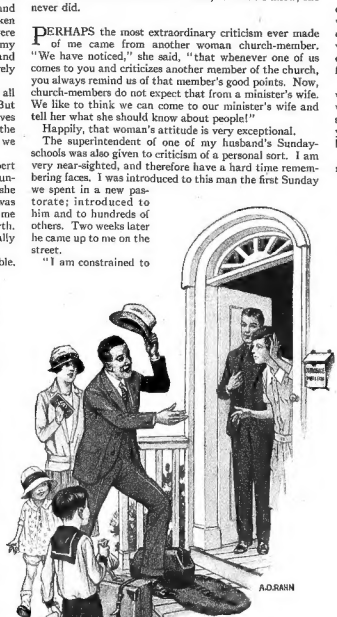
We have always kept open house. One of the greatest joys in life is entertaining friends and acquaintances. Hundreds of my happiest memories center about the company we have had. But also there are memories of dead-beats, some of them provoking, some comical. Any preacher's wife, whose experience dates back a few years, can tell you about them.

One of the things we discovered early in our married life was that door-to-door agents consider preachers as their special meat. "If you will head the list," they say, "we can make more sales to your congregation." My husband fell for so many of the hard-luck stories told him by agents that I made him promise me he would never buy anything from an agent. A young woman who was a member of my husband's congregation became infuriated when he refused to "head her list" that she never again spoke to either of us!

The worst bore we ever had with us was a preacher who, I am thankful to say, eventually lost out in that noble profession. The first time he came to our house (he was a slight acquaintance of ours) he announced that he had brought a friend and would like to spend the night. My husband was away, and I explained that it would not be convenient for him to stay, as the guest-room would be occupied by a neighbor who always came over and slept in the house for protection when my husband was out of town.

"Well," he said, "I'll go over and tell the neighbor he need not come."

Continued on Page 64



"OUR HOME WAS ALWAYS OPEN TO VISITORS, AND LITERALLY THOUSANDS HAVE COME TO STAY WITH US"

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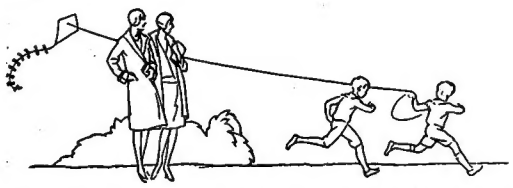
Teachers KNOW which are the *cleanest* homes

SCHOOL children from nice homes have an advantage . . . are better liked, get more consideration, have better times.

And it's that way all through life. Everywhere we go the people we meet are sizing us up. Very quickly they decide that we are, or are not, from nice homes.

What counts most in winning this ready acceptance? Isn't it *cleanliness?* . . . the deep-seated and habitual kind that must be taught young?

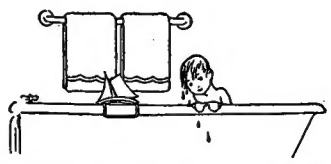


Parents are judged by their children

Teachers cannot help judging one child against the cleanliness of others. Nor can friends or neighbors.

Every child is a little ambassador of his home, and his appearance represents its standard of cleanliness.

A thorough training in habits of cleanliness is the best safeguard for children against the smirks of the world.



Do children take enough baths?

No mother would fail to bathe her small baby every day. For older children, however, daily baths are frequently thought not so necessary. Is that true? Think of the dust and dirt that youngsters get into, and the germs that baths wash away. Also, the daily bath clears the pores of perspiration waste. Many a fine, clear complexion is endangered by clogged pores in early life.

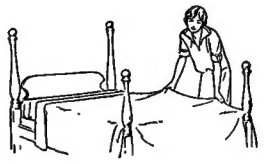
The "inspirational" method

When it comes to clean clothes there are three principal ways in which mothers can help:

1. By correcting that guilty family feeling that, above all else, "We must keep down the size of the wash this week";

2. By keeping drawers well *filled* with clean clothes . . . for father, sister, brother;

3. By being a good advocate herself of fresh, clean clothes, even in the mornings around the house.



Bed linen—particularly pillow-cases

From our correspondence with mothers, we have found that the following few rules best meet the needs of health and cleanliness.

Bed linen changed regularly—*both* sheets at least once a week. (Twice a week is better yet).

Pillow-cases changed twice as often as sheets because they soil so quickly as restless heads grind into them the dirt carried from the varied activities of the day; and because, too, the pillow-case is more likely to be exposed to day-time house dust.

Women who cook must wash more often

Good housewives must also manage:

1. Always to wash before turning to the preparation of food;

2. Always to wash after sweeping, dusting, or other household tasks;

3. To so schedule the sweeping, dusting and cleaning that the whole house, every day, is a splendid lesson in the cheerfulness and importance of cleanliness.

"The brightest corner on earth"

Clean, genial, cordial homes . . . is there anything finer? . . . or anything that can be counted on more surely to teach a deep-down, daily lesson of all-around cleanliness?

And isn't it those seemingly secondary things like fresh curtains, scrubbed woodwork, and clean linens regularly, that have most of all to do with making any place, modest or pretentious, a happy haven . . . a real *home?*

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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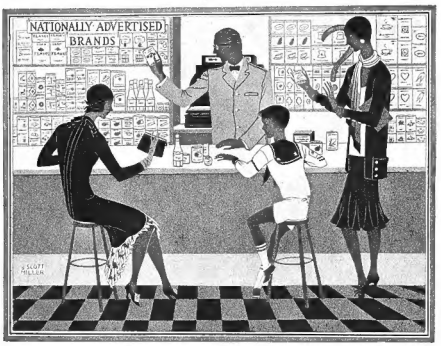
THE DOLLAR-A-YEAR GRADUATE SCHOOL

By STANLEY RESOR

A clear statement by a national authority of the part Advertising plays as a guide to Buying



"IS THERE NOT, JUDGED BY YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE, CONSIDERABLE RISK IN BUYING PRODUCTS FOR WHICH NO PERMANENT STANDARD HAS BEEN CREATED BY ADVERTISING?"

ABOUT sixty-odd years ago some intelligent men originated a new kind of school. Like most enterprises of similar character, it had a very small beginning, but to-day it is the world's largest school—and perhaps the most efficient. Its pupils number more than eighty-five million; its educational message reaches every home in the land. Every living American woman has benefited in some degree from this educational activity. A chronicle of some additional facts about the school will seem almost incredible, but we recite it because it is really true.

The course is entirely extracurriculum or graduate; most pupils begin to study it seriously after ordinary high school and college days are over. Nor do they ever graduate. The teaching continues for life.

Most remarkable of all, the school has no physical being except its text-books. It owns no buildings, has no classrooms, employs no teachers (in a physical sense), dictates no set routine of study for its students. Altho the text-books are changed every month a whole year's course is supplied for a dollar. Best of all, these text-books are so vivid with drama, so vital with facts, so reflective of all the romance, beauty, tragedy, and pathos of life that the students need no urging to study them carefully. Each new text-book is eagerly awaited.

No pedagogical method surpasses this one in achieving its educational ends solely through the interest awakened in the individual student. If, as many distinguished authorities believe, this should be considered the true measure of educational success, then our novel school is the finest and most successful the world has ever known.

Not only is the success of this school remarkable. The cost to the people of America of all its work is only about one hundred million dollars a year. This is a very small sum with which to influence practically all the families of America. The public-school system of the United States costs our people more than two billion dollars each year. Hundreds of millions more are spent in private schools, colleges, and universities.

In your hand at this moment you hold one of the finest text-books of our school—a magazine for women. In it, no doubt, you have been reading some of the school's current lessons—the advertisements.

All advertising is merely an effort to teach one very important subject which is seldom taught in any other way—the wise spending of money. Almost all education of other forms is directed largely at the very important matter of teaching us how to earn money.

We study the elementary three R's, the advanced technical and professional courses in college and university, primarily with the idea of fitting ourselves to pursue successfully some career which will win for us the right to be considered useful members of human society. We are paid for our labor in money. And, curiously enough, except for the efforts of the great school of advertising, organized education stops when it has taught us how to earn. Few seem much concerned with teaching us how to spend.

Your banker will tell you that earning has really less to do with material success than judgment in spending. Many men and women of relatively low earning capacity have become wealthy. Many others of much higher earning capacity failed solely because they never learned how to spend wisely.

All worth-while advertising teaches just one thing—how to spend whatever you earn so that life may be made safer, easier, and less subject to chance; how to relieve yourself of the common human burdens of distasteful work carried by the race for ages; how to plan for yourself and your family a life that is richer in leisure, sounder in obedience to physical law, happier because of greater freedom from drudgery, doubt, and discomfort.

When the school of advertising started, sixty-odd years ago, it was, as we have said, small. There were not many advertisements in the magazines of those days. Now the magazines contain many more advertisements. The school has grown larger in scope as the value of its message became apparent to teacher and pupil alike.

Perhaps the best way to measure the value which advertising has for an average woman is to point out the economic differences between industries established long before advertising became great and powerful and those which have grown up within its régime.

The business of supplying food for your table is very old. It numbers some of the largest and most successful advertisers; nevertheless there are still many smaller firms who do not advertise.

But when you go to your grocery-store you find in almost every kind of merchandise at least one standard advertised brand. The name is known to you; your family knows and likes the product; it is acceptable, dependable, reasonable in cost. Are all these things true of its competitors? Do they supply full weight and equally good quality? Is there not, judged by your own experience, considerable risk in buying products for which no permanent standard of quantity, price, and quality has been created by advertising?

In foods, as in all other fields, the manufacturer who advertises is the pace-maker for his industry. The manufacturers who do not advertise, smaller as a rule and with products the public does not recognize, strive only to equal the quality of the advertised brand and to meet the advertised price.

Therefore one important service which the great, nationally advertised brand of food product provides is a standard of quality, of quantity, and of price by which all similar competing products must be measured. This, to the nation, is a very great service because it eliminates all the peccadillos of low quality, short quantity, and wrong price which otherwise would make the buying of food products as great a lottery as it was in your grandmother's day, when almost no standard brands existed, and the problem of getting one's money's worth rested upon shrewd buying by both the grocer and the woman customer.

By far the best index of the service that advertising renders is found in the industries which, altho very large, are also relatively young, and whose entire rise to prominence lies within the sixty-odd years in which advertising in America has grown so important. Perhaps the most outstanding of all these is the great motor-car industry, one of America's finest and most noteworthy contributions to transportation efficiency, time-saving, and real happiness. It is not possible to buy a motor-car which is not nationally advertised.

Every manufacturer uses advertising in some degree. The entire industry is in the hands of very large manufacturers who sell their advertised cars all over the world. Yet with advertising universally accepted by every manufacturer, the motor-car is to-day a shining example of the highest efficiency in marketing.

Since the bitter days of war-time high prices no commodity has done more than the motor-car to reduce prices, and this has been accomplished by means of advertising. Nor has any other manufacturing field surpassed the achievement of the motor-car manufacturers in making each year still better cars at ever lower prices.

This advance by the motor-car manufacturers, which brings their fine modern automobiles to you at constantly lowered cost, indicates the value to the public of a concentration of business volume in the hands of few manufacturers rather than many. Only businesses of huge volume could have afforded the research work necessary to make such good cars and sell them for so little. Only similarly great business can achieve such economies in buying materials, in organizing manufacturing, in building sales.

If the motor-car had come into being before the days of advertising it is certain that it could never have accomplished so much for the public. In those earlier days advertising was not organized to lend its helping hand. The motor-car would have developed, like the old carriage-building industry, into a local business with a small manufacturer in each city.

TO-DAY many of the great manufacturers who advertise in this magazine are spending thousands of dollars each year in experiments designed to lower the cost of their products, to improve their quality, to distribute them to you more economically.

The great industrial mergers of which every one now hears demonstrate the fact that industry realizes that its chief handicap in serving the public efficiently has been lack of size and resources. There is no need to fear the great, nationally known manufacturer whose goods are in every store in the land and whose advertisements are in all the magazines. Fear instead the unknown manufacturer upon whose business the revealing light of publicity is never cast.

Only a year or two ago Ex-President Coolidge said in an address:

> Advertising . . . ministers to the true development of trade. . . . The uncivilized make little progress because they have few desires. The inhabitants of our country are stimulated to new wants in all directions. In order to satisfy their constantly increasing desires they necessarily expand their production-power. They create more wealth because it is only by that method that they can satisfy their wants. It is this constantly enlarging circle that represents the increasing progress of civilization.

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Buying?

Building?

Or just fixing up?

Above English cottage designed by Wm. Harold Clifford, Jr., architect

Right Living-room of this house Decorations and color scheme selected by Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration. Floor is Armstrong's Linoleum design No. 6062.

Before you pay a penny, let experts show you how each room will look

SUPPOSE you could see each room of your home mirrored in miniature.

Suppose each room were planned with the actual materials themselves—draperies . . . wall finish . . . woodwork . . . even the floors—so that you could see the texture as well as the pattern and color of these four main elements of every well-planned interior.

Wouldn't it take the difficulties out of decoration? End costly guesswork? Insure praise-winning results?

Thousands of home-planners (many of them architects and decorators themselves) have told our Bureau of Interior Decoration that this help in creating pleasing room scenes, this mirroring in miniature, is invaluable. Many have offered to pay for the service—say it saves expense and worry. Yet the only consideration is that you see the new Armstrong Floor effects now showing at local stores, that you learn anew what modern linoleum really looks like.

Be sure . . . start with the floor

Frankly, the whole success of this service, the whole idea of visualizing a room before it is actually decorated, depends upon the largest single area in a room—the floor. It's the logical starting place for your decorating scheme. The foundation. The background for everything else in the room.

That's just why so many of the fine interiors pictured in magazines have patterned linoleum floors. The best decorators endorse the idea. You can get almost any effect your fancy dictates—rich, regal marble designs, textured embossed tiles, softly blended Jaspés, plain colors, even daring modernistic motifs. Each room of that new home you are about to build or buy can be made to express the architectural plan if you let the floors do their share. You see how it works out in the living-room of the home illustrated.

Transforms old homes too!

Or the house you are now living in can be given new sparkle, new zest, by introducing color and pattern in the floor. Here's how easily it can be done.

First plan your room in miniature with actual materials. Decide on the exact Armstrong's Linoleum Floor that best carries out your color scheme. In less than a day your new Armstrong Floor will be cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt. Your old floor is forever out of sight, out of mind. In its place is a quiet, foot-easy, colorful surface—a correct foundation for your fabric rugs and fine furniture.

And, too, this floor is easy to clean. The new Accolac Process makes the surface spot-proof, stain-proof. Light waxing and polishing keeps it shining. And where the floors may need frequent washing, as in kitchens, entrance halls, and bathrooms, care is also simplified—just an occasional going over with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

BUILD THIS HOUSE YOURSELF

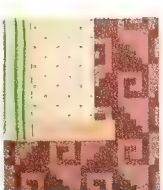
If you're dreaming of some day building your own English cottage, here's your opportunity to get blue prints, specifications, and visualizations in miniature for each room at but a fraction of the usual fee. House consists of seven rooms, two baths, garage. Architect estimates it can be built for under $20,000. Total cost for plans, specifications, and color scheme set ups only $15. This is by special arrangement with the architect, William Clifford, Jr. For more information, or complete plans, write direct to Mr. Clifford, 1177 East Grand Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Latest book tells how

Just how you can get suggestions of experts, actual color scheme set-ups in miniature, is explained in Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Its "Decorator's Data Sheet" will help you describe your home, new or old. Its full color illustrations of model rooms themselves will help you imagine how your own home can be magically transformed.

This guide book also brings you the practical side of the linoleum floor story—wear, care, and cost. Just send 10c in stamps to cover cost of mailing. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 918 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



Suggestion for decorating nursery in home designed by William Clifford, Jr. Floor is Marbleol Inlaid No. 5255. Color scheme simple like this, based on linoleum floors, will be sent you free by our Bureau of Interior Decoration. They make the consistent use of decorating. See offer at right.

Armstrong's Linoleum FLOORS

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • PRINTED • • ARABESQ • • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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Anywhere in America ...

SALESPEOPLE IN THE FINEST STORES WILL

"Use Ivory for silks and

Each year, for the past four years, salespeople all over the country have been asked to answer one question very important to *you:* "Which soap is safest for fine silks and woolens?"

The young women who asked this question visited 30 leading cities. They went into the finest stores as customers, just as you might. They bought dainty garments and asked: "How shall I wash them to keep them like new?" Or, "Which soap shall I use?"

And in every store salespeople said, "Use Ivory." *Each year* more enthusiastically, salespeople have agreed, "Ivory is safest."

Other soaps at times were mentioned, of course, but Ivory was the *one* soap which was *never* criticised, which was universally approved.

"No complaints from customers when Ivory is used," said salespeople, "Manufacturers advise Ivory." "Ivory keeps colors brighter." "Woolens are fluffier with Ivory."

Salespeople give many reasons for their overwhelming preference for Ivory. But all their reasons mean this—Ivory is safer for the things they sell—*safer for the things you buy.*

This is not surprising. After all a soap safe for even a baby's skin is certain to be *extra*-safe for delicate colors and fabrics.

IVORY SOAP

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TELL YOU

woolens"

"STOCKINGS
wear longer"

"To get the best wear from silk stockings use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. In fact, all this make of hosiery is washed at the factory with Ivory, so you see that they consider Ivory the best." (*Denver's leading Specialty shop*)

Manufacturers advise it for
BABY WOOLENS

"Always use Ivory. There is nothing in the world so good. We always guarantee all our wash goods, and when a little sweater comes back shrunken we always know it was washed in something besides Ivory. Even the manufacturers advise Ivory." (*Leading Boston department store*)

LINGERIE
"tested in Ivory"

"These step-ins will wash well if you use Ivory. We made a test with this particular one. It has been washed several times in Ivory and you see it looks like new. One or two other good soaps *might* be all right, but from experience we have found that Ivory is safe and does not injure materials." (*Philadelphia store*)

FREE! A little book, "Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care," answering such questions as: Can it be washed? Will it shrink? Will it fade? How can I whiten yellowed silk and wool? How can I cleanse sweaters, georgettes, etc.? It is yours free if you will send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VR-69, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

··· *kind to everything it touches* · *99 44/100 % Pure*

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When he's been working on the railroad ~

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 18

ONE summer morning, in our journeys to discover what women think about soap, we found ourself in a snug little white town that wanders happily down to the sea.

As we were about to lift the first shining brass knocker, the door opened suddenly . . . and out popped Edward, his blue eyes a-shine and his very curls a-fluff with excited importance.

"I'm going to build a tunnel and run my train through it!" he announced. And, sure enough, in his basket jangled the tumbled parts of a battered train!

At this moment Mrs. Baldwin* appeared, and as Edward marched off with his sister, we explained our mission.

"Soap!" exclaimed Mrs. Baldwin cheerfully, "why, I use a fourth of a cake of P AND G Naphtha a day. And if you could see Edward by noon, you'd understand why. That boy has a genius for dirt!

"You'd think he couldn't get dirty in white sand," she continued, "but somehow, somewhere, he manages! By lunch, his overalls and white socks will be ready for the wash. Then, after his nap, he'll be dressed again. But if his father wants to take him downtown, Edward needs another fresh suit.

"But, you know, I really don't mind. Every morning I take a few moments to wash out the children's clothes—Edward's socks and overalls and underwear, Nan's colored frocks and bloomers. Into lukewarm water they go with P AND G . . . why, it loosens the dirt so quickly I have practically no rubbing to do at all!"

Yes, P AND G *is* wonderful soap. It loosens dirt just as quickly in cold water as in warm! So firm it doesn't waste away in the water. Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P AND G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world.*

This unequalled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for actually less ounce for ounce even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less *because it is so popular.* And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her real name, of course

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

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FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods,* are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NR-69, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT SHE IS ACTUALLY WILLINGLY MOVING DOWN THE AISLE TOWARD THAT UTTER STRANGER?"

THEIR WEDDING-DAY

By Dorothy Aldis

Illustration by Warren Baumgartner

MR. AND MRS. SMITH are not yet Mr. and Mrs. Smith, but they expect to be. The wedding is at four in the afternoon, and it is now seven in the morning. Mrs. Smith-to-be is in her nightgown, looking out the window, thinking of Mr. Smith. She is thinking about the bridal dinner of the night before.

The bridal dinner was given by Great-aunt Sue, and Great-aunt Sue believed that her slight profferings before dinner were all that had been proffered.

Fortunately, her sight being somewhat dim, she did not see the drunken leers on the faces of her grand-nieces and grand-nephews, altho she thought her party went off very nicely.

"Ah, youth," she said to herself, "youth, youth!"

After dinner they went to the theater, where Mr. Smith, finding it too arduous to apply one hand to the other as a symbol of appreciation, just sat there and gently slapped his head. The sound produced was identical with the other plaudits, and all the wedding-party thought him very funny.

It is on these matters that Mrs. Smith-to-be is pondering.

It is now three minutes after seven, she reflects, and if she really wants *not* to marry Mr. Smith she'd better hurry. Her mother, she knows, will be thoroughly put out. So will the caterers. So will the awning-putting-up men. So will the wedding-present-watching detectives. So will the bridesmaids and their corevelers. So, she hopes, will Mr. Smith. At the mere thought of Mr. Smith she resolves to go right down-stairs and break it to her mother.

"Mother," she will say simply, "I'm sorry, but I can't go through with it."

She starts down the stairs. Her mother, with her hair down her back, and clad in a kind of shift, is charging around the wedding-present-display room.

"Mother," Mrs. Smith-to-be begins, "Mother, I hate to have to say this, but I've been thinking——"

"Oh, Susie, is that you? See here, did you arrange these clocks yesterday? Seventeen traveling-clocks in group formation! They should be *separated*. Here—help me with this first——"

"Mother," says Mrs. Smith-to-be, relieving her mother of a dining-room table, "Mother, I've been thinking, and I've decided——"

"Whshywhsyshsywhsy," her mother sucks in her breath sharply, "be *careful*. Those yellow Bohemian glasses are *priceless*."

"Mother, listen, I've decided——"

"Darling, if you'd just concentrate on *not* smattering those compotes! Who gave them to you? Oh, I remember—the Allinghams. Yes, Seleena; what is it?"

Seleena, puffed with excitement, is standing in the door.

"Awhhh—de briiide!" chants Seleena. "Sooch a hopp-py day!"

"Oh, Seleena, come down-stairs with me this minute. I want to talk to you about the napkins. Darling, do run up-stairs and put something on. No one wants a runny-nosed bride, and all the windows are wide open."

"Mother, you *must* listen——"

"I'd love to. I'll be back in a minute. What about your hair? Are you going to wash it yourself, or is Mrs. Thingamabobby coming?"

Once more Mrs. Smith-to-be is left alone with her perilous thoughts.

Oh, the shame of having them all laugh at him last night! The brutish way he had sat there slapping his head! And on their way home in the cab the insensitiveness of him! He had not seemed to regard her at all as a mystical creature about to be his bride, but had just lunged his curly head against her shoulder and murmured:

"Gosh, I'm sleepy."

Never could she marry a man like that. Never, never.

She goes over and studies her features in one of the wedding-present mirrors (going back, she remembers, to be exchanged for a Cape Cod fire-lighter, if possible; only now,

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IS AMERICA A PARA

"YES"

says

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Photo by Yevonde

AUTHOR OF "MAIN STREET"

WHEN our ancestress Eve still dwelt in Eden she complained a good deal to Father Adam, and to all of the animals that would listen, about the dulness of the scene and the society. She wanted to live some place else. She was certain that all the men in all the Some Place Elses were gallanter toward women, and with lips apart she listened to the first gigolo who flattered her. But that gigolo was a Serpent and not a sound domestic adviser, no matter how well he danced in the moonlight, no matter how glistening his scales.

When she took his advice and was pushed into the Great World Outside which she had desired, she found that all the time, without knowing it, she had been in Paradise.

Eve's voluble belief that Eden was not Paradise did not keep it from being Paradise. And perhaps the fable is not entirely untrue for to-day.

I decidedly do not maintain that these United States compose, or ever will compose, an absolute Paradise for women -or men, or children, or any other breed of animals. But neither is any other country, and I do maintain that for the woman with imagination and eagerness this country presents problems and opportunities, presents a conceivable future, which are more stimulating than the beautiful peace of any other land.

I do not maintain that Mr. George F. Babbitt is any more uplifting as a husband than he is as a luncheon-club orator; I do not maintain that he makes love more exquisitely than the pretty Don Juans and Casanovas you see playing on the sands at the Lido. But I do maintain that Mrs. George F., if she has the stuff in her, has the chance here, and the invitation, to take part in creating a dramatic new world of industry, education, family life, and that her husband, poor clump, leaves her more free than any woman on earth to tickle her egotism with the flattery of the Don Juans betweenwhiles.

It would be the flattest sort of chauvinism to say that we have here all the European security of tradition, sweetness of easy gaiety, beauty of old marble—as yet. What we may have five hundred years from now no one knows save the amateur ethnologists who have patented this Nordic supremacy myth, but now we are still awkward and self-conscious with newness, and we boast only that we may not quaver.

We can show nothing like an English drawing-room at tea-time, a French café looking on chestnuts in Spring bloom, a German mountain-top with the knapsacked hikers singing, or the slopes of Capri in Autumn sunshine as seen from the walls of Tiberias. No, we have nothing here save the spectacle of the very center of the world's greatest revolution—a revolution that makes the Bolshevik upheaval seem like a mere national election and the French Revolution like a street fight!

We need not read history for our drama—we are in history, right now! The world is changing (for good or bad) from an ill-connected series of individualist businesses to a commonwealth of gigantic industries in which each individual has no more freedom than a private (or even a general) in an army in war-time.

Whether or not this loss of freedom is compensated for by an increased sense of importance in belonging to an organization mighty and significant, whether one would prefer to be the lone trapper or the smartly uniformed corporal with his companions-in-arms, is not the question, for we have already been drafted, and, like it or not, we are in that war—the most exciting and dangerous war in history.

And women, hitherto the weeping stay-at-homes or the wailing refugees in war, have as much place in this one as any man. The woman teacher, controlling the education of a hundred men children; the woman wife, no longer regarding her man's business as a mystery but as a plain job which she can understand as well as he; the woman uplifter or politician or salesman of real estate or publisher or author—she has exactly the place in this universal army that her brains and energy and ambition demand.

She is less secure than the lady of the manor, controlling her spinning maids and the grubbers in the walled garden, four hundred dead years ago—but, then, she no longer has to remain back home in the manor!

If Eve now finds Eden dull the world allows her to go out and make her own Paradise—and the women in America who have opened the barber-shops to women and closed the barrooms to men have done that remaking of Paradise to an extent which is slightly dismaying to low, ordinary men like myself—to such an extent that I wonder whether the question here debated should not be, "Is America a Paradise for Any One *Except* Women?"

I doubt whether any of the reasons usually given so patly and fatly by most reporters of America as a female Paradise are really important. It is true that women here have more "domestic conveniences" than anywhere else in the world—more electric flat-irons and toasters and refrigerators and dish-washing machines, more gas-stoves and vacuum cleaners and oil-furnaces and garbage-incinerators. But then! For the women who are mistresses the servants are so much more expensive that the ruling class can have but a quarter as many of them as elsewhere in the world.

And for the women who are servants (it must distinctly be remembered, tho discussions of women rather frequently forget it, that the wives of doctors and lawyers and authors and sales-managers do not compose the entire feminine world)—for the women servants, their apparently high wages and their laboratory-like kitchens do not always make up for the fact that most Americans do not have the reverence for good cooking nor the respect for smart servants which is to be found in Europe.

AND it is true that our women have more leisure than in Europe. Think of the canned goods which permit them to prepare dinner in five minutes! Think of the increasing number of women in service-flats whose chief daily task is to struggle out of bed and find the remains of yesterday's box of candy! Yet this constantly offered reason why our women should be happy often means precisely nothing. It's not the heat—it's the humidity; it's not the leisure—it's what one may do with the leisure.

A man in solitary confinement in prison has complete leisure, yet I am told that he rarely gets any great ecstasy out of it. I am certain that a woman who has to work in the fields all day, but who works with her men-folk, who sings with them, who laughs as she eats her bread and cheese under the hedge, who feels strong, and resolute, and significant, is considerably happier than a woman in a workless apartment who, afternoon upon drab afternoon, has nothing to do save play bridge, go window-shopping, look at a movie.

The third reason usually given for the paradisiality of America for women—that their husbands are so generous,

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RDISE FOR WOMEN?

"NO"

says

DOROTHY THOMPSON

(Mrs. Sinclair Lewis)

Photo by Keystone

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW RUSSIA"

I WONDER who started this idea that America is peculiarly a Paradise for women. Visiting lecturers, writers, and philosophers from Europe have contributed to it. They have observed an unprecedented number of parasitic women; have opened their eyes wide at certain alimony adjustments; have taken notice of the fact that American "culture" is largely controlled by women; have remarked the ubiquity of women's organizations; and claim to have observed an extraordinary domestic docility on the part of men. Hence the frequency of the remark, "America is run by women" -and some have even gone so far as to speak of the American matriarchy as a prognosticable future.

It is curious that European women visiting America often have a quite different impression.

Not all, to be sure. Lady Heath, the aviatrix, an Irishwoman, wants, she told me, to take out American citizenship—"because I really feel that this is my country. I love its tempo, its speed. I can live here the sort of life I want." But Lady Heath, in my experience, is an exception, and she is perhaps explicable on the ground that her sense of values is a very masculine one.

I have taken pains to quiz a number of European women, who enjoy an established social and economic position at home and therefore do not look upon America as their only economic hope, about what they think of the position of American women, the life we lead, the aims we seek to achieve.

Typical is the answer of the very charming and intelligent Viennese wife of an exchange professor at Harvard: "Ach! Yours is a great country; your women are so clever and efficient! What a pity they are not happier! I do not feel that women are really appreciated in this country."

Her husband expressed intense astonishment, and in order to draw her out I exclaimed, "But surely, surely, American women are extremely well off!"

"Yes, they have all the things I do not want!"

No, European women who have a safe economic and social position at home do not envy us.

But not only foreign men but American men as well persist that women "have it all their own way" in the United States. If you ask them why they think so they assert that women can do anything in the United States that men can, and to prove it cite any number of women who have made distinguished careers. It is of no avail to point out that there have been distinguished women in every country since Deborah sat as a judge in Israel, Cleopatra ruled an empire, and Sappho made her island famous.

It is of no avail to assert that Europe, where women are, theoretically, not nearly so emancipated as in the United States, has produced fully as many outstanding women in proportion to the population as America has. From the eighteenth century, where in all Continental countries the arts flourished and politics were made in the salons of women, there have been a long succession of brilliant women leading their times. Just to cite at random from the rosters of to-day:

In politics: Lady Astor, Gertrude Bauemer, Frau Lueders, Alexandra Kolontai, Queen Marie, the Princess Starhemberg. In business: Frau Berta Krupp, Lady Rhondda, Madame Sacher—not to mention some of the great dressmaking and millinery houses of France. In art and science: Marie Laurencin, Kaethe Kollwitz, Millie Steger, Mme. Curie. In literature: Ricarda Hüch, the great German novelist, historian, and "man of letters"; Virginia Woolf, Colette, the Princess Lichnowsky.

Nor is it of avail to insist upon what we all know, that women have an extremely hard fight in this country to get anywhere near the top in any profession, and that they are by no means paid equally with men for the same work; that in many States still women who are married are limited in their right to contract.

Men will merely go on to say the mechanization of the household has emancipated women from housework, quite ignoring the fact that for thousands upon thousands of women this means that they go out to work in offices or factories instead, and that the great majority of those who do so, who are past their first youth, work to help support the household and educate and clothe their children. As for the majority of middle-class women, they, being without servants, actually spend as much time on housework as their mothers did. And yet it is an *idée fixé* that women are pampered by men and that men are dominated by women.

Pushed into a corner, men will point to the prevalence of the gold-digger. All that one gets from such a *contretemps* is the uneasy impression that there is a strange hostility between men and women in the United States; an unsatisfactory adjustment of each to the other. Sometimes, in a play like "Craig's Wife" (which was awarded a national prize three or four years ago), this hostility finds open expression. I shall never forget the afternoon I saw this play. When, on the stage, the henpecked husband asserts his masculinity by smashing a Dresden china ornament from the mantelpiece, men in the audience spontaneously cried, "Bravo!"

I have the feeling that this lack of sympathy between men and women is only too real. It seems to me, coming home after eight years of living away from my own country, that there is astonishingly little community of interest between men and women. I have the feeling that women are pushing vaguely toward aims which their husbands do not share, or are taking the contrary step and entering a world which has, for them, very little sense or reality.

I SEE around me, amongst those very women who have the greatest opportunities for leisure and self-development, much discontent, unhappiness, and frustration. And it seems clear to me that no amount of economic independence—essential as that is for the freedom of the individual ego—no career, no social or political power, no domestic sovereignty, can compensate for an inharmonious relationship between men and women. For this lies at the bottom of all human relationships, and the human relationship—the love-life in all its phases, romantic, domestic, maternal—friendship, social contacts, what we call the humanities: the human spirit revealed in all its manifestations—herein lie the greatest creative opportunities for women.

It must be so. Men build cities and bridges and skyscrapers, make organizations and States; women make and nurture human beings. I am not talking about women who are mothers as contrasted with women who are not; I am speaking of the womanly principle in the universe, the force which cherishes and incubates as contrasted with the outgoing, procreative force, which is masculine.

Of course, there are women who are more masculine than feminine. We know now that it's partly a matter of

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"AT POTSDAM NAPOLEON HAD WALKED INTO THE APARTMENTS OF GREAT FREDERICK, AND ON LEAVING, AS TROPHIES OF WAR, HE

FIELD OF

The Second Instalment

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE

When Bonaparte was making mince-meat out of Europe; when Lord Nelson, as English admiral, was sailing the high seas, young Garrett McCarthy Dillon of Ireland took it into his clever head to leave his wife, Jocelyn, at home at Derrymore and go to London to serve the British Empire under Lord Castlereagh, once an Irish patriot, but then Secretary at War and for the Colonies.

It broke Jocelyn's gentle heart, for she distrusted Castlereagh's personal motives as well as his political motions, and she was deeply offended at Garry's sudden decision to leave the home of his ancestors and take cause with the English, whom she despised and did not understand.

In London, Garry serves his master as special messenger to the court and becomes part and parcel of the politics of the times in so far as his honest nature will allow. Charles Fox he meets and the younger Pitt. He learns of Nelson's hold upon the people's heart and of Lady Nelson's hold on him.

GARRETT did not write to Jocelyn or make any plea to her to come back. He threw himself with a fury into making Derrymore the model estate of Ulster. The countryside knew very well what had happened, but with Northern tact said nothing. Only old Lord Londonderry shook his head mournfully. News came through from London. Mr. Fox's overtures to Napoleon had fallen through, but he had succeeded in getting both houses to pass a condemnation of the slave-trade; which was amounting to a world scandal, and was very dangerous, with Napoleon preaching freedom. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval were harrying the Government from the Opposition benches The star of the new Ministry seemed high, and Garrett saw himself condemned to long inactivity at Derrymore.

The kindly, ceremonious house began to despair strangely in Jocelyn's absence. The servants were as neat as ever, it seemed to him, but they lacked fire and interest, and every day the same sort of flowers filled exactly the same place. The garden was becoming stodgy, the gardeners reverting to the traditions of their grandfathers—formal box borders and arches with rambler-roses and old yew walks. When she was here she had managed to give the place a sense of light and beauty. Garrett's old nurse, who had become housekeeper, never seemed to have any sense of routine, so that meals were anyhow. And here and there was a little dust in the drawing-room that in Jocelyn's time would have been unthinkable. Discordance grew in the servants' quarters.

In his year of married life everything had run smoothly. He had ascribed it to luck and the loyalty of his serving-people. Now he knew it was the graceful hand. Only her own room, which he locked when he returned, had grace and light. Very occasionally when there were no servants about he opened the door and looked in. There were her small four-poster bed, the polished tables, the well-blacked grate. About the room was the odor of verbena, and through the window could be seen the top of a great copper beech. She had only left one thing behind, and that was a white nightgown, which one of the servants had placed on her pillow, and that gave Garrett a heartache. Once one of his dogs, a golden setter, followed him into her room, and whined at the foot of the bed. "Come out!" Garrett ordered him. He never went into the room after that. When not superintending the work of Derrymore he was out fishing or hunting or shooting. There was also otter-hunting with some of the Pakenhams, who had otter-hounds, bred from the southern harrier and rough-coated water-spaniel, with a touch of the bull breed. Often when the hay was cut and the flax pulled he would go out for badgers alone by moonlight, with a couple of rough terriers. But even hunting seemed to have lost its savor. There was none but servants to welcome him on his return home.

AT THE point-to-point races in the surrounding counties Garrett won a few notable victories with Saracen and Koppaleen, with young Col. O'Hagan up, but there was no thrill to them as there would have been were Jocelyn there to watch. Nor was there any excitement on him when he started out for the cock grouse of Slemish in August.

News from London was unsatisfactory. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval were still hammering at the Whig Cabinet. Mr. Fox was in bad health, Lord Londonderry reported, but he seemed very cheerful, and had refused a peerage. Lord Londonderry asked had Garrett heard any news from the Isle of Man, and, being told no, shook his kindly head. In September Mr. Fox died. In October, Parliament was dissolved for the political expedient of strengthening the Ministry. Lord Londonderry, shrewd old politician, prophesied an end of the Whig Government by Spring. He offered to go across to the Isle of Man to see Jocelyn. Garrett thanked him coldly, and refused his offices. Lord Londonderry seemed relieved.

Summer passed. Autumn came. With the shortening of the days the great lake seemed like a sheet of polished steel. The barley came down in great swaths, and the cider-presses were being overhauled. Lord Londonderry came oftener to Derrymore. He half feared that his son was about to lose Garrett: the inaction and loneliness of life at Derrymore might be too much for the young man. Garrett thought the old man's devotion to Castlereagh pathetic. He knew now that from comparative riches Lord Londonderry was reduced to straitened ways over the first Downshire election. It had cost him seventy thousand pounds sterling to put his son in. His comments against the Whig Government were savage. They had undone the work of his son. Garrett was surprized to hear how coldly this old man, who was loved in the countryside for his charity and liberal views, could regard revolution and slavery and commerce.

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TOOK WITH HIM FREDERICK'S SWORD, THE SASH HE HAD WORN IN THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR, AND HIS CROSS OF THE BLACK EAGLE"

HONOR

By Donn Byrne

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

FASCINATING FIRST CHAPTERS

He sees the doddering King sometimes and the clumsy Prince of Wales. Yet all the while Garret pines for Jocelyn and the free Irish life with his horses and dogs.

It comes hard for a country squire to forego his foxes and fishes, so Garry journeys home on leave one day to renew his court to his beautiful wife. The peaceful house stands waiting to greet him and the doting servants seek to do his bidding, but Jocelyn has fled to an uncle's protection, leaving behind her a letter in which she bequeaths Garry to the woman who will some day supplant her, since she herself must fail him. Jocelyn can not reconcile her Irish rebel heart with Gerry's English aspirations.

What will become of their romance in the face of such violent partnership? Garry is bound to see Napoleon destroyed before he leaves the service of his King, and yet Jocelyn, who can hardly bear life without him, will not allow his love. There are breakers ahead—heartaches and battles.

In November word came that Napoleon had smashed the Prussians at Jena and Auerstädt as he had done the Austrians at Austerlitz. Napoleon at Jena, it was said, had exposed himself to all manner of danger and nearly been killed by one of his own sentries. Everywhere were stories of his gallantry. But the hero of the day was Marshal Davout at Auerstädt, who, deserted by Bernadotte, smashed through the Prussian lines and pursued them with dreadful havoc. Twenty thousand were killed. Thirty generals were captured.

But the greatest blow to Prussian pride was yet to come. At Potsdam the Corsican had walked into the apartments of Great Frederick, which had been left untouched since his death. The Corsican's hand was the first to open the Grand Emperor's books. On leaving Potsdam, as trophies of war, the Corsican took with him Frederick's sword, the sash he had worn in the Seven Years' war, and his Cross of the Black Eagle. When the Corsican leaned over the dead King's tomb, and drew the dead sword from its scabbard, a young officer of the guard had said that the huge casket moved in the shadows.

The decree for the blockade of the British Isles struck Britain like a hammer. All commerce between England and the Continent was forbidden. All English subjects found in countries held by French troops were to be considered prisoners of war. All merchandise of British owners and all articles of British manufacture were to be confiscated. There was also intelligence that Napoleon was working hand in hand with Turkey and with the Shah of Persia, ostensibly against the Russians, but really with the aim of capturing India from the English. There was a feeling of panic in the air. But Lord Londonderry was satisfied

"There is one man can save England," he would tell Garrett. Garrett knew he was speaking of his son. Later he told Garrett that in reply to the protests of English traders that a market must be provided for their goods, the Government was making another effort to capture South America, that General Whitelocke would be in command. And Lord Londonderry smiled.

"They could not have made a better choice," he said. "For he will lose, and then they must send for Robert."

GARRETT had thought, now that Winter was setting in, of giving up his whole life as he knew it; of going to see Jocelyn and telling her he would leave Ireland, as so many of his countrymen were doing, and go to America, and start a new life. *The Rover of Philadelphia* plied to and from Derry, and many gentlemen and their wives were going out to seek fortune in the new land. Somewhere in New England, Garrett thought, he could settle, and with what money he had buy an estate and work it as he had worked Derrymore. Ireland was fading; that he knew. And from the looks of it, England also. For in spite of Lord Londonderry's love for his son, Garrett could not see how one small island could hold out against the soldier who had conquered the Continent.

The traders would soon be crying for an ignoble peace, and the peace terms Napoleon would dictate to England would be the most ignoble of all. But as yet Garrett could not go. Since his father died he had been so beholden to the kindness of the Londonderrys that he could not hurt the old man by deserting his son. And, moreover, he knew the loneliness of Castlereagh's life—the bitterness of it. To Garrett, Castlereagh was a lonely maniac, obsessed with the greatness of the British Empire and the danger of Napoleon.

Jocelyn had called Castlereagh a vampire, and told her husband that he was preying on his youth and honesty; but Jocelyn was wrong. What Castlereagh really loved was Ireland, and now that his name was hated in Ireland he could no longer be at peace there. But Garrett brought him a sight of the green fields of Down, of the blue range of the Mourne Mountains toward the sea, the clipped Ulster speech, the quiet humor of Ulster. Garrett too had sailed on Strangford Lough, and had slipped off, as Castlereagh had done, to the Blackwater to fish; knew the little river Callan, the great fort outside Armagh, the royal residence of the Danish kings of Ulster, and the headquarters of the Red Branch Knights. Castlereagh had loved the red marble town founded by Saint Patrick. His eyes lost their weariness when he spoke of his Ulster boyhood, and for a while the man seemed young.

Garrett was the door through which he could escape from the mist of intrigue and the thunder of battle into a fairyland of Irish boyhood, where each quiet mountain lake may hold the wonder of the water-horse, or each clearing of the river may show you the master otter surrounded by his court, and where by fairy forts you may hear small pipers piping their fairy airs. A golden world where there comes never a cloud over the heart.

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Moreover, Garrett was also valuable to the great Ulsterman. He was comparatively rich, unambitious, and of county gentry. He could go on delicate missions, such as seeing the French *émigrés*, persuading Lady Hamilton, where an official of the Government might compromise himself. Garrett knew that were he to desert Castlereagh he would give the harassed man one of the worst blows of his life; but deserting him was unthinkable. He had passed his word.

Winter came on. The fox-hunting that season was poor, so many of the local gentry had gone to London, now that Dublin was only a provincial capital. Also there was fear that Bonaparte might land troops in Ireland, and who knew if there would not be another reign of terror as in France. So London was a safer place. But there was always now a wisp of snipe in the bogs. At night one could hear the wild note of the barnacle-geese as they flew overhead. Flights of woodcocks came with the Winter fogs. Never was such a season for duck, pintail, and golden-eye, frolicsome widgeon, and the beautiful teal. On moonlight nights Garrett had long stalks to the feeding-ground of the wild geese.

So passed the long Winter of despair. Napoleon had gone into Poland, and was threatening the Czar. Turkey had declared war on Russia, and when Austria had shown signs of drawing the sword again, the Corsican quietly threatened to make her an example to other nations, and Austria relapsed into quietness. News came of a terrible engagement between Napoleon and the Russian troops at the village of Preussisch-Eylau. The battle had taken place between the two armies, both maddened with starvation and cold. The carnage was terrible, and little could be done for the wounded in that nightmare land. Russia, Sweden, and what remained of Prussia now saw a prospect of victory. The Czar sent a request to England for a loan of six million pounds, but all Grenville would allow him was dole of half a million. The allowance to Prussia was contemptible, and when Sweden asked for troops to be sent to the island of Rügen none were forthcoming.

The situation in England was tense. The Ministry saw nothing for it but to organize all sections of thought for the common emergency. A bill was drafted throwing open the higher offices in both army and navy to Roman Catholics and Dissenters. But the King suddenly sent for his ministers and told them he would have none of it. Then he dismissed them like a pack of scullions.

BEFORE the first rush of the Spring salmon was over, when the wild hyacinths were beginning their blue dawn in Derrymore, Lord Londonderry drove over to tell Garrett that he must go again to London. A new Ministry had been formed, and Lord Castlereagh was back at his old post, War and the Colonies.

"You must go at once, Garrett," Lord Londonderry told him. "You are needed."

He was not sorry to leave Derrymore, tho the countryside was wearing its bravest of green and gold. But it seemed such a shell of a place, so empty now. There was nothing in Derrymore any longer for him. And, posting to Lisburn, a queer notion took him to go to Slieve Donard, to the peak of it, where he could see in the east the Isle of Man, like a brown gull in the water. Noreen O'Neill had told him, tho he had received the news with coldness, that Jocelyn was still there with her aged uncle.

"She looks younger than ever, Garrett, and there is a pain shining in her eyes. I suppose you know she loves you."

"I haven't thought about it, Noreen."

"But what a liar you are!" O'Neill's daughter had told him. "If any man had lived with Jocelyn for a year he could not forget it in centuries. Why don't you forsake these wretched politics and go to her?"

"No."

"I suppose the truth is that the Castlereagh woman has pushed you into some low intrigue with one of those soppy English girls who are always made to entice men." And she looked him squarely in the eye.

"Now, Noreen O'Neill, if I hadn't known you all my life, I should never speak to you again. There is no woman."

"Then you are only a stubborn idiot. Jocelyn is too good for you. I wish I'd married you myself. I'd have kept you in order. Will you write to her?"

"No."

"I suppose there's more in it than meets my eye. Frankly, Garry, if I loved a man politics would never keep me from him." And she whistled to the hounds she was walking.

He hacked from Lisburn to Castlewellan, and, leaving his mount at Newcastle, where Lord Annesley was proposing to build a great inn, he commenced the ascent of Slieve Donard. So fine and clear a Spring day he had seldom seen. He left the Glen River with its cascades, and pushed on toward the summit through a tangle of golden gorse and heather and mountain-myrtle.

At the top he looked about him; the green field of the Deer's Meadow caught his eye, and farther east and north he could see right away into Derry, and farther still the blue hills of Donegal. Everywhere were small white houses, like dolls' houses, and the River of Rushes below was a thin, trickling line of silver. He could even see the Sugar Loaves of Wicklow, away past Dublin town. A sort of dizziness came on him that one could see so much of the Irish world, and for an instant a fleeting fear. It was so high here, so lonely—so clear was the air, so unearthly. Then he looked eastward and saw what he had come to see.

There in the blue sea which flows between Ireland and England he could see the brown shapes that were Man and its little Calf. He looked at them until his eyes ached, trying to envision Peel, where Jocelyn was. The island had always the quality of romance for Irish people. It was so like in speech, and there also no snakes or poisonous vermin lived. Also it was for refuge for Irish bankrupts. When one was in trouble in Ireland one fled to the Isle of Man. But Garrett had never been there. Somewhere in that soft brown island Jocelyn was. Somewhere in Peel, she walked with her child's head, her child's face, her grave woman's eyes, her body that had so much flight in it.

He had come up here high in the air, to take a farewell of her, for now he was going to put her out of his mind altogether. A word of O'Neill's daughter that no politics would keep her away from the man she loved had stirred him. And it had seemed to Garrett that her point was natural. A man could not give up his views for a woman any more than he could for money or a place, else he were no man. But it was clear to him now, that she had not loved him. She had been lonely for a space, and had taken love where it was offered, but he had not had the strength to bind her, so she had gone. Other women could not take her place. He had only his work now.

Well, it was all over. To-morrow he would be on the road to England to join in the desperate battle which Lord Castlereagh would wage. And now on the top of this high mountain he was taking farewell of that year in his life that had been so much like a dream. He was glad it had not been in later years; it would have left too deep a mark. He could remember her in the stilly evenings by the lake, quiet as the lake's self, wise with thinking. He could remember her when they went together to the ball of the county, always the loveliest young woman there. No other woman competed with her. He remembered her in the maze of flowers at Derrymore, herself like some tall dark flower. He remembered her sleeping, her breath coming gently like hushed music, her dark head on the white pillow like some great rare jewel, her lovely arm outstretched, her hand curled like a sleeping child's.

Well, he would remember her no more, he said. He had thought to live happily with her, tending his patrimony, fearing God, honoring his king, loving his country, doing his duty. But when he was called to give help unto His Majesty for a romantic idea she had left him. Well, he said again, he'd be blessed if he was going to bother any more about a girl who cared nothing for him.

A little sea haze had arisen, and now Man of the Magic and its Calf were hidden. The island had put a mantle of invisibility about itself, as the early monks always said it did when invaders came. Tho Garrett could still see the blue spears of the Sugar Loaves in far-off Wicklow, yet try as he would he could not see Jocelyn's island. He decided to return to the inn where his horse was and post on to Belfast. He must be in London as quickly as possible, where Lord Castlereagh awaited him. He seemed to have removed a weight from himself since he came up here. He looked again to see if Man would show itself, but it remained invisible.

Near the pine-woods on his downward path he came on a cottage where a red-haired girl was weaving linen at a spinning-wheel. She was sitting outside the door, her brown bare feet driving the wheel with its little purr. Garrett was about to say, "God bless the work!" and pass on, when she began singing:

> Up came Munro's sister, she was well dressed in green,
> With his sword by her side that was once bright and keen,
> And she said to the brave men who with her did go:
> "Come, we'll have revenge for General Munro!"

His heart seemed to take a step backward at the forbidden rebel song. He had been thinking of Jocelyn as a girl only, and not as one of the gallant, mad Munros. She was at heart one with her uncle the general, and with her aunt Ishbel, who had fought herself, and had to be smuggled out of the country with a price on her head. He felt like stepping forward and thanking the girl, but he knew she would be frightened. So he had better keep quiet.

> Ye true men who listen, just think of the fate
> Of the brave men who died in the year ninety-eight.

He could listen no more. His throat choked. He had so often heard Jocelyn sing that in their house of happiness.

FROM the window of her room in her uncle's house, looking out, Jocelyn could see under the Spring moon the little houses of Peel, brown as rabbits, slumbering under the moon. The solid bulk of Peel Castle was gentle as some huge dog. Everywhere came to her the keen smell of the sea and the soft, nostalgic odor of peat-smoke. In their two scents was the breath of Gaeldom. But for the sparse sentries with their muskets trying to keep awake in the soft night, all the island was asleep. All were at peace. The fairy lights of the Curragh showed not this April night, and the Dueling Ghosts of the Tynwald had laid aside their small swords. All was at peace—except her.

With bound hair and in nightgown of snowy linen she knelt at the open window, looking out at the waters glistening under full of the moon. It had been a trying day. Her granduncle this morning had preached what she felt was his last sermon. He had his text from the closing words of the First Epistle of John: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." He had inveighed against riches, and honors, and even, it seemed, the King's self. Tho there was not one word in it all that was not sterling religion, yet Jocelyn feared that the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man might find cause in it to remove the aged preacher from his cure of souls.

SHE feared for the old man, for pathetic as is a flock without a shepherd, a shepherd without a flock was more pathetic still. She wished she had Garrett to advise her in case the bishop took action. But perhaps, she thought, the burly, port-drinking bishop would be too late. Granduncle's body was so frail, so tired that he might leave it any moment. He had recently taken to riding on his old pony around the western part of the island, as tho taking farewell of it all. And in the evenings he would sit looking at the peat-fire in the stove as tho in the orange-colored depths he could see visions. And he would murmur quotations. Only that night as he looked at the crimson peat turning yellow Jocelyn had asked him what he saw.

"Behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat . . . having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle."

"How does he seem, Granduncle? What are his looks?"

But the old man paid no heed to her.

"And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped."

The old man's white locks and burning eyes reminded her strangely of the stories she had heard in her youth of Peden the Prophet's visit to Ulster, when he had foretold the coming days. A chill came over her heart.

"And the winepress was trodden without the city," he chanted in a low voice, "and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

"Granduncle, wake!" she cried.

"Eh! Have I been sleeping, child? Come, you must go to bed."

"When you are in yours, my very dear."

It seemed to her that the old man's visions by the fire must come true, for the figure with the golden crown and sharp sickle could only be the Emperor of the French. And even in dreaming Man the roll of the recruiting sergeant's drum was sounding, and his red sash and ribbons and pocketful of shillings were luring the fisher-boys from their nets, and the turf-cutters in the Curragh were throwing down their loys, dreaming of taken cities, and prize-money, and the full-breasted girls of France. Oh, Heaven! more war!

Jocelyn's eyes were in tears in the moonlight and she looked for a handkerchief, but she had only her nightgown, and she dashed the drops away with the back of her hand.

However she filled her days, whatever cares she took on herself, her mind was always full of her young husband. Even now she was terrified for him. She knew that he would be in London, helping Lord Castlereagh, and she was wondering what was becoming of him. He would not be at the wars—Lord Castlereagh held privily that battle was for plowboys. He would be with the clever men who were using armies as pawns. And there, she felt, his peril was greater than in the field. And it was her fault too, she moaned; tho she could not help it, it was her fault. A wife's place was by her husband. She should be in London with him, but her heart rebelled. It did more than rebel. It forbade her to go. The blood that kept it pulsing was the same blood as had flowed in the veins of Munro.

To be anywhere with Garrett, she had always thought, was to be in a musical, fitting place. But to be in England, among the masked, tortuous statesmen, her soul told her—that one place was barred to her. She knew how each statesman would refer to her as the niece of the unfortunate General Munro, and use her as an instance of how the Union was a success, she being there. And while they flattered her, and were most courteous, they would think in their heart of hearts that she was untrue to the memory of the dead.

"Dear God, forgive me! Dear Garrett, forgive me! I could not go!" She cried.

Chill came through the window. The moon was well over the Irish Sea. It would be shining on Derrymore, on the Lake of Herons, now, and all would be quiet there but for the whistling otter or the plunge of the poaching stoat. What hour it was she did not know, but to-morrow she would have to be about her gentle duties, visiting the sick and helping her old granduncle. She rose from the window and went toward her bed, across which the moonlight now threw a beam. She knelt down.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name—" She prayed through the Lord's Prayer. She said

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tin Manx fisherfolk's prayer. Mary, Star of the Sea! And then she said the prayer of the Irish children, "The mantle of Bridget be under my head." That finished her formal prayers, but still she did not rise.

"Dear God," she cried suddenly, "keep him as I knew him, honest and clean and true. Don't let the dreadful, cynical men of Whitehall change him from the clean lake-side boy I know. Dear God, if the world is going to spoil him, take him out of the world." She sobbed into the counterpane. "Don't let cunning come into his lake-blue eyes.

"Keep him clean as I knew him, dear Lord. Clean in body as when on Summer mornings he swam in the great lake, clean in mind as when in Antrim evenings he took me in his arms.

"Dear God, let him not lose his love of the quiet, healthful things, the riding of horses, the taking of the salmon, the stalking of the wild geese. Don't let him stay too long on the barren flags of London without going where the breath of the mountains gives pride and vigor. Dear God, don't let him forget Derrymore.

"Dear God, don't let him be too hard in his heart against Jocelyn. She could not help it. And when he puts me away, as he must for the sake of his house and name, for another wife, let him not be bitter. Dear God, let him understand I loved him, love him still.

"Dear God, let him keep his courteous demeanor and ceremony. Don't let London and the men of London allure him to put on vulgarity, or the swagger of the cheap gamesters of London. Dear God, keep him from all evil ones.

"And when he comes to the taking of a new wife, dear Lord, make her kindly, and simple in her heart, a woman with a beautiful, merry face, and a firm body, dear God, and an equable mind. Don't make her like Jocelyn—" She broke down completely and cried aloud.

GARRETT found Castlereagh looking younger than he had ever seen him. The clumsy Canning had imposed some of his own irresponsible gaiety into the dour Northerner. The Secretary at War told Garrett that already they had begun to move. A hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold and twice that amount of value in provisions had been sent to the King of Prussia. A courier had just arrived with the news that a treaty had been signed at Bartenstein between Prussia and the Czar, that neither should make peace without the other.

Castlereagh had in mind the sending of twenty thousand troops to co-operate with the Swedes. The Czar would be a little hard to handle. He openly insisted he had been betrayed by England; no help, no subsidies had been given him the Winter before. His request for a loan had been refused. But Castlereagh had maneuvered the treaty between Prussia and Russia, and was now making it worth Prussia's while to stay in arms. He offered Prussia one million pounds for the campaign of the coming year. Canning, all for action, was furious that the Whig Government had dismantled the transport service. The English could not be dispatched immediately to the Elbe. Castlereagh was bland.

"You are accustomed to deal with politicians and not with men, Castlereagh," Canning had rapped out. "The Czar will not wait."

But Castlereagh only smiled. He turned to Garrett.

"And how is Ireland?"

"Dull, my lord."

"But peaceful and prosperous?"

"Peaceful," Garrett told him. "A few tithe proctors have disappeared, but on the whole Ireland is peaceful."

"SOMEWHERE IN THAT SOFT BROWN ISLAND JOCELYN WALKED WITH HER CHILD'S HEAD, HER CHILD'S FACE, HER GRAVE WOMAN'S EYES, HER BODY THAT HAD SO MUCH FLIGHT IN IT"

"Did you hear anything of recruiting, Garry?"

"In spite of the high bounties offered, my lord, recruiting is at a standstill. The country is sure there is going to be an intensive campaign against the French, and the peasant is looking forward to making money out of it, especially in the South. Those who feel like fighting, I am afraid, are going out in sloops to take up arms with the French. There's no disloyalty in it, but just that there is a greater chance of advancement under Bonaparte."

"Ireland needs looking after." Castlereagh's face became frozen. "But we have a good man as secretary there."

He turned quickly to Garrett.

"Garry, what do you think of General Wellesley in Ireland?"

"Not very much, my lord. They always remember him as the Member for Trim. They think more of his brother."

"They are wrong," Castlereagh said savagely. "He will be the greatest general in the world. But Ireland is Ireland: no matter to what heights a man may rise, they can always remember the foolish things of his youth. However—Has madam come with you to London?"

"No, my lord." Garrett was puzzled. He was sure Castlereagh knew Jocelyn was in the Isle of Man.

"She is at Derrymore?"

"No, my lord."

"Ah! I was wondering, Garrett, if there was any way in which I could be of help to you." Garrett knew he was hinting at a divorce.

"There is none, thank you, sir," he said firmly. "And now, my lord, is there anything you wish done?"

"There is just this little matter, Garrett. Cardinal York, the younger brother of the Young Pretender, is dying now at Rome. He is styled by the Jacobites Henry IX. There is afoot in France a plan to have him bequeath the royal titles of England and Scotland to the King of Sardinia. This seems unimportant, of course. But it is important that every Jacobite officer of military experience should be in the service of His Majesty. Therefore we wish it to be made known privately that Cardinal York has been in receipt of a pension from His Majesty of four thousand pounds a year. That will be in the nature of a shock to our romantic Jacobite friends. He will bequeath to the present dynasty of England the crown jewels taken by James II. out of the country. Can you take care of this, Garrett?"

"Easily, sir." He waited a moment. "My lord, you are very busy with parliamentary affairs, and not a military man. Neither am I. But doesn't Mr. Canning's desire for haste in the matter of sending men to help the Czar seem a reasonable one? My lord, if Dantzig is taken and later the Czar defeated, Europe is lost."

"Perhaps." Castlereagh smiled. "Mr. Canning is an immediatist. I like to play a long, slow game. Perhaps a victorious Czar would be a greater menace to England than Napoleon, for Constantinople would be at his feet and India at his mercy. Our ally, the Czar, is an ambitious young man, and he is none too well affected toward this country now."

"But if he is defeated, my lord, the blockade against English goods will be more severe still."

"Oh, that blockade! Napoleon was the first to infringe it. Sixty-six thousand woolen great-coats and coats were sold to him by our merchants recently through Hamburg."

"To fight the Russians in!" Garrett cried.

"Precisely!" Castlereagh smiled. "To fight the Russians in."

LONDON, this Spring, was an abode of beauty. The quiet gardens of the Temple were ablaze with flowers. From the top of Fleet Street the turrets and dome of Saint Paul's in the evening light were like a mirage seen in a desert. From Blackfriars Bridge the Houses of Parliament rose from the waterside with a strange subdued loveliness. After the quiet of Derrymore the din and bustle of the streets were a relief to Garrett. The carriages with liveried coachmen followed by the donkey-carts of Gipsies; the

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barges and wherries of the river, the bustle of Covent Garden with its wilderness of wagons; the riders in Hyde Park; the jingle and hum of the coffee-houses reminded him that this city was the center of the world.

He took upon himself the carrying of dispatches to Windsor, passing along the quiet Thames, by the groves of oak and willow, past the fields where the Eton boys were throwing off their red coats to play cricket. The grim old building of Windsor was barer within than his own house at Derrymore. But from the battlements the green fields were like silken banners, and the rich elms and great tufted oaks gave the land an air of richness that Ireland never had. An equerry presented Garrett to His Majesty, but the old man could hardly see him and not hear him at all. So that the occasion was embarrassing. The old King was very gentle, but Garrett could not understand how this wraith of royalty still ruled the strong and supple Ministry.

Summer went on in the quiet English fashion. And there was a great deal to be done at the War Office. General Wellesley came across from Ireland post-haste twice, and there were long consultations. There was evidently much ado quietly, and Garrett caught the words "Denmark" and "Copenhagen" mentioned very often. General Wellesley was very different from what Garrett had imagined him to be. Men who had been members of the old Irish Parliament had spoken of the Member for Trim as an irresponsible lightweight, but Garrett found an iron strain in this sallow, grim man

"You're from Ireland, young Dillon. A nation of cut-throats. If Napoleon could get a fleet and invade it, England would lose it to-morrow," General Wellesley said.

"But Napoleon won't get a fleet," Castlereagh smiled, and Wellesley laughed outright Garrett wondered what was in the air. Mr. Francis Jackson, minister plenipotentiary to France after the Peace of Amiens, was on a special mission to Denmark. At any moment he was expected home. Danzig fell, taken by Marshal Lefebvre, but while the merchants of England were perturbed the Secretary at War was calm.

But worse news was to come. The Russians had been enticed into battle against what seemed a feeble corps of French on the banks of the Aller, only to discover themselves facing the Grand Army, with the Emperor himself in command. The havoc was terrible, the Russians fighting with a dogged fury. But when night fell the great army of the Czar was a broken thing. On hearing of the disaster the King of Prussia evacuated Königsberg, which Marshal Soult took, gaining immense stores of provisions and the one hundred and sixty thousand stand of muskets which Castlereagh had recently sent from England. Thus another disaster lurked. At Tilsit, on the Niemen, a flying bridge had been constructed where Napoleon and the young Czar and the wretched King of Prussia met to talk over peace terms. One would have thought that the Corsican ape would have aroused hell in the bosoms of the Russian and Prussian monarchs. But by something only short of magic the little fat man won over the Russian bear, and was dignified and kind, after a time, to the Prussian King.

UNBELIEVABLE accounts came of the doings at Tilsit. The Czar Alexander and Napoleon were walking arm in arm. The King of Prussia dined with Napoleon. A soldier of the Russian Imperial Guard was presented to Bonaparte and received the Golden Eagle of the Legion of Honor. Bonaparte himself was decorated with the Russian Order of Saint Andrew. Napoleon's Guards treated the Life Guards of the enemy monarchs to a banquet, after which they exchanged uniforms. It was all so mad. On the soil where Russian and Prussian and Frenchman had been fighting to the death for years, now they were fraternizing as tho they had been reared on the same mother's milk. England could not understand it.

But England understood very quickly when George Canning received the articles of the peace. Prussia, her old stand-by in Europe, was reduced to a second-class power. The western provinces of Prussia were added to other German acquisitions to make the Kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Bonaparte Joseph Bonaparte's Kingdom of Naples and Louis Bonaparte's Kingdom of Holland were recognized officially by Russia. Berlin and other great Prussian fortresses were to remain in the hands of the French until an exorbitant indemnity was paid. The future amity of Napoleon with the Czar was to depend on the Czar's enmity to England. The British blockade was imposed upon Prussia and adopted by the new monarchy. It was said that Napoleon had secretly agreed with the Czar that he should be permitted the conquest of European Turkey and the Swedish province of Finland, in return for which the Czar promised not to interfere with Napoleon in the appropriation of Spain, Portugal, and England.

There was all but a panic in England now. The Czar of the Russias offered to mediate between Napoleon and England, but George Canning refused the offer. With a smile at the corner of his merry eyes he kept closeted with one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office. And Mr. Jackson, on request, rode eighty miles in eleven hours with a coach and four horses. That Mr. Jackson was in town was to be kept secret.

In the office of the Secretary at War, Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart came and went, and the shriveled Arthur Wellesley. He stopped to observe to Garrett that he had left Ireland.

"There are none remaining there but blackguards," he said bitterly.

"Of course one can only speak of the people one meets," Garrett told him dryly. And the Indian general looked at him with cold malice. But Castlereagh, coming in, smiled.

"Garry, you mustn't quarrel with General Wellesley. It speaks well enough for England that we three Irish are here."

"Bloody rebel!" Garry thought he heard Wellesley say as he moved into the secretary's private room. But Castlereagh only laughed.

A few days later he noticed a look of triumph on Castlereagh's white face.

"You look happy, my lord."

"I am pleased," Castlereagh admitted. "In a week from now Bonaparte will be furious."

"Are we attacking him?"

"Yes," Castlereagh admitted. "That is, indirectly of course, Garrett, will you tell Mr. Canning that he and I and Mr. Jackson should have a talk before Mr. Jackson sails?"

THE Danish Prince Royal was a heavy-boned, uncouth man, whose clothes did not fit him. Indeed, Mr F. E. Jackson, sitting opposite to him in His Highness's quarters at Kiel, looked more the aristocrat than the Prince. The Prince tugged at his straggling mustache.

"Do I understand you to say," he asked, "that you demand the junction of the Danish and English fleets?"

"Exactly that, Your Royal Highness."

"You ask—no, you demand a neutral country to join you in your war against the French. This is the most shameful request I have ever heard. On the part of my father, the King, I refuse."

"Your Royal Highness does not quite understand the situation. If the junction of the fleets is refused it is the determination of His Britannic Majesty to enforce it."

"You mean the English will attack the unfortified town of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet?"

"It is the sincere hope of His Majesty's Government that such a step will prove unnecessary."

"When Count Bernstorff told me yesterday of your interview with him I could not believe my ears. I had to hear it from your own lips. Are you in your right senses, Mr. Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson flushed. "Your Royal Highness," he said a little sharply, "is permitting yourself expressions which in a cooler moment you can not but regret. I shall tell Your Royal Highness what I told Count Bernstorff yesterday. It has come to the knowledge of His Majesty's Government that the *soi-disant* Emperor of the French intends exactly the step we are seeking to avoid, an attack on the Danish Kingdom."

"Your apprehensions are groundless, Mr. Jackson. No notification has been made by the French that they intend invading Holstein. Moreover, why should they? The Emperor Napoleon has no excuse for attacking Denmark We are far removed from the intrigues of Europe. We are happy here. Our people are not crying for liberty; they possess it. I ask you, what excuse would Napoleon have for attacking us?"

"Political expediency."

"And what are we you?"

"The saving of Denmark," said Mr. Jackson.

"Mr. Jackson, you strongly tempt me to ally myself with the Emperor of the French."

"Your Royal Highness is late for that. Admiral Gambier, Lord Cathcart, and Sir Arthur Wellesley are lying off Copenhagen with their instructions from His Majesty's Government," Mr. Jackson uttered dryly.

"You mean you are going to attack a neutral country without one shadow of excuse? With a fleet that has been victorious at Trafalgar and with troops inured to fighting in the American campaigns, you are going to attack a small peaceful country?"

"His Majesty's Government is assured the situation will not arise. that Your Royal Highness will see that it is in the best interests of Denmark—"

"But it will arise," the Prince Royal thundered. He stood up. His shoulders were back. His head high. His Norse eyes were blazing.

"Mr. Jackson, we are a very old country, very free. We have always loved justice. When we were lords of England we brought a civilization to it. If we had desired a continual warfare we might have been as rich now as England is. But in one thing we do hold ourselves rich, and that is honor. If the Emperor of the French were to invade us to-morrow, I would do what I am going to do now against your invasion. I would put myself at the head of what troops we have and defend my country, even tho we die to the last man. It will be a shock to your employers, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, that there are peoples who can neither be bought nor terrified. You can go now and tell your admirals and generals to attack. They may not find Copenhagen as easy to take as they imagine."

Mr. Jackson was furious. But his diplomatic training stood him in good stead.

"Your Royal Highness is naturally put about. I am instructed by Mr. Canning to give you eight days to consider the matter."

"Not eight seconds, Mr. Jackson."

"Nevertheless, I shall go to Copenhagen for your answer—if I am permitted."

"Of course you are permitted. In Copenhagen you will be received with every courtesy. But you will not see me.'

"Your Royal Highness is not going to Copenhagen?"

"By Heavens, I am. I shall be in Copenhagen, but at the head of my troops!"

LORD CATHCART admitted to himself that he didn't care much for his job. He looked at the snug, Danish city from the quarter-deck of the *Prince of Wales*, old Gambier's flagship, and he wondered how a quiet, respectable people like the Danes could ever have conquered Scotland. Cathcart, Jackson, too, the Scots general could not abide. He was perfectly certain that the man had mucked his business. Lord Cathcart was sure that if he'd been talking to the Prince Royal he could have made the man see sense. The King of Denmark was a lunatic, just like the King of England, but the Prince Regent was no lunatic. But, man, these things had to be handled delicately.

This second in command, too, Wellesley, he didn't care much for. A cruel, ruthless man. Hated his country, Ireland. Good Heavens! there must be something uncommon dirty in a man to feel like that. A good commander, Castlereagh had told him. Aye, but was he a good soldier? He had done well in India, where his brother was viceroy. But would he have done so well had he been in the wars in which Lord Cathcart had taken part? Well, time would tell, said the Scots general. In the meantime, orders were orders. He must take this town. But he was going to give the Danes time to think it over. Mr. Jackson had told him that the water-supply of Copenhagen could be cut off with ease. Just the sort of thing Mr. Jackson would discover. Mr. Jackson didn't seem to understand when Lord Cathcart said he would do the Danes the courtesy of fighting them.

With great dignity Lord Cathcart landed his army ten miles north of Copenhagen. The garrison of the Danish town consisted, his reports told him, of four thousand regular troops, and the *landtwehr*, a mere armed rabble. No guns were mounted on the ramparts, no embrasures cut. All the Danes did was to bring out some *proams* and floating batteries against the fleet and to cut away the buoys. A dispatch from Admiral Gambier told Lord Cathcart that he was afraid that Mr. Jackson had decided to go on a trip to Sweden before the firing began. Lord Cathcart smiled.

The opposing general was M. de Peumann, an old man of seventy, and Lord Cathcart was eager to give him a chance to surrender. He sent out a small body of horse, who took nine hundred men prisoners and captured a magazine of gunpowder. Gambier captured a Danish West-Indiaman, and on the twenty-fifth of August loosed a terrific cannonade for five hours, more to frighten than destroy.

Lord Cathcart erected his batteries, but put off the bombardment from day to day. He sent in an urgent summons to surrender before he began firing. With four thousand men General Wellesley fought a Danish corps. The poor devils were woolen jackets, striped red and green, and wooden clogs. The garrison of Copenhagen burned down the suburbs.

On the second of September, Lord Cathcart threw two thousand shells into the town, and Admiral Gambier kept firing at it all through the night. Soon the town was on fire in three places. In spite of repeated requests for surrender the seventy-year-old Danish general replied he must defend to the last. The wind was high; flames spread with incredible voracity. At five miles' distance Admiral Gambier could read dispatches on his quarter-deck by the light of the burning city.

On the seventh of September, Copenhagen capitulated. Over three hundred houses were in ashes. The university and cathedral were total ruins. Seventeen ships of the line were delivered to Admiral Gambier, with twelve frigates and thirty-five gunboats, all valued at two million pounds sterling. The loss of life in Copenhagen was not computed.

As a reward for the taking of Copenhagen three hundred thousand pounds were divided between Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier. Lord Cathcart, tenth Baron Cathcart in the peerage of Scotland, was made an English viscount. Admiral Gambier was raised to the peerage, and all other flag and general officers were made baronets. The poor mad King was brought to his death-bed by the shock. The incensed Prince Royal made an alliance with Napoleon, after which His Majesty's Government was reluctantly compelled to declare war on Denmark.

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THE PROFANING OF GRANNY RUN

Music plays its part in a river captain's conquest

BY

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Illustrations by George Wright

"HIS EYES WERE WET WHEN SHE ENDED 'I AIN'T A LITTLE GIRL, BUT I'M CRYIN'.' [HE SAID SIMPLY"

TURKEY BIGGERS swaggered over the deck of the tiny, sparrow-like steamboat anchored at the Granny Run wharf. By a foot rule he would have been accounted rather a tall man as he came to a halt at the flimsy gang-plank; but his height was lost sight of completely, so swathed it was, so hidden behind the fat which coated each inch of his clumsy frame. Great fleshy bundles pressed round his eyes until they appeared like little green marbles; coarse folds hung down from his cheeks and chin or sank over the top of his vast and greasy pants in a fashion vividly reminiscent of the bird which had won him his sobriquet.

The diminutive Captain Miracle, who stood a few feet away, surveyed the visitor patiently. He began fingering the buttons ornamenting his faded coat, buttons consisting of small gilt frames enclosing views of various European capitals.

"I'm tellin' you again, Turkey." His voice was mellow, gentle. "You ain't good enough to own a grand piano. You're so low-down you don't even like music; you're so mean and ornery you won't even let other people that likes it listen to it. A grand piano ain't fit to be in your house. And that's why I'm goin' to get it out."

With the end of the sweaty necktie dangling over his work-shirt Turkey began polishing two gold teeth which shone resplendently between his ugly lips. "I'll show you to-morrow whether you will!" he taunted boorishly.

"You'll see to-morrow! You ain't got no more chance of gettin' that piano away from me than you got of drawin' cider from a cow! No more chance than a snake has of gettin' a haircut!"

"I'm goin' to get it, Turkey. Maybe not to-morrow, but I'm goin' to get it." He leaned down to scratch the head of the tiny chameleon which had reached the end of the string linking it to a nail in the floor and had crawled upon his shoe. Like Turkey, Captain Miracle was stout, but about him there was nothing of the grossness, the gigantic oiliness which so characterized the other, his corpulence being confined to a smooth boulder which rose between his chest and thighs and there ended. His features were fine; his blue eyes kind, childlike in their wistfulness and trust; his mouth sensitive and sympathetic.

"I'm goin' to get it from you if it takes me twenty years. Yep, if it takes me all my life. Ever since you got that money and bought that piano just to show off with, like all the other showin' off you're doin', I been thinkin' more and more every day I ought to do somethin' to get it away. And now after you come on board the *Lady Daisy* and done what you just done I see it's my duty same as if a preacher told me or I read it in a Bible."

The fatty cushions around Turkey's eyes quivered mirthfully. "All right, Pullitight!" he shouted. "See if you can get it! You do the talkin'! I do the playin'! I do the buyin'! You do the cryin'! Say, ain't that a pretty good one, Tornado?" he demanded of a piccaninny who was near the wharf languidly paddling its feet in the water. The child scrambled up the path in fright. Turkey picked up a clod of clay from the gang-plank and hurled it to hasten the fugitive's departure.

"You listen to me, Turkey, and don't go botherin' that piccaninny ain't harmed you none. 'Cause I'm givin' you fair warnin', I ain't the kind of fellow to do things behind your back." He straightened a button where a sepia Eiffel Tower had slipped beneath its mica covering and was leaning dangerously. "Everybody in this town knows how all my life pretty near I been wantin' a piano and been talkin' about gettin' a piano, just some little cheap, second-hand one, any kind. Everybody knows how I pretty near drowned four years ago savin' that piano of Judge Tabb's when the flood come, and I guess you know how the boys up at Tate's restaurant started callin' me Piano till I made 'em stop because I was always sittin' by it.

"Fact is, I guess there's people in Granny Run thinks maybe I'm a little crazy when it comes to pianos. I ain't. I just love music better than anythin', better than eatin' or sleepin'. I give my last nickel plenty of times to hear a piece of music. Plenty. But to my thinkin' the music of a piano is the finest kind of music there is. And somehow I ain't never been able to save the money to get one."

Turkey began slowly backing down the gang-plank. "Well, you ain't goin' to get none to-morrow neither!" he tittered. "My train's goin' to run away from your boat so fast when we're racin' you'll think I'm a greased potato rollin' down a pig's back, Pullitight! Say, what about callin' you Piano instead of Pullitight?"

There was a slight stiffening in the captain's antlered mustache, a mustache almost matching the crimson of the strawberry-mark glowing on his left temple. He went on evenly, as tho he had not heard. "I try and try to get it, and never can. But you come along, the most ignorant, low-down loafer there is in Granny Run, and just 'cause your brother what kept a saloon in Wyoming dies and leaves you some money you buy, pretty near as good as new, the finest kind of piano they make, a grand piano. Just to show off, same as gettin' yourself elected president of the Granny Run Railroad.

"And now for more smart-Aleckness, 'cause you know it'll torment me, you come into my sittin'-room I got fixed up the best I can with them stuffed doves and mottoes and everythin' and say a sittin'-room ain't a sittin'-room unless it's got a grand piano in it. I know fellows would have shot you for that, Turkey." He swept his hand over his troubled forehead. "If you liked music I wouldn't say nothin'. That way it'd be all right for even a nigger to have a grand piano. But for you to have it is like—well, it's like spittin' in a church.

"That's why I put up my horses against your piano that the *Lady Daisy*'ll beat you to-morrow. Maybe I'm goin' to lose 'em. I can't afford to. But I seen it was my duty to put 'em up. And even if I do lose to-morrow, Turkey, I'm warnin' you. I ain't through. I'm goin' to get that piano away from you if it takes me all my life."

Turkey once more showily wiped his teeth. "Takes a smarter man than you to get anythin' away from Turkey Biggers, Pullitight!" he blustered. "Grand piano or what it is! Takes a smarter man than there is in this town! So I'm advisin' you, when you give 'em two horses of yours their hay to-night, give 'em your blessin'! 'Cause to-morrow they'll be feedin' at my table—I mean stable!"

Laughing uproariously at his jest, he strode up the bank to a railroad-track, where stood a vehicle, reminiscent of a child's wagon, which boys with a few abandoned washboilers and fruit-crates had enlarged into a caricature of a locomotive. His rusty body was patched as tho it had rolled through a junk-yard, and, like a snowball, constantly picked up new parts as it traveled; its stack, battered by some accident, drooped like the plume of a water-soaked hat; its tinny wheels were so feeble the whole ridiculous mechanism seemed to quiver with fright at each gust of the warm May wind.

Coupled to the locomotive was a tumble-down car, half passenger, half freight, over whose windows ran the faded legend "Granny Run—Beaver Slough Railroad"; beneath this, in newly painted letters, "T. Biggers—President." Turkey brushed off with his tie a sooty smudge which threatened to somewhat obscure the recent inscription, then squeezed himself into the engine-cab. Thrusting a log of wood into the fire-box, he pulled a lever which sent a shower of sparks flying onto the boat, and, chuckling boorishly as he saw Captain Miracle hasten to stamp them out, drove his fantastic beast clattering down the river.

CAPTAIN MIRACLE watched the train disappear in the hot distance. He shook his head sadly, then, going into the little pilot-house, took out a scrap-book filled with pictures of pianos clipped from newspapers and chance catalogs. Lovingly he thumbed the pages.

He looked up at the entrance of a lanky, snowy-haired individual who had emerged from the engine-room. "What you think about the race, Cotton?" he said to the newcomer.

Using a window as a mirror, Cotton carefully extracted a black hair which marred the radiant whiteness of his head. "He can go a little faster than we can, Captain."

"Yep. But I got that figured. He has to go through Pisgah and Sugar Creek and we don't, and that makes three miles extra for him and more than evens things up. You ain't got much doubts about us beatin' him, have you, Cotton?"

"No. I ain't got much doubts." As he gazed at his beard he caught sight of another black hair half hidden in a lock over his forehead. He brushed it into prominence. "Enough to wear a fellow out, the way them black hairs keeps comin' in. Must have a little French or Italian in me." He jerked at the offender vigorously.

"Lum Jackson was tellin' me yesterday that piano ain't finished Turkey's showin' off. Said he was callin' one of his rooms a billiard-room and was gettin' a second-hand billiard-table. That's what you call goin' it, ain't it, for a fellow was a no-account like he was? He sure must have money now. Money aplenty. Lum was tellin' me that figurin' interest on what he's got in the bank and the salary he's gettin' as president he must be drawin' pretty near eighty dollars a month. Maybe eighty-five."

The captain withdrew from a frayed pocket a tin box which bore on the cover the information that this was a

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sample package of the celebrated Iroquois Fat-reducer and Regulator and took out an octagonal tablet. "He could have a gold swimmin'-pool and water-faucets in his kitchen that run strawberry pop and I wouldn't say nothin'. Anybody can have them things as long as they got the money. But a grand piano's just made for experts, like them long-haired fellows I seen playin' that time I went to St. Louis."

He replaced the box-lid. "I always had a good idea of what Turkey was, but I seen it sure the other day. I was over at Tate's place drinkin' a cup of coffee, and them three nigger boys of Tate's had got out on the porch and begun playin'. You know how them three boys of Tate's can play. This piece sure give 'em a chance. 'The Dyin' Arab's Dream,' or somethin' like that, they called it. I'm a man's heard plenty of music in my time, and I tell you, Cotton, this here was wonderful.

"You could feel the desert sand hittin' you in the face plain as when you're walkin' along the pike and a buggy goes whippin' past you. Then the sand-blowin' stopped and the music got kind of soft, kind of as if the Arab had got tuberculosis or somethin' and his girl had come in to bring him flowers and cheer him up. As sad and pretty as any funeral you ever seen.

"Well, we was listenin' without sayin' a word so as not to miss nothin', when in comes Turkey bustin' through the door. 'Scrape on them fiddles and play me out a ham sandwich and a plate of beans, one of you smokes!' he shouts out to the nigger boys. 'And do it quick 'cause this here boiler's in need of some heavy firin'!' Course the boys had to stop, and it broke up everythin'. A man would do that'd poison a dog."

He moved his tilted chair to avoid crushing the chameleon, which had darted beneath the leg in pursuit of a fly. "As I was sayin' to Turkey, it wasn't just wantin' the piano made me put up my horses. I done it because it's my duty to get the piano away from him. Same as if I'd seen it in the Bible. No different. Well, I guess you and me better be goin' up-town and gettin' some oil and things and give the *Lady Daisy* a good overhaulin'. I think she's in good shape, but we don't want to take no chances."

THEY trudged up the dusty wharf and were striding along a little street bordered on both sides by drowsy trees in whose shadows reposed a few sleepy cottages, when Captain Miracle caught sight of a diminutive feminine figure coming toward them from the other end of the thoroughfare. His kindly face beamed; his step quickened. "Howdy, Miss Ula!" he called as he neared her. "I'm mighty glad to see you!"

Miss Ula waved a stiff little hand with the dignity befitting one who three times each week journeyed to Beaver Slough and the hamlets roundabout that she might give music-lessons to its star-hitched children; a function which seemed an altar on which her whole manner and her rather pretty, prematurely old-maidish face seemed sacrificed.

The shining cloth of her angular black skirt might have been fashioned from the painted tin of the cottage roofs, so angular it was, so unyielding in the wind; her black shirt-waist was flat-bosomed and ended in a high collar fastened tightly about her thin neck; even the two small black dogs who trotted beside her and now came forward to sniff suspiciously at the two men were stiff in their trotting and suspicions. Only a single spot of color lightened the forbidding somberness of her attire; a cluster of emerald grapes pressed vividly against the crown of her otherwise austere and unrelenting hat.

"Come here! Lorna! Jessie!" she called quickly to the dogs. "Ain't you ashamed of yourselves pawin' up all Captain Miracle's nice clothes?" In her voice fading youth and warmth struggled with professional, spinster-like decorum; the result made her words seem effusive, artificial. She exchanged greetings with the two men. "It's mighty comfortin' to see you again, Captain," she went on. "I haven't seen you for pretty near a week now. How you been?"

"Just fine, Miss Ula. Fine as frog's silk." He took the basket of groceries she was carrying, and set off with her down the street, Cotton trudging a few feet behind. "Did you hear about my racin' to-morrow?" he asked a moment later as he threw a stick which both the unbending dogs refused to pursue.

Her thin, slightly withered lips bent in a smile which fought to be radiant. "I haven't heard a word, Captain. Why, I think that's terrible excitin'!" Then she added a trifle anxiously, "But it's kind of sinful, tho, racin', ain't it?"

He hastened to reassure her.

"You racin' somebody in the *Lady Daisy?*"

"Um-huh. Turkey Biggers."

Once more her smile won a victorious battle with decorum. "I know there can't be nothin' sinful about that. It's about time somebody did somethin' to try to stop his goin's-on. When you racin'?"

"Eleven o'clock to-morrow. Same time the train always starts for Beaver Slough. You're goin' to be there, ain't you?"

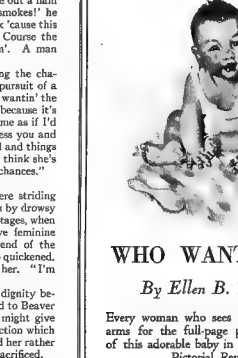
She hesitated. "I was supposed to be givin' Lucy Tetters a lesson out at Two Mile then. But I guess it won't hurt Lucy none to wait till afternoon, will it?"

"Course it won't. And I'd powerful appreciate your comin', Miss Ula. It'd kind of— help me."

They came to a halt before a trim, spotless cottage where a Quakerish canary chirped primly in each window. "Mighty pretty, them canaries," he murmured, and, preparing to go, gazed at his companion admiringly. "Mighty pretty, too, them green grapes you got in your hat. Them other grapes you had before was brown, wasn't they?" He chuckled softly. "Ain't you afraid you'll start drinkin' and get to be a drunkard now you're wearin' grapes in your hats?"

Her ivory skin became a delighted scarlet. "Now, Captain Miracle! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? First thing you know Parson Robbins'll hear you talkin' like that and make me burn it up." She shook his hand. Her delicate features became serious. "I'll be down by the river to-morrow," she said with winning gentleness free of all formality, all restraint. "You'll be lookin' for me, won't you? And I'll be—prayin' for you to win."

The two men walked down the street in silence. The



WHO WANTS *ME?*

By Ellen B. T. Pyle

Every woman who sees it will open her arms for the full-page picture, *in colors,* of this adorable baby in the July issue of Pictorial Review.

captain turned for a last look at the starched, toylike cottage, now almost hidden by a monstrous oak. "That's what you call a woman," he asserted. "Got brains. Pretty too. Don't she kind of remind you of them calendars Mace Howe give away when he opened up his shoe-makin'-place last week? Fellow gets her'll sure be lucky."

Cotton withdrew a package of chewing-gum from his pants, and, stripping off the wrappers, thrust the five pieces they contained simultaneously into his mouth. "Ain't no reason you can't have the luck then. Everybody in Granny Run says she's just waitin' for you to ask her. Fact is, most people says she's doin' everythin' she can to hook you."

"Why you talkin' against Miss Ula?"

"I ain't talkin' against her. All it is I know you mighty close, Captain, and accordin' to my idea she ain't the wife for you. She'd have you wearin' collars every day before you knowed it. I sure wish you'd get her out of your mind. Gosh! Seems like chewin'-gum's gettin' tougher every year. Used to be able to handle seven or eight pieces at a time, and now it pretty near breaks your teeth off to take five. I just happened to think about Miss Ula. Fool for not thinkin' about it before. She ain't the reason you want to get that piano so bad, is she?"

The antlers of the captain's mustache stiffened slightly. "You know why I want it, Cotton. Sometimes you're kind of foolish. A woman's one thing, a piano's another. You heard what I told Turkey about spittin' in a church. Why you tryin' to imagine it's somethin' else?"

They made their purchases at the cuspidor-fringed general store and returned to the boat. "Well, we done all we can," the captain asserted at midnight as he and Cotton made ready to go to their homes for a few hours' sleep. Affectionately he patted the long wooden arm which revolved the paddle. "You ain't goin' back on me, are you, *Lady Daisy?* I treated you like a daughter seventeen years. To-morrow if you feel like slowin' up just remember that."

Shortly after dawn he was again on board, continuing his preparations. At ten o'clock a crowd began to gather. At ten-fifteen Miss Ula minced timidly down the bank with the motion of a doll unaccustomed to walking except on level surfaces. She waved a shy greeting to the captain, spread out a newspaper, and sat down.

Eleven o'clock was striking in the steeple of the village church when an excited murmur arose from the onlookers and Turkey strutted into sight. "Hope I ain't kept you waitin', Pulltight!" he shouted raucously to the mariner. "I been readin' the paper. Interestin' article in it about takin' care of horses. And as I'll have a couple to take care of after this moment, I'll sure do it better be satisdyin'." White boys giggled; black men guffawed. Turkey looked round appreciatively; then, with a newspaper conspicuously in his fat hand, climbed into the creaking locomotive.

Ostentatiously he drew out a watch so weighty it pulled that section of his leprous shirt far out of place, then picked up his newspaper, and, pretending to read, pulled the throttle. A shower of sparks sprayed out from the stack; some of them falling onto the boat; the locomotive grunted and staggered leakily forward. At the same instant a bell tinkled on the *Lady Daisy;* the staunch little paddle-wheel began to slap the water. Side by side the two fantastic rivals steamed slowly down the river, while ashore grave-bearded whites wagered quarters and shouting negroes frantically bet pennies.

Round the willowed height which marked Duck Point the antagonists wound, and wharf and watchers were lost to sight. Still together, they puffed on to Fever Creek, near whose mouth a rickety steam ferry-boat waited for passengers to the opposite shore of the river.

Here the railroad-track turned and went inland to cross the creek a few hundred yards up from its outlet over a moldy, drooping trestle which the light in Turkey's eyes as he neared it proclaimed the pride of the Granny Run Line.

"If it keeps on like this we'll beat him easy!" Captain Miracle shouted down in elation to Cotton as he wiped his sooty forehead and watched the locomotive cough its way over the trestle and vanish in a shower of sparks. "The *Lady Daisy* ain't strainin' herself yet, and now he's got to go a mile out of his way to Pisgah. Unless he's up to some trick. I'm kind of lookin' for somethin'. I sure thought he could go faster than this."

He turned to the wheel again. A quarter of an hour later the peppermint-candy steeple of the church at Nero striped the sky, and the railroad-tracks at a sharp angle rejoined the river. He looked off through the corn-fields toward Pisgah, expecting to see only clamoring crows and two deserted lines of metal; to his astonishment, as he was about to turn away, he beheld the locomotive burst from behind a low round which had obscured his view. It hurtled toward the river; in a few moments it was once more beside him.

Turkey leaned his bloated head far out the cab. "You thought you'd beat me here, didn't you, Pulltight?" he taunted. "Guess I'm showin' you now, ain't I? I been aholdin' back on purpose! I been aplayin' with you! Guess you'll have to be pullin' tight now for that piano, won't you? Haw! Haw!" He laughed hoarsely and sent his whimpering steed plunging past a peanut-field.

The strawberry-mark on the captain's forehead glowed like an angry star. An instant later he spun the wheel sharply. The *Lady Daisy* swung slightly and began to describe a long gradual arc toward the opposite bank.

COTTON appeared at the engine-room door; his unshaven jaw was hanging in alarm. "You ain't goin' to take Tucker's Chute, are you, Captain?"

"That's where I'm headin' her, Cotton."

"You can't get through her. The water ain't high enough this stage. Ain't never enough water in Tucker's this time of year. You'll smash her sure on them rocks where you turn in."

"Maybe I'll smash her and maybe I won't. I got my name for pullin' tight out of corners. I'd forgot about Tucker's when I made the bet. By goin' through it I cut off a mile and a half. With that extra two miles he's still got to go through Sugar Creek I'll beat him in to Beaver Slough yet. Put that resin we bought yesterday in the fire-boxes and give her a couple of pounds more. She won't bust. I'm goin' to get that piano."

Cotton darted into the engine-room murkiness. The noisy heart-beats of the *Lady Daisy* quickened. The vessel straightened expertly as she neared the shore, veered toward a narrow inlet guarded on both sides by grayish rocks, with glistening heads erect like ugly, hungry fish. The thin nose of the boat gained the new channel; the paddle-wheel churned stubbornly to follow. Suddenly there was an outraged growl at the bow; the prow crumpled; the deck listed and slowly began to sink.

Swiftly the two men leaped from the dying craft and swam to shore; stoically they stood on the bank and watched while the bow dipped deeper and deeper until the newly washed windows of the pilot-house were splashing in the waves.

"I guess we busted," the captain murmured. He gazed sadly at the tiny chameleon which he had caught up in his

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dash to the water and which lay contentedly in the warmth of his hand. "Seventeen years I took care of her, Cotton. And when I needed her most she went back on me." He gazed at the far-off wisp of smoke marking the trail of the train speeding to Sugar Creek, then with his free hand took out a tablet of fat-reducer and thrust it drearily into his mouth.

"I lost this time, Cotton, but I ain't goin' to lose forever. You're a witness. I'm swearin' for Heaven to hear me, just the same as if I was holdin' a Bible. I'm goin' to get that man's piano. I ain't goin' to let a night pass without prayin' about it; I ain't goin' to let a day go by without figurin' over it. I'm goin' to get that piano if it takes me all my life."

With ropes they dragged from the wreck they made it fast so that it might not drift off in the strong current; then wetly began retracing the way to Granny Run. Cotton moodily dried the water from his watch-chain, made of discolored bear-teeth. "What we goin' to do now, Captain?"

Without replying, the captain took the chameleon from the drenched pocket where he had placed it. Carefully he filled the pocket with warm, dry leaves, then gently placed the minute creature on top. "Goin' to buy the *Willow Princess,* Mace Todd's ferry at Fever Creek. Mace been tryin' to sell it to me for a year. Ain't no chance of fixin' up the *Lady Daisy.* Wouldn't if I could. Don't want no more to do with her after what she done to me. I'll sell her for the little salvage I can get out of her and mortgage my house I got from pappy and use it to get the ferry. I'm hopin' you'll go with me. That is, if you want to."

"Course I'll go with you, Captain. You and me's like brothers. But it seems mighty bad a fine pilot like you goin' to ferry-boatin'. Why, you was only sayin' to me last week that when you're a ferryman you ain't a river-man no more. You're a farmer."

"I ain't perfect, Cotton. Sometimes I says things is mistakes." He gave a pensive twist to the Eiffel Tower button, which had again fallen from the perpendicular. His face brightened with forced cheerfulness. "When you stop and look at it, Cotton, you and me's goin' to have a pretty fine time ferry-boatin'. Fishin' and huntin' that you couldn't have thought of when you was on the *Lady Daisy.* And they was sayin' up at Tate's just last week there's a pile o' money in it. They was tellin' of a ferry fellow down in Bates County took over a automobile and the man give him sixty cents. Get a few of them kind every month and pretty soon you have money.

"Why, when you get to thinkin' about it, ain't no way that a ferry-boat ain't got a packet-boat beat." A tear trickled down his cheek in glistening denial of his words. He wiped it away. "I'm sure goin' to get some new fat-reducer. This here kind makes you pretty near blind sometimes. Gone it a couple of times since I been usin' this sample. Must have onions in it."

They reached Granny Run. In the evening two whinnying horses trotted off to a hideous tin-pillared house, at one of whose lamp-lighted windows showed a grand piano. Turkey accepted the animals without hesitation; the captain plodded off pathetically toward his home. He neared Miss Ula's bird-like dwelling; turned to avoid it as he perceived her in the front yard watering some decorous and timid flowers.

She saw him, however, and came hurrying out the gate, the old-maidish lines of her face soft with pity. She hesitated, then impulsively took his hand and held it a tender instant. "Come in a minute, won't you, Captain Miracle?" she whispered. "I just baked some ladyfingers and cream puffs for the social to-morrow. They're just waitin' for somebody to eat 'em. The cream puffs has that new marshmallow fillin' they're all talkin' about down at Pine City. Better try it. It'll do you good."

Wistfully he shook his head. "It's late and I don't want you to go abotherin', Miss Ula. Besides I ain't got much of a appetite to-night somehow. I'm tryin' out a new fat-reducer and I guess it ain't agreein' with me so well."

He stumbled up the road. A bit of horsehair, almost the color of Miss Ula's tight-wound tresses, clung to his coat-sleeve. He gazed at it hypnotically; with forlorn fingers brushed the hair away. "I'd of asked her to-night if I'd have won that piano," he murmured.

Arising early the next morning, he at once set about mortgaging his cottage. In a week he had become the new owner of the clumsy *Willow Princess;* in another week he was busily piloting her across the river with a wagon-load of peanuts or piloting her back with a wagon-load of corn.

To the casual farmer he had completely forgotten his race with Turkey and its calamitous consequences; only Cotton knew the depths of his bitterness and remembrance. For time after time he saw the captain open the scrapbook filled with yellowing prints of pianos; twice each day he watched the antlers of the captain's mustache stiffen when Turkey crossed the trestle on his way to and from Beaver Slough; twice each day he saw the red mark on his forehead dance as the trainman neared the ferry to fling out a boastful salute of sparks or a coarse witticism from his cavernous mouth.

AND even Cotton did not know how often at night the captain would wake from his sleep to walk to Turkey's home, take a post behind a tree and gaze in reverence at the bulky instrument shining in the moonlit window; or turn away in agony if by chance the hour was earlier and Turkey sat down before it to begin jangling out some piercing discord with a single oily finger.

Day after day their lives as dual ferrymen proceeded without accident, without event. Then one afternoon Captain Miracle strode aboard the *Willow Princess* with his blue eyes alight and his cheeks flushed with happiness. He took a shiny new pea-shooter from his pocket and, putting a pea inside, fired at a turtle waddling along the bank. The missile struck a leaf. He laughed. "Well, I guess I got some news, Cotton," he said jovially to his assistant, who was polishing some brasswork. "I can get that grand piano now. That one and another one if I want it."

Cotton went on impassively plying his rag. "Ain't figurin' on gettin' it ferry-boatin', are you?"

"Course not." He rubbed the metal tube against his coat to shine it. "Pretty good-lookin' pea-shooter, ain't it? I seen it in Miss Slazey's window." He leaned over confidentially. "Was in Tate's place this mornin'. Sittin' back of that little partition by the stove eatin'. Turkey and Lem Capp comes in—guess you know Turkey's made Lem secretary of the Granny Run Line now, don't you?—and sits down on the other side of the partition. They don't see me, and begin talkin' railroad secrets. And then I hear somethin'.

"The railroad over at Pine City, the big railroad, I mean, is goin' to build a new branch that'll go through Granny Run and connect up with the Granny Run Line. Goin' to come by Hog Ripple and Shoal. Turkey and Lem's figurin' on buyin' up the land and deliverin' it to the railroad fellows at Pine City. But supposin' Captain Pulltight Miracle goes and buys up that land first. Then where'll Turkey be?"

"How you know the railroad's goin' there? How you know they ain't just talkin'?"

A determined pea sent the turtle scuttling in astonishment into the water. "Can't go nowheres else. I been figurin' for years that land by Hog Ripple was a fine investment anyway."

"Sounds like you got it figured right."

"Course it sounds right. And is right. I'm goin' to mortgage the ferry and mortgage the house some more and buy all the land I can. Then when Turkey wants the land I won't sell it to him unless he makes the piano part of the trade."

Blithely he hurried to the bank in the morning, and a second time mortgaged his scanty properties.

November passed, then December, with no news of the coming of the railroad. January and February sped by. The first of March brought another visit to the bank; it was late afternoon when the captain trudged aboard the ferry. The warm radiance in his eyes had vanished; his mustache drooped like a wilted scarlet flower. Bleakly he stared at his associate, who was tossing bottle-flies to the chameleon. "Guess you better pack, Cotton," he said.

Cotton's hand, launching a fly, halted in mid-air. "What you talkin' about, Captain?"

"I lost the ferry. The bank took it."

The fly shot on to the waiting lizard. Another buzzed over Cotton's gaunt head. He caught it silently, somberly.

"I been a fool, Cotton. The railroad ain't comin' through at all. It was just some more of Turkey's talkin'." He watched the stripped fly speed on to its goal. "You're givin' him too many flies, ain't you? Too many flies to a chameleon's like bananas to a nigger.

"I seen Turkey up at Tate's this mornin'. 'Hear you been buyin' real estate, Pulltight,' he says to me. 'Son, ain't you found out by this time you can't beat me at nothin'? Why, me and Lem had that all fixed up for three months before you knew anythin' about it. We bought that Hog Ripple property for just about nothin', and then went around talkin' secret like that the railroad was comin' through, figurin' that somebody like you'd hear us and we'd make a right smart piece of money. And we figured right.' Then he commences gigglin'. .

"A couple of minutes later I went over to the bank to get a extension of my note was due two months ago and Lee Preble said he couldn't extend it no more. Said the land wasn't worth the paper the deed was written on pretty near, and he'd have to foreclose on the house and ferry both. They're comin' to take possession to-morrow. They're goin' to sell the ferry to a fellow wants it down at Pine City."

"Ain't there nothin' left over?"

"About a hundred dollars, I guess. Lee said he didn't want to be hard on me, so for the hundred he'd sell me that big float and rowboat of his they used to use for a ferry here before they got the steam one, and you and me could fix it up and still go on ferryin'." His mustache began to lift into something of its former dogged optimism.

"Maybe it ain't goin' to be so bad for us

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"THE TWO FANTASTIC RIVALS STEAMED DOWN THE RIVER. ASHORE, GRAVE-BEARDED WHITES WAGERED QUARTERS AND SHOUTING NEGROES BET PENNIES"

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DOT AND CARRY TEN

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by R. J. Cavaliere

DOT STEWART sat under a striped sun-canopy on the lawn at Hot Springs, her eyes half open. She was like a lizard. A lizard with an unread book in its lap, reposing on a red rocker, gently moving. The thought came to her that lizards ought to purr. That would be expressive of herself and the half sultry day. Sunshine dreamed down the valley and the air was drowsy with the smell of new-cut grass. Over on the courts players were scuttling like terriers; occasionally they would cry out, boy-bass or girl-treble, for they were very young.

It wasn't strange that Dot felt no envy for their hot vitality. "How tiresome they must be to one another," she thought; "always pawing, racing, tormenting themselves with callow jealousies! 'White wings, they never grow weary!'" Last night they had danced as nearly all night as the hotel would allow; tortured harmonies from a jazz orchestra had come up to the bedroom where Dot lay comfortable between the sheets, consuming "The Life of Napoleon." This morning, looking out the window over her breakfast-tray, she had seen them joyously mounted, a racket as usual, riding up the bridle-path.

Going, going all the time. They reminded her of the Young Racket at Millport; that terribly energetic crowd which had turned Dot Stewart into a rebel against youth! They had liked her because she danced so well, golfed so beautifully, "did all the stuff" to such perfection.

"Gosh," thought Dot, yawning, "I wonder how many miles I've danced! Twice around the world, probably. Ah, but it's great to be old! Stretching out like this, letting older people take the trouble. There's something effective about a handsome old maid, too. The kind who doesn't let her figure bulge much, keeps her complexion, doesn't look her age. Here two weeks—look at the power I've got over Mrs. Cass Norbert and her Hen Party. All of 'em pecking out of my hand. Why? Good-looking, young for my age."

In spite of these enumerated blessings, rewards of her openly avowed decrepitude, Dot winced at one thought which gnawed and gnawed. Her mother. A fortnight ago Mrs. Stewart had caught her daughter mopping her eyes, refusing to go to any more parties.

"Darling"—the remembered words rang in Dot's ears—"you're getting to be an old story around Millport. Everybody here knows your age. But you're still so lovely. Why don't you pack the prettiest clothes you've got and go somewhere you've never been before? Hot Springs is a good place. Lots and lots of men go there—the kind you'd marry. They won't think you're a minute over thirty. But you haven't got any time to waste, dear. You'd better take the best chance you can find.

"At your age—" and when Dot had cut in with something foolish about being tired of them all—"You've been choosy too long, dear. Look at the chances you've had. If you'd taken Len Deegan five years ago, see where you'd be now. You just handed him over to Sue Canby. Now they're established in Philadelphia. Len's made a brilliant success. Brilliant. He has a very fine position with Herbert Neel. Herbert Neel's taken them up socially. They go on his yacht——"

What she might have had didn't matter much that bright day on the Hot Springs lawn. The sunlight was so golden soft; she had made so few acquaintances. People were like moving shadows, all but Mrs. Cass Norbert and her Hen Party. It would be hard to think of Viola Norbert as a shadow.

And there was Viola herself, dimpling two hundred pounds across the lawn. In her baby-pink gown she looked edible, like a walking marshmallow. Finally, after a number of middle-aged greetings, she brought her tapestry and a large, round box of chocolates over to the sun-canopy and plumped down beside Dot.

"Hello!" Her greeting was comfortable. She had lovely teeth—her own, perhaps—and smart little feet under that spreading bulk. "Fred sends candy over from Harrisburg. He's afraid I'll lose weight. Don't eat the ones with the tin-foil on them." Her dainty, fat hands pried off the lid. "Try the square ones."

Dot found a square one good. To think of Dot eating candy! But she had ceased weighing herself in the morning. Possibly she had put on six ounces since her arrival.

"Yo-ho!" she said to Viola. It was a yawn. "I'm sorry; but it's great to be a fungus."

"Women of our age," said Viola, "owe it to ourselves to get fat." The hair around her ears—she said it was prematurely white—made soft, snowy designs. She fell to needling her tapestry and made a fine picture of pan-motherhood. Finally, since Dot said nothing, she turned and remarked, "Maybe it's not fair to mention our age."

"More than fair," smiled Dot.

"'I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF HE'D TURN INTO A FIERY DRAGON AND WHOOP US RIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAINS'"

"No, dear. When I was forty-five it was a long time ago. I'll be fifty-two next Thursday—" with an arresting gesture of a little fat hand—"Don't spoil it by saying I don't look it."

"Oh, but forty-five is practically—" What was Dot going to say about her own confusing age?

"You should have kept still about it. When I first saw you I'd have sworn you were about thirty. You mustn't be so frank," said Viola.

"Why not? I'm sick of playing kitten. I want to settle."

"My dear!" Just then Viola sounded like Dot's mother. "Every unmarried woman owes it to herself to take off ten years."

"I've tried staying thirty—oh, I've been thirty so long! It's not even cheating. The folks at home count my birthdays. And it's so lovely, so luxurious to lie back, be old——"

"Rest," chimed Viola, plucking at the candy-box, "is an old woman's privilege."

"When you begin to decay," sighed Dot, "you get so much done for you."

Mrs. Cass Norbert, chewing politely, laid down her tapestry. "I read something like that in the newspapers—how they're so happy in old ladies' homes—and, you know, there's a lot of sense in it. Up to the time I was thirty-five I ran like a mad dog and worked myself sick, keeping my figure. My bedroom was a perfect chamber of horrors—machines, diets, rubber shirts. Then Cass said to me he'd get a divorce if I didn't slow up and be myself. What a relief!" Viola put her every pound into a happy sigh. "I know I look like a fright, but——"

"You look like an angel." Dot patted her. "And it was the biggest blessing I ever had, finding you and your Hen Party."

"You know—" a sweet-jelly chuckle—"no woman under forty-five gets into the Hen Party. We've turned down lots of those frivolous chicks of forty. Then that day you told me your real age—just out with it like that—you could have floored me with a pin. And it's been such a blessing having you with us. After all, we do need vitality or we'd just sleep on."

"Viola," said Dot, "I wish you all knew how much you've—well, sort of supported me. I'd hate to be young again. Youth kills more people than old age can ever do."

"I suppose so." To Viola the statement seemed hardly worth argument. "Goodness! here come Fannie Hyde and Millie Platt."

The two of them, one obese, the other scrawny, sauntered across the lawn. Their every gesture seemed to say, "We've given up—isn't it great!" At sight of Dot they beamed with pleasure; an instinctive middle-aged tribute to the woman who looked younger than her years, still took the trouble to be well groomed and had joined herself with such enthusiasm to the Hen Party.

"Irene's furious," said Millie Platt, the scrawny one. "She knows we always play clock-golf at four——"

"Thundering birds!" Viola struggled to pry out of the red rocker. "And it's twenty minutes past. That's what comes of talking philosophy at midday."

Out on the clock-golf lawn it was serene. No strain on the heart, the nerves, the emotions. The Hen Party took possession, gently putting, playing at a sort of modernized croquet. Nobody cared, everybody chattered. When Dot told the one about the Scotch clergyman who never swore at golf everybody stopped to laugh, except Mrs. Montroy, who liked her jokes diagrammed. And this gave Viola a genuine chance. It was all so amusing for Dot, and restful. Here she was,

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already acknowledged leader of the Hen Party. Leadership was hers, perhaps, by right of juniority. Forty-five.

A slow-going, uncompetitive comradeship among these women appeased her yearnings for the velvets of Nirvana. Mornings they took the needle-baths by way of tonic. After that they slept. Then they lunched together. After that they slept. They played bridge for tepid stakes, interrupting plays to gossip or listen to somebody's story. Meanwhile the youngsters danced. But no itching jealousy entered Dot's heart when she saw the excited, lacy, pink-frocked things go flirting by with their baggy college lads. Oh, joy, to be done with that! Forty-five.

Why shouldn't she rejoice? Why shouldn't she shout her number to the world, let them take her at her own valuation?

Then one afternoon—she was the first down from her after-luncheon siesta and languidly watching the kitten-scramble on the courts—she glanced around at the red chair next to hers, expecting to find Viola broadly sitting there. Instead she saw a square, solid, well-knit gentleman in a suit of Irish homespun. He wore a corn-flower-blue necktie which seemed to bring lights from his clear eyes as the flight of a blue jay might color a lake. A comfortable, reticent, rather hard-bitten gentleman of maybe fifty.

"She's reckless," said the gentleman in homespun, nodding toward a bareknee'd girl on the courts.

"She's young." Dot watched the graceful power of her. "She ought to be," he said, and his smile showed the grimness of a bashful man. "She's my youngest daughter. Funny." He sat watching her. She had swung into a high one very nicely and crouched, boylike, awaiting the return.

"Funny?" prompted Dot.

"Funny that the babies grow so fast. I keep on thinking of her that way—I mean helplessly young."

"She's your senior," said Dot.

"That's exactly it. If the boy is the father of the man, what's the girl?"

"Not the grandmother! To-day she's anything but." His straight blue eyes searched hers. "That's so, in a way. But I shouldn't wonder if Elsie is her grandmother, with a new set of gestures." He crossed his shins, decorated with diamond-blocked stockings. They were bold, these stockings, not with the brag of youth, but with the flaunting colors of early sunset.

Dot waited, expecting the man to go on with his interesting *de senectute*. But he had withdrawn again behind reticence. She saw the stone-carving of his face, the look of discipline. And always the play of blue in his eyes.

"Cigaret?" she asked, offering her burnished case.

"Oh, thanks!" He gave her a light. The instrument, she noticed, was practical, inexpensive, silver-plated.

"You know," said he after a puff, "I'm no great shakes at poetry. But wasn't it Browning or Dr. Crane or somebody who said, 'Grow old along with me'? Bernard Shaw says we ought to live a thousand years so that we could make a little sense out of life. I won't go so far as that. But I'm an engineer by training, and it seems to me that too much of our lives is spent in the classroom. We're always learning the theory, but about the time we get ready to practise it we die."

"We grow old too soon," philosophized Dot.

"Not soon enough. We stay young too long." Then, with a shy, crinkly smile in her direction, "That probably sounds flat to you, young lady. But when you get to be forty-five——"

"Go ahead," she challenged with a smile. "I *am* forty-five."

The able engineer gave her the look of one studying a handsome, crumbly shore, weighing its value as a bridgehead.

"Probably you've thought of it that way, then," he concluded, quite without any male coquetry. The tennis game was over. "Most of youth," he drawled, "is a torment. There's too much movement and not enough plan. We're like insects, confused by a lot of bright lights. They're all beautiful. We don't really see any of them. Just kick up our legs and burn."

"At forty-five," said Dot, "you begin to see what things really mean."

But she was not restful. In the distance Viola was rolling toward them like a big pink marshmallow. Dot, who had thrown life out the window and come to Hot Springs to let her hair turn gray, had no intention of being interrupted in her first talk with this original, middle-elderly engineer.

"A BRITISH OFFICER WHO STAYED IN PARIS AND SELDOM SMELLED POWDER"

She made an excuse of sunset; a little too early, perhaps. But it was the sentimental fashion to move to the Casino's west railing and watch the day-star touch a tall pine away down at the end of the Gap. Her engineer followed. Not that he cared for sunsets. But he was interested in Dot Stewart. Experience had taught her how to feel out for responses; and the man with the corn-flower-blue tie, striking lights from his clear eyes, was already eager.

They sat on the rail and talked long and long. They had mutual friends in Philadelphia. They ramified pleasantly, swapping the telephone-books of various cities. The sun inched down toward the black forest edge. Around the corner Dot could hear Viola's Hen Party gossiping. The gentleman in homespun knew a great many people out in Dot's world, and some of these he characterized with shrewd kindness. Finally, just drifting from town to town, Dot got back to Philadelphia. Did he know the Leonard Deegans? At this the rough cheeks crackled like moving stone.

"LEN'S associated with us. Nice fellow, Len." A pat on the head for the man whom Dot, according to her mother, had missed as her big matrimonial chance.

"He came from Millport," said Dot. "And the people there think he's doing very well."

"Yes. Yes." Judicially.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked, guessing two or three things at once.

"You know," with his combination of bashfulness and candor, "it isn't good manners to blame anything on a lady."

"You mean it's his wife?"

"There's a kind of man a woman can hold back. Sue's the nicest sort of girl. Only, it seems to me, she's too young for Len. If he'd married somebody his own age, now, she'd be looking out for his interests. But Len seems worried all the time. I don't mean to say he isn't getting along, in a way. Only——"

Seated side-saddle on the rail, keenly watching the west, he left the inference to Dot. She wished Len no ill, but she couldn't help feeling a little triumphant to know that he hadn't lived up to her mother's fanciful picture. Not only that.

"Are you Mr. Neel? Mr. Herbert Neel?" she asked flatly.

"Why, yes." Throatily, a confession of guilt.

"I know." She felt this sounded pert. "It's like asking Mr. Hoover if he's President." Inwardly she fluttered. Viola's crowd in their daily sessions hadn't even mentioned Herbert Neel's visit to the Homestead. He must have come quietly on the morning train.

But Herbert Neel was smiling. He had a nice face when he smiled; otherwise he was such a mighty man of affairs he quelled her somewhat—now that she knew who he really was.

"You're Miss Stewart," he informed her.

"Of course you know everything."

"Not quite." Still smiling. "But age hasn't dulled my hearing. I heard a waiter call you Miss Stewart."

"I'm very much flattered that you remembered it." She made her curtsy, then wondered if that was dignified for a woman of forty-five.

"My memory's trained for names. I used to be a hotel clerk." No joke. Just a fact.

"So you practised on me." For his statement hadn't been quite a compliment.

"I didn't mean it that way, Miss Stewart." He flushed.

"Of course you didn't. And I envy you your memory." She flew to help him, this gigantic, powerful babe of fifty. "I'm getting so I can't remember anything."

"After forty," said he, "people are apt to get absent-minded. But you can discipline that too."

"At our age," said she on a venture, "we have to make up our minds to lose certain things. But my memory's something I can get along without, thank you."

"You mean all the hidden crimes, I suppose." Another of his crinkly smiles.

"Sort of. They tell me there are lots of very old people in prisons. They've been there so long they've forgotten their murders. They grow into sweet old dears. It must be nice to be a saintly, ancient murderer. You know. With soft, cool skin and silvery curls."

In all this she had given him ample opportunity to remonstrate, "But my dear Miss Stewart! You're far too young to be talking about old age." Instead he regarded her sharply.

"At a certain age," she went on, because he was silenced, "they say the human skull grows together. Your mind closes up; the bones in your head solidify."

The curious look he gave her. Was he laughing? Was he taking her seriously? Herbert Neel had put on the poker-face which had won him reputation.

"My grandfather," he said at last in his matter-of-fact voice, "was a sea-captain. He lived to be a hundred and seven. His vessel went down at sea. When they found him he had swum thirty-two miles from the wreck."

"Really?"

"No. Not really. But something like that."

"Anyhow he didn't solidify," said she demurely.

"No. We're not a solidifying family." He had opened his mouth to say more when a colored man came up with the message, "Majah Tabor to see you, Mist' Neel."

"Tell him I'll be right up." And when the man was gone he turned again to Dot and said. "Do you play golf as well as you talk?"

"I don't play golf any more."

"Why?"

"I'm a little too old for it."

"Too—too old for *golf?* My dear Miss Stewart, do you realize what you're saying?"

"Not entirely. It's the failing memory."

Now she felt that her flipness had stung him. But, after all, why should she care? This Herbert Neel. Certainly he had no time to waste on a self-confessed old maid. Forty-five. Probably he had left an elderly wife at home, attending to her church work. In his curiously clumsy way he was trying to flirt. Let him practise among the younger women. Plenty of them would forget his age, be drawn to the lustrous name of Herbert Neel.

All this in a flash. A certain stubbornness in Herbert Neel caused him to confront her, hands in pockets.

"I can't play golf myself," he said.

"Then why did you suggest it?"

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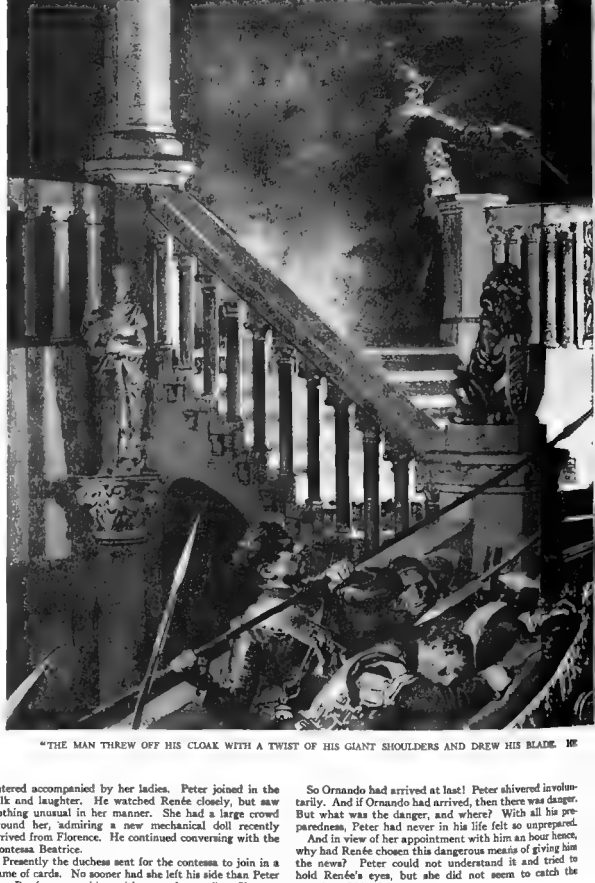
THE GENTLEMAN KING

By
RUSSELL DAVENPORT

Illustrations by Fortunino Matania



"THE MAN THREW OFF HIS CLOAK WITH A TWIST OF HIS GIANT SHOULDERS AND DREW HIS BLADE. HE

DURING the first five days Peter tried to quiet his nerves, which, however, were continually agitated by the feeling that fate was about to descend on him. He slept during the day, turning the guard over to Labay. He arose about five o'clock every afternoon, ate a solitary meal in his own room, spent several hours reading Petrarch and Boccaccio, joined the salon about nine o'clock, tried to be friendly with the courtiers. During the long night when he was in charge of the guard, he walked through the deserted streets of the town, heavily booted and armed, wrapped in a black cloak, with his sword sticking out behind; or sat in the orange-orchard, or in the palace gardens, breathing the incense of the Italian flowers, telling over to himself stories and bits of philosophy that he had picked up in his wanderings through France.

He, Peter, the direct descendant of English kings, was becoming accustomed to his own royalty. He was learning how to command others. He had developed an air of great dignity, which, combined with his natural grace and humor, and with the intensity of his deep-sunken eyes, made him an unforgetable character. And he was more in love than he could express; and the moon glistened on the thick foliage of the gardens to remind him of Renée.

Whenever Peter encountered anything beautiful he thought of her; and yet the thought was always tinged with bitterness because of the quarrel they had had. He needed to talk with her. But to talk with her meant first obtaining her forgiveness. And tho she had looked at him more kindly during the last five days—perhaps she suspected why he had remained behind in Savona he had as yet obtained no real forgiveness.

He had come to Italy to be made a knight, so that he might return to the court of France as a well-known warrior. So far, however, with the exception of the dramatic capture of a small town, Peter had had no action. This last opportunity to ambush the Spanish army with a single company would, if it were successful, obtain a lasting reputation for Sir George and his lieutenant, if the lieutenant were present. Even if the attempt should fail the lieutenant would undoubtedly earn his knighthood by it. But the lieutenant would not be there; he would be remembered only as a man who had refused to go into action, who had stayed in a peaceful town, to guard it, while his captain struggled against enormous odds at St. Michael's pass!

But whenever he thought of Renée, in the moonlight of those gardens, Peter was glad that he had made the sacrifice. He had seen how lonely and unhappy she was. Philippe had made her pay dearly for her indiscretion in telling Peter of the plot with the pope! Her brother was almost openly her enemy. But some day Renée would learn how much Peter loved her. Some day she would belong to him, the banished King of England.

Half poet, half man of action, Peter was at one moment far off on the moon, at the next moment studying a book on military tactics, or devising a plan by which to defend the palace with only thirty-six men.

On the afternoon of the sixth day he was just arising, having been on guard all the previous night. The valet was putting on his boots. A knock sounded on the door. The valet went to the door and returned with a letter whose envelop was addressed in Renée's hand. He tore the seal and read:

"Meet me at the south end of the orchard, near the mulberry-trees, fifteen minutes after the duchess retires. Burn this. Do not mention it to me or any one else.

Renée."

She was going to forgive him, then? She cared? He dared not say that she loved him, and yet he dared not deny it. But why this secrecy? The handwriting was a little unsteady—yes, shaky. Perhaps she had been excited; perhaps her handwriting had changed. He hurried his dressing. At length he left the room, with his red hat a little to one side and a brown cloak over his shoulders. His long rapier stuck out like a tail behind the cloak.

After dinner Peter left the table early and strolled into the salon, where he sat down. Several other courtiers were there. They turned and spoke to him civilly. The duchess entered accompanied by her ladies. Peter joined in the talk and laughter. He watched Renée closely, but saw nothing unusual in her manner. She had a large crowd around her, admiring a new mechanical doll recently arrived from Florence. He continued conversing with the Contessa Beatrice.

Presently the duchess sent for the contessa to join in a game of cards. No sooner had she left his side than Peter saw Renée approaching with a careless smile. She was magnificently clad in a red-velvet dress which was very small at the waist, accentuating the fulness of her white bosom. The dress was trimmed with gold. With a graceful swirl of the wide skirts Renée glided into the chair that the contessa had just vacated.

"Monsieur," she said gaily, "you are the only one who has not yet admired my pretty puppet. He is a native of Florence, named Salvo, and you shall pay your respects to him. See—I pull the string and he salutes. Pull the string yourself, Monsieur, as I hold him on the arm of the chair."

As Peter reached for the silken string she whispered quickly, "The duchess suspects that the Count Ornando has reached Savona." Peter grew tense, but said nothing. "No, Monsieur, you sha'n't keep my puppet all to yourself. Here is Signor Paccini, who wants to make his obeisance too." She turned to the handsome lieutenant of the duchess's guards, who had approached them quietly.

So Ornando had arrived at last! Peter shivered involuntarily. And if Ornando had arrived, then there was danger. But what was the danger, and where? With all his preparedness, Peter had never in his life felt so unprepared.

And in view of her appointment with him an hour hence, why had Renée chosen this dangerous means of giving him the news? Peter could not understand it and tried to hold Renée's eyes, but she did not seem to catch the meaning of his glance.

HE LEFT the salon at the first opportunity and walked into the large hall with its black-and-white-tiled floor. At the other side of the hall was the sumptuous dining-room, where the duke now sat with his favorites, drinking and telling tales. On his right was the front entrance, leading down several flights of stairs to the terrace and the town square. On his left the main stairs with marble banisters ascended to the apartments of the second floor, reaching a landing half-way up, where they turned to their left and became narrow. The old medieval tower formed the wall of this landing. The tower could be entered by a door high up in its side which was connected to the second story by a high gallery across the end of the main hall. The gallery had a white-marble balustrade, beneath which tapestry hung and fluttered.

Peter paused only a moment outside the dining-room.

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The final instalment, in which are brought to a fitting conclusion the adventures of a fascinating vagabond who won his way by his wits

WENT ON GUARD LIKE A TIGER. THE VERY CLICK OF HIS SWORD AS HE CROSSED PETER'S WAS BRUTAL"

He turned to his right, passed through the front entrance, reached the terrace. From here he went to inspect the guard and to warn Labay that he was doubly on the watch. But after Peter said good night to Renée, he strolled out to the terrace, approaching the side of the palace that overlooked the orchard and the bay. It was a clear moonlit night. He put his hands behind his back and studied the mulberry-trees at the far end of the orchard. Why had Renée chosen that spot instead of their usual one close under the orchard wall?

He turned to look at the palace. It was measureless and white, seeming to have no substance in the moon. Peter noticed a yellow light in the window of the chancellor's room. He started. Surely the chancellor's study-window! And yet, surely, the chancellor was off with Sir George! The moment seemed a critical one. He was sure that assassins were waiting for him in the orchard, and yet Renée might be waiting for him there. If she were there he must go.

He was not afraid of being killed, but he was afraid of being stupid. He was a coward when confronted by the doubts of his own mind. He loved his own cleverness. For some time he studied the lighted window, wondering if some one were standing behind the curtain watching him. At last he said, "Oh, the devil take them!" shrugged, walked off directly toward the orchard. He was going to clear up this mystery.

BEHIND the lighted window, unseen by Peter, sat an Italian whose thin face suggested guile. He sat slightly forward with one arm across the table, tapping the end of his pen on the rolls of two or three documents. Occasionally he twisted a little in his chair. He was interrupted at last by steps in the corridor behind him. He turned expectantly.

Philippe appeared at the dark doorway. His face was keen and triumphant as he half pushed into the room a figure in a dark cloak and hood. The Italian at the table rose and bowed profoundly. It was Renée. Her face was white and frightened and her hands were clasped nervously in front of her. She studied her brother and the Italian alternately.

"Will mademoiselle please be seated?" said the Italian.

Renée obeyed silently, placing herself opposite the thin stranger. Philippe stood at the end of the table near the window.

"Has the count arrived, my Lord Castiglione?" asked Philippe.

Without seeming to move the muscles of his face the Italian replied, "The Count Ornando is in the palace."

Renée gasped. Castiglione looked at her inscrutably, and then said to Philippe, "All is in readiness in the town. Bovaro will lead the mob against the palace gates as soon as we give him the signal. The signal is simple. We have but to put out this candle. Then they will charge. Have you eliminated Lieutenant Pole?"

Philippe gestured toward the window.

"If you will stand behind that curtain, my lord, you may have the pleasure of seeing him creep toward the cheese in my trap. Watch out lest he see you, tho."

The Italian arose and went to the window.

"It is easy to handle your Englishman by means of the *billet-doux*," Philippe continued. "A little note draws him to that group of mulberry-trees at the far end of the orchard. I have put a devil behind every tree."

Castiglione turned from the window. "He has already started," he said. "Mademoiselle Duprès, in two hours you will be the bride of the Count Ornando. Your good fortune is due to the count's devotion and to your illustrious brother's cleverness." Then he bowed.

Renée looked squarely into his eyes. Had Castiglione been able to understand her he would have been warned by the expression in her face. Because Peter was walking toward the mulberry-trees, because Peter was going toward his death, she must save him or die herself.

When Philippe had stopped speaking, Castiglione turned back to the window to watch Peter. Renée leaned forward, as if she heard some one in the corridor. Her motion caused Philippe to turn toward the door. Then came a sudden wavering of the light. Renée lifted the heavy silver candlestick and threw it at the window. The crashing of glass caused Castiglione to cry out. The candle dropped to the floor and was extinguished.

"What have you done?" cried Castiglione. He heard the candlestick clattering on the terrace below. "They are not ready for the signal to charge! They have not gathered!" He turned toward the dark room, fiercely toward Philippe. Philippe was shouting at Renée, "You fool, you fool! He is to be killed!"

Renée recoiled She pressed herself into a corner of the room. She had had to choose between her brother and his enemy. She realized that her own life was as liable to extinction as the candle which lay at her feet. And had she really saved Peter? Would he be warned by a candlestick falling through a window?

But before her eyes had become accustomed to the moonlit darkness Renée discovered with terror that her brother's life was in danger. Castiglione was attacking Philippe. He was crying, "You dog of a Frenchman! You have planned this!"

"You lie! You lie!"

"But it is time to get rid of you. It is the hour to get rid of you!" Castiglione was snarling. Then he laughed, "Almost the appointed hour, my friend!"

Renée, pressed into her corner, with her nails digging at the stones of the wall, realized that she had done this at her brother's expense. Philippe would die. She had sacrificed a brother for a lover. She screamed.

In the moonlight she saw Philippe and Castiglione at each other's throats, saw the Italian's arm reach upward and backward, saw the glitter of his blade as it paused for a moment near the window. Renée reached toward them, but the blade shot forward. There was a horrible sound as Philippe collapsed. He gurgled. Renée sank to her knees, unable to bear the burden of her own crime. She whispered a prayer to Mary, the eternally merciful. She felt that she was losing consciousness. She saw Castiglione leaning over her, felt that he was leering. She saw him wipe his dagger with his fingers. She heard him saying indistinctly, "You will stay here, Mademoiselle Duprès. I go to seek Ornando." He glided through the door and locked it with a key. Then she fainted.

HAVING made his decision, Peter turned from the window and walked swiftly along the terrace. He reached the steps and descended to a lower level. Here he drew his sword. He kept peering into the shadows of the moonlight. As he advanced he became certain that he was going to his assassination. He was excited. The orchard was just below him. Half-way down the steps he stopped, hearing a crash of glass. Something heavy fell

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on the stones of the terrace and rolled several feet. But he had proceeded so far down the steps he could not see the palace.

Immediately he ran up and peered over the edge of the terrace. Through the pillars of the low balustrade he saw that the chancellor's window was dark. He heard a subdued scream. Peter was not sure, but he thought it originated somewhere near the chancellor's window. He could see the moonlight glittering on the window, and he thought he could see a shadow in the glass, as if it had been broken. Then he heard some one cry desperately, "You lie! You lie!"

Was that Philippe's voice? Was Philippe being attacked? By whom? And where was Renée?

It was necessary to find out about Renée: whether she was waiting for him out here or whether she was in danger in the palace. Peter turned and hurried down the steps. He ran out into the orchard with his sword drawn. He could only hear the sound of his own steps. He ran toward the mulberry-trees. A hundred yards away from them he stopped, with his back to the thin trunk of an orange-tree and his head thrust forward to study the shadows. There was nothing. "Renée!" he called. "Renée!"

No one answered.

PETER looked up at the palace, which was now in darkness. The room where the duke had been drinking was on the other side of the building. He drew a whistle from his pocket and blew it three times. Then he waited for Labay to answer. He waited a moment and then blew again. He heard a footstep behind him and swung around, with his sword guarding him. He saw a man with a drawn dagger crouching under the next orange-tree.

"Who goes there?" cried Peter.

The fellow did not answer.

Peter cried again, "Who goes there?" and advanced toward the shadow. He took two steps, then remembered that he must guard himself from the rear. He turned his head swiftly and saw eight men running silently from the mulberry-trees toward him.

Seeing that he would be overpowered, Peter turned back to the first assassin. He yelled and charged him with his sword. The man drew his own sword; but before he had time to put himself on guard Peter had pierced him in the chest. The man cried out and fell backward. Then Peter fled without looking around. He was a very fast runner and kept ahead of his pursuers. Two of them discharged their pistols, but the balls whined past.

He ran the whole length of the orchard to a passageway that led off to the left into the courtyard. He wanted to reach the guard-house to rouse Labay. The pursuers stopped at the end of the orchard. At the end of the passageway, which led under the terraces, Peter closed and bolted a thick iron door. As he ran across the courtyard he noticed that no sentries were pacing before the half-opened gate. He could look out into the cobbled town square beyond the wall. A number of dark forms were gathered in the shadow of an overhanging roof at the opposite side of the square. The three sentries were sprawled in drunken attitudes around the gate. His sentries drunk? But how? He looked out through the gate, which towered above him. Suddenly he was overcome by the treachery about him.

Mastering his own emotions, he ran up to the gate. He pulled at the springs and levers of that half which stood open. Then he applied all his strength, leaning against it, and straining every muscle. It moved slowly. Peter heard a cry from the crowd. A number of shadows ran forward. The gate gathered velocity as, step by step, he forced the ton of iron around its hinges. It was closing. It crashed into position with a rattle of loose bars and springs. Peter pulled three or four levers to lock it. A cry of anger arose from the crowd outside. Peter leaned against the gate and panted. So they were planning to storm the palace!

He paid no attention to the drunken guards, but ran back across the courtyard toward the guard-house. He opened the door and stood in the room's yellow light. He gasped. There was Labay with his head on the table, his arms stretched out in front of him. The whole watch was sleeping around the table.

"Drunk!" thought Peter.

Then he realized that this was more than drunkenness. Peter took Labay by the shoulders and shook him viciously. He threw him out of his chair and kicked him. The Frenchman tried to rise, but his limbs were almost paralyzed.

"You have betrayed me!" cried Peter. "You have betrayed the King!"

The sergeant held both hands on his cheeks, over his beard. He managed to rise. He stood in front of Peter, swaying.

"What have you been drinking?" asked Peter.

"Nothing but the wine you sent us yourself, Cap'n."

"The wine I sent you? When do I ever give you wine on duty?"

Without answering, Labay staggered toward a bucket of water, in which he immersed his head. Then he took his head out of the bucket and sputtered.

"Cap'n, we aren't drunk. Only had one drink. Clinked glasses with monsieur your friend."

"What friend? Who?"

"I don't know his name, Cap'n. Thin fellow, thin face, thin lips. Nice fellow. Italian. Twisted his mouth."

"Where did he come from?"

Labay pointed toward the door that led directly from the guard-house to the palace. "Had a fellow with him carrying a basketful of bottles. Said you sent them to us as a reward for extra carefulness. He came just after you warned us to be extra careful," said Labay.

"Has every man taken this stuff?" cried Peter in despair.

"No. Only the ones on duty, Cap'n. The relief is still above, sleeping. That was for them." Labay pointed to half a dozen bottles on the corner. Peter's first impulse was to kick them to pieces, then he thought to keep them for evidence. He was impatient to proceed. He must make sure of the other gates.

"Rouse the rest of the guard!" he cried. "Send two men to each of the other gates. Close all of them. Then have the men return. We are being attacked! When all the gates are closed, pick up these fellows and carry them into the hall of the palace. Bring up the ammunition also. Wait for me there. We shall not try to defend the outer gates. Let no one pass in or out of the palace. Give me one man to accompany me!"

In about a minute the whole reserve guard was bundled down the stairs by Labay. Peter chose a Swiss. Wondering where Renée could be, he led his man down the corridor into the palace. They passed through the basement up to the kitchen. There was no one in sight. He hastened through empty pantries and storehouses, and at last burst through a door into the dining-room.

Here, for the second time that night, he stood on a threshold, to struggle with his own amazement, trying to guess the identity of the unseen hand that was leaving such evidence of treachery behind it. For here the duke sat in his great armchair, his jaw hanging open as if in death, his arms drooping limply outside the arms of the chair. Around him in a like stupor were eight or ten of his friends—those few who could not be trusted by the conspirators. Peter noted that Philippe was not present. Not a guard or a page was visible.

Afraid that none of the duke's followers could be trusted, Peter was loath to leave his highness here. Yet what to do with him? Peter beckoned to the Swiss. Together they lifted the duke, and with great difficulty carried him out into the large hall. Here Peter hesitated. Then he decided to leave the duke at the foot of the stairs, hoping that Labay would arrive in time to guard him against attack. Peter pulled down a large green-and-golden tapestry and covered the duke with it.

"Guard this body with your own," he cried to the Swiss. The man looked around him nervously. "I shall return," said Peter. Then he paused. From behind the opened palace door, at the end of the hall, came loud cries and blows on the gate.

"Stand your ground!" cried Peter to the guard. "Your comrades will rescue you in a minute."

He turned, ran up the stairs, and disappeared to the left. The guard hitched his shoulders and pointed his pike resolutely toward the door of the palace.

At the head of the stairs Peter paused to make a decision. At his left were three doors, all leading to the chancellor's apartments. Headquarters for the invisible conspirators, he thought. On his right hand was the gallery that crossed the end of the hall above the landing, and entered the old tower by a door. Peter had never been in the old tower—it was a dungeon and a storehouse. He saw no reason to go there now. He therefore passed the end of the gallery and walked toward the rear of the palace, which provided apartments for the duchess, Renée, and the other ladies. With drawn sword Peter hastened through the door.

"Back, whoever you are!" cried a voice. A lithe shadow jumped out in front of Peter and crossed swords with him.

The moonlight which filtered through the windows on his left gave the King's lieutenant a glimpse of an intense, fearless face. It was Signor Paccini of the duchess's guards.

"Paccini!" cried Peter, withdrawing his sword.

"The same. What do you want?" The young man leaned forward. Then he stepped aside courteously. "Your pardon, my lord. I did not see it was you."

Just then Peter heard a scuffling of feet and the sound of arms in the hallway below. Was it Labay or was it the invading mob?

"Paccini!" he cried. "Are you with the duchess or are you with the traitors?"

"Sir!" The young man stepped forward again.

"Pardon, pardon!" cried Peter. "Let me look into your eyes. I do not wish to insult you. I am desperate." He put his hands on Paccini's shoulders. "There is treachery. Arouse the duchess if you are her friend. Call her ladies. Then come back to me here."

Paccini, having had one look into Peter's eyes, glided off into the shadows. Peter ran back to the stairs. He snatched two candles from their position at the head of the stairs, ran with them to the window, and gave his signal of alarm by raising and lowering the candles alternately. He allowed himself a few seconds to see whether the signal was being answered from the belfry. At last a lantern was lit and swung back and forth. And just as Peter was blowing out his candles he saw a faint red glow spreading from the belfry of the spire. This was the signal for the reserves on the top of the eastern mountains.

He returned to the stairs and descended three or four steps at a time. He reached the landing. He stood for a moment surveying the hall. There were eighteen of his guards gathered around Labay, with their pikes held in front of them. Some were inspecting their muskets. Labay stood with his arms folded. Beside him was a large keg of powder and a supply of balls. The drug which he had taken seemed not to have affected that powerful head of his. Around him the bodies of eight guards were stretched out.

Beyond the front door, which was still open, since Peter had given no orders to close it, Peter could hear the mob. Fortunately, he thought, it had not expected the gates to be closed, and hence had brought no machinery with which to burst them.

"Soldiers!" he cried. "The honor of France is at stake. The honor of your King is threatened. If there is any man here who is not prepared to defend those with his life, I have left open the door that he may retire before the firing begins. Let him go now." Peter paused. He looked every man in the eyes. Then he proceeded. "We defend a palace and not a fortress. I have therefore determined not to guard the gates. Instead, you are to build a barricade on this landing and you are to defend these stairs against all aggression, until re-enforcements arrive. They will be here by dawn. This stairway is the only one by which the rebels can storm the apartments. Your opponents will be cowards. May the glory of France be with you!"

THE group dispersed to seek furniture and cushions with which to construct the barricade. A man was dispatched to the front door to keep Labay informed of what was transpiring in the courtyard outside. Peter ordered two men to carry the duke up-stairs. They lifted him, with the tapestry still hiding his identity. Peter seized a pistol from Labay's pile, and followed up-stairs.

"Put the duke down over there!" he cried to the two soldiers. He pointed to a couch near the entrance to the duchess's antechamber. "Paccini, you stand where you are with one of the men. Guard that"—he pointed to the muffled figure of the duke—"and light some torches!"

Peter disappeared down the hall that led to the chancellor's apartment, drawing his pistol as he advanced into the darkness. The door was locked.

"Jean!" cried Peter. "Jean! Bring a couple of torches!"

He began fumbling with the bolts. Suddenly his fingers stopped working. He heard a voice inside the room.

"Peter?"

The sound was stifled. It was Renée's voice.

"Peter? Yes, it's me. Renée. Come to me."

"Set that torch down somewhere," cried Peter to the guard who had just arrived. He pushed back the bolts of the door. Then he discovered it was locked also with a key. "Renée," he cried. "Stand away from the door. I'm going to blow it open. Stand as far to one side as you can get."

"Yes, Peter," she called.

I WOULD BREAK THROUGH SILENCE

By H. deNoé Eames

I would break through silence to your heart—
Follow a scarlet thread and find the way
Into its labyrinth—to hear you say
Things headier than musk or hyacinth.

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Peter put the muzzle of his pistol against the lock. He fired. The lock was twisted, torn from its socket. Peter put his shoulder to the door and burst into the room.

For a moment he and Renée faced each other. Her hair was disheveled. One cheek and both hands were stained with Philippe's blood. She had torn her dress at her breast in advance. Nor was she strong enough to speak. The horror of the room in which she had been imprisoned made words impossible. But at last she managed to whisper, "Peter." Then she fell into his arms.

"Philippe," she whispered. "Save Philippe."

He lifted her in his arms and carried her out to the corridor. "Jean," he cried, "take the Count Duprès. Take him gently. I'll send some one to help you."

Peter carried Renée along the corridor and through the antechamber.

The duchess had by this time arrived in the hall. She gave a cry when she discovered Renée. "The danger has only begun, your highness," Peter said. "Listen."

They could hear the mob storming the palace gates.

"What are they doing?" the duchess asked.

Peter held his hand up and listened again. There was profound silence everywhere. "Your highness," he said, turning to the duchess, "is there any other entrance to the wing of the castle besides the main stairs?"

"There is one, my lord. But it is both unknown and heavily barred."

"Very well," said Peter. He watched the women as they bent over Renée, reviving her. "Have your ladies attend Count Duprès as soon as they have revived his sister." He was very calm.

"I shall," she said. "But I think it is too late. Tell me your plan, Captain."

"It is simple," said Peter. "I shall leave you in this room with your ladies. I shall leave Signor Paccini and Jean to guard you. I shall also deposit in this room half a dozen of my guards who have been drugged but who probably will be revived before dawn. Then I shall close the door. Signor Paccini and Jean will barricade it from the inside. They will barricade it with every available article of furniture. I shall defend the landing on the stairs as long as possible."

"It is suicide!" cried Renée, struggling from the couch and advancing toward Peter.

She was stopped by an explosion of such violence that the floor of the palace was shaken. The windows were broken. Statues crashed. Women screamed. They heard a detonation in the courtyard as the great iron gate was lifted from its hinges, wrenched, and blown to the ground. Then the mob began swarming through the breach.

For one instant Peter looked at Renée. Then he fled from the room, shouting to Paccini, "Wait until I send up the drugged guards!" He ran down to the landing of the stairs. Here he found Labay surrounded by his men, behind a five-foot barricade of furniture, mattresses, tapestries, straw pallets, and marble statues. Inside the barricade lay the eight helpless guards. Peter looked down the hall and saw that some of the insurgents had arrived. He could hear them in the courtyard.

"Take those fellows up-stairs," said Peter to Labay.

Then he turned toward the duchess's room. "Hold out until morning, gentlemen," he called.

A SILENCE spread over the twenty-two who crouched behind the barricade. Each man had two loaded muskets and a pike. Peter held two pistols. He was the twenty-third man. The guards who had carried the sleepers upstairs returned. Peter heard the noise of moving furniture behind him, where the door that had closed between him and Renée was being barricaded. Below him he could see the marble stairs descending into the dark, smooth floorway of the hall. He could see the walls bared of tapestry, the forsaken statues of Greek gods. There was no light from below except that cast by the sinking moon through the windows of the salon.

A hundred townsmen and over fifty of the garrison, led by an Italian named Bovaro, were cautiously advancing up the front steps of the palace. Peter could see them through the wide front door. His plan was to lurk behind the barricade until the attackers were within a few feet. Then he would fire two volleys and hold them off with pikes. If he could not hold the barricade, Peter had decided to retreat up the stairs, where he would bar the narrow passage with as many men as remained, and thus delay them until his re-enforcements should arrive.

And yet that would be at dawn, and he had no right to expect to live until dawn. There were two hundred men against him. It was a rabble, but, nevertheless, should they kill only one of his men at each charge, they would enough to try for a rapid calculation. If every guard disabled one attacker in every charge, and if one guard was lost in every charge, how many would be left for the last defender? He could not do this sum at the moment.

He went down the line, slapping each of his men on the back. Just then the leaders of the mob reached the hall and began reconnoitering.

"If we can hold out until dawn, Sergeant!" Peter whispered to Labay. He pressed the sergeant's arm. The crowd was advancing, holding torches above their heads. Some one saw the barricade. Their leader, Bovaro, emerged, stood in front of them, peered into the gloom. Bovaro drew his sword, and led the mob into the banqueting-hall. Peter heard loud cries when they discovered that the duke had been taken away. Obviously they had intended to assassinate him. "The duke is gone! Down with the duke!"

Furniture was shattered. They became more furious, and spread over the whole hall, breaking statues and pillaging whatever they desired. A score of them were advancing toward the barricade. They were drunk. They had slung golden chains, jewels, and other booty over their shoulders.

"Ornando! Ornando!" they cried.

As they advanced Peter thought, "What will happen to those women if I fail now?" He looked behind him at the barricaded door. As he did so his eye caught the glitter of a pistol aimed directly at him from the balcony above. A tremendous form stood behind the pistol, a few yards from the door at the end of the balcony which led into the old tower. Light came from the door and glowed on the gaint's jeweled hand and on the barrel of his pistol. Peter's muscles froze. He had been outwitted! He was to be attacked from the tower.

"Look out!" he yelled to Labay. At the same time he leaped toward the stairs and began running up them. The man in the balcony fired. The ball missed Peter, who did not pause. The man was advancing along the balcony to meet him; Peter stopped, pointed one of his pistols, fired. The Italian saw him in time and ducked below the balustrade of the balcony so that Peter's ball passed over his head.

At that moment Peter saw another figure in the lighted doorway of the old tower. This second attacker had already taken aim. Without flinching Peter fired his second pistol. The man fell forward, his gun clattering along the balcony. Tho Peter did not know it, this was Castiglione, who had so recently killed Philippe. No one else appeared at the tower door.

Peter threw away both pistols and ran up the stairs. He must stop his first antagonist, who was just now trying to reload. He reached the top of the stairs, drawing his sword.

Meanwhile the mob had been aroused by the sound of firing above them and were concentrating on the barricade. They could see no one behind it. But they could see the drama on the balcony, illuminated by the light that issued from the door of the tower. They saw Castiglione throw his hands above his head and fall. They saw Ornando looking over the balcony at Peter. Bovaro began to organize them for a charge.

Continued on Page 51

"THERE WAS A SHATTERING REPORT. PETER FELT BURNED, BUT HE HAD NOT FALLEN. AND THERE WAS THE BARON WRITHING ON THE GROUND"

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

Crystal from state Boss. Photo by Mayer-Kaufmann

THIS FROZEN SALAD MAKES A DELECTABLE DESSERT FOR SUMMER MEALS

ICE-BOX COOKING

By Mabel J. Stegner

COOKING in your ice-box may or may not be a new idea for you, but it is one which has untold possibilities for Summer-time comfort. Never does one appreciate having cold things cold as much as when the weather begins to be warm. And never does one appreciate having delicious meals with as little effort as possible as when the days are sultry and hot and the whole out-of-doors beckons A good refrigerator adequately iced or a mechanical one will keep your food safely, but with a little co-operation on your part you can ask more than this of your mechanical refrigerator. Cooking has always been thought of as preparation of food by heat, but now we can add to this method preparation by cold, and make the long-time process a cold one This means that you need spend only a short time in the cool of the morning preparing desserts or salads, which may then be slipped into the ice-compartment to chill or freeze, and the day is yours to spend as you will until time to serve the evening meal.

Frozen desserts and salads may be made with whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or gelatin as a base Ice-creams made of unwhipped cream or milk in a mechanical refrigerator will not have the same consistency as those which have been made in a freezer where the revolving dasher constantly beats in air and breaks up the freezing mass so that the finished product has increased in bulk and is smooth from constant agitation.

To obtain a frozen dessert of smooth texture when "cooking" in the ice-compartment it is necessary to stir the mixture at intervals during the freezing. This may be done by stirring with a spoon when it is partially frozen, and at half-hour intervals until it is stiff. An alternate method is to remove the half-frozen mixture to a chilled bowl and quickly to beat smooth and fluffy with a rotary beater. Return to the ice-compartment, and when frozen stiff repeat the process; then return to the ice-compartment again, and freeze until ready to serve.

Parfaits, mousses, and some molded salads do not need to be stirred while freezing. One teaspoonful of granulated gelatin or ¼ package of fruit-flavored gelatin to a cupful of liquid will give a smooth texture. You can freeze any of your favorite whipped-cream desserts or mayonnaise salads by cutting the gelatin to this proportion.

When making frozen desserts or salads, if all uncooked ingredients are chilled before they are combined it will reduce the time of freezing. All cooked mixtures should be allowed to stand until they are at room temperature before they are put in the ice-compartment. This will make a difference in the amount of current consumed. Water freezes at a temperature of 32 degrees F., but as other ingredients are dissolved in water the freezing-point becomes lower and lower.

Ice-cream requires a temperature of at least 20 degrees F., or below. Mixtures which are too sweet will not freeze except at a very low temperature, and the proportion of 1 part of sugar to 4 parts of liquid is the highest that can be recommended. You will find that this proportion is sufficiently sweet.

As to the *length of time of freezing*—" Ice-cream will freeze in four hours or more. Sherbets or frappés will freeze in about three hours, depending upon the amount. Ice-cream and whipped-cream desserts may stand overnight if you wish. Sherbets are better if served as soon as they are stiff, as they have a tendency to develop ice-crystals on long standing."

It is possible to adjust most mechanical refrigerators to give the degree of cold required. In some kinds you may do this yourself; in others your dealer will do it for you. But the real purpose of a refrigerator is the safe preservation of food, and nothing should be done to endanger this. Rather decrease the proportion of sugar used and serve a sweet sauce with your dessert.

Frozen Pineapple Salad

1 Can Crushed Pineapple
½ Cupful Chopped Pecans
¾ Cupful Mayonnaise
2 Cupfuls Pitted White Cherries
1 Cupful Cream

DRAIN the fruits and add to the cream, which has been whipped and blended with the mayonnaise. Stir in the pecans, mix well, and turn into a refrigerator-tray to freeze.

The following recipes need only to be chilled:

Fruit Fluff

1 Level Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
4 Bananas
1 Orange
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
1 Cupful Cream, Whipped
Few Grains Salt
¾ Cupful Powdered Sugar

TO THE bananas, which have been thoroughly mashed, add the fruit-juices and a level tablespoonful of grated orange rind. Add the gelatin, which has been soaked for 5 minutes in the cold water and dissolved over hot water. Beat in the sugar and fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a refrigerator-tray and chill.

Coconut Blanc-mange

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
2 Cupfuls Condensed Milk
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 to 1¾ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Cupful Coconut
Few Grains Salt

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the condensed milk, vanilla, and salt. Chill until it begins to stiffen. Stir in the coconut. Chill in a refrigerator-tray.

Chocolate Rice Cream

1 Level Tablespoonful Gelatin
½ Cupful Cold Water
¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Cocoa
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Cooked Rice
1 Cupful Evaporated Milk
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes. Add the sugar, cocoa, and salt, which have been mixed together. Add the cooked rice and vanilla. Chill the mixture until it begins to thicken, and add the whipped evaporated milk. Pour into a refrigerator-pan and chill. (Evaporated milk must be heated for 5 minutes, and then thoroughly chilled before whipping.)

The following recipes need to be frozen:

Angel Parfait

½ Cupful Granulated Sugar
¼ Cupful Water
Whites 2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
¾ Cupful Candied Fruit, Cut Fine
3 Tablespoonfuls Fruit-juice or Thick Syrup
1 to 1½ Cupful Heavy Cream, Whipped

BOIL the sugar and water until it threads. Slowly add to the whites of eggs, beating constantly. Add the gelatin, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved over hot water. Add the candied fruit, which has soaked in the fruit-juice overnight. Chill until it begins to set; then fold in the cream. Freeze for 4 hours.

Biscuit Tortoni

¾ Cupful Macaroon-crums
¾ Cupful Top Milk
¼ Cupful Sugar
Few Grains Salt
½ Pint Cream, Whipped
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
¼ Teaspoonful Almond Extract

COMBINE ½ cupful of the macaroon-crums with the milk, sugar, and salt. Soak for 1 hour. Fold in the whipped cream and flavoring, pour into paper charlotte-russe cups, and cover with the remainder of the macaroon-crums. Freeze for 4 hours in a refrigerator-tray.

Tomato Frappé

2 Cans Tomato Soup
Crisp Shredded Lettuce-leaves

FREEZE the tomato soup in a refrigerator-tray for 4 hours, stirring at the end of 1 hour and every ½ hour thereafter. Turn out onto shredded lettuce in a sherbet-glass and serve with the main course.

Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, for our free leaflet, "Ice-Box Cooking," which gives basic recipes and specific suggestions for making other frozen desserts and salads, to Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Are *you* using the MODERN "SHORT-BOIL" METHOD in making your Jams and Jellies?

It saves time and money, and insures perfect jams and jellies . . .

THE Certo "short-boil" method is now accepted as the most efficient, economical way to make all your jams and jellies. Famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend it. The Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country teach it. Millions of women use it!

Certo is a pure fruit product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo, *anyone* can make perfect jams and jellies, quickly and easily, from *any* fruit or fruit juice, even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Only one or two minutes' boiling is required—hence the name, "short-boil" method. Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

Occasionally this saving is not immediately apparent. One housewife writes:

"It is marvelous to be able to make so many new kinds of jams and jellies, for with Certo you can use any fruit or fruit juice and color and flavor are far better. My husband always praises the results but I can't make him see that the Certo way is really more economical. He says I have to buy the Certo and extra sugar, so where is the economy."

The experiences of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., as outlined on this page, make clear not only the genuine economy but also the wonderful simplicity and ease of the Certo method.

FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation,
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Please send me the two booklets described, above.

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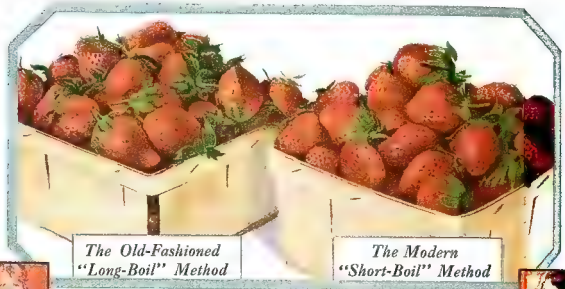
☐ Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half-bottle of Certo.



1 Mrs. A. had two quarts of ripe strawberries to be made into jam. After hulling her berries, she was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

2 Mrs. B. also had two quarts of ripe strawberries and she was ready to start her jam-making at nine o'clock, too.

3 The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice from Mrs A.'s berries (4 cups). The strawberries cost 20¢ a quart —2 quarts 40¢.

4 Mrs. B., using the same quantity of strawberries (2 quarts), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries also cost 20¢ a quart—2 quarts 40¢.

5 Mrs. A. added 2 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—2 lbs. 14¢.

6 Mrs. B. added 3 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 21¢. (The next step explains this larger quantity of sugar.)

7 Following the old "pound for pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A. had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

8 Mrs. B. simply brought her fruit and sugar to a rumbling boil, and boiled them for 1 minute, then added ½ bottle (½ cup) of Certo. The fruit flavor and color were saved and the juice didn't boil away. That is why extra sugar was needed—simply to jell the juice that would have boiled away by the "long-boil" method. The jam will contain no more sugar per glass than by the old method.

9 When Mrs. A. poured her jam she found she had 6 8-oz. glasses.

The cost: Berries. . .40¢
Sugar. . . . 14¢
6)54¢
9¢

The 6 glasses cost an average of 9¢ per glass.

10 Mrs. B. got 10 8-oz. glasses of jam from her berries.

The cost: Berries. . 40¢
Sugar . 21¢
½ bottle Certo @ 35¢ 18¢
10)79¢
7¾¢

11 It took Mrs. A. 45 minutes to make her 6 glasses. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.

12 Mrs. B's 10 glasses of jam were made in 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen.

This same comparison holds true with all fruits. With Certo, by saving the fruit juice formerly boiled away, you get half again more jam or jelly from a given amount of fruit. You save the delicate color, the delicious flavor of the fresh fruit. You save time, effort, and fuel, and get a perfect jam or jelly every time at a saving of from one to three cents per glass.

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MEAT LOAVES FOR SUMMER MENUS

These recipes offer a convenient way to vary your main course

BY RUTH BRAUCHT JACOBS

THE universal appeal of a meat loaf makes it a popular food, and it remains a safe choice for the Summer menu, whether it be for lunch or dinner, picnic, or as a refreshment. The loaves may be so varied in taste that no two need be alike. To produce the best results only the finest of ingredients should go into their making.

The loaf using ground beef or veal may be substituted by Hamburger if you are certain as to its quality. The addition of ground pork, containing some fat, to the beef or veal loaf gives a juicier loaf and improves its flavor. These same loaves may be covered or uncovered during the baking period, just as you prefer. The baked meat loaf should stand for 20 minutes before turning out of the pan. This insures ease in removal and in slicing.

If you wish to use a cold meat loaf as the basis for guest meals, adding hard-boiled eggs and olives to the loaf will give it a festive appearance. It may be turned out on a bed of lettuce-leaves on your best silver or china platter, and garnished with pickled beets and cold asparagus. Or you may use the colorful glass plates which are divided into compartments, serving a slice of meat loaf, a vegetable salad, and a relish on each plate. This is a particularly nice way to serve a Summer-time bridge luncheon.

Meat Loaf Special

1 Pound Veal-steak, Ground
½ Pound Round Steak, Ground
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Milk
½ Pound Fresh Pork, Ground (Including Some Fat)
1 Cupful Cracker-crums
1 Egg, Beaten

MIX the ingredients together, add the following vegetable mixture, and form into a loaf.

2 Tablespoonfuls Green Pepper, Finely Diced
2 Tablespoonfuls Celery, Finely Diced
1 Tablespoonful Onion, Finely Diced
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
½ Cupful Water

Cook the vegetable mixture for 10 minutes, then add to the meat combination. Form into a roll and place in a small roaster. Place 3 strips of bacon over the roll, add ½ cupful of water, cover, and bake in a 400-degree F. oven for 45 minutes. Uncover, pour ½ cupful of tomato catchup over the loaf, and bake for 15 minutes. If the loaf becomes dry add a small amount of water as it bakes.

Ham and Beef Loaf

1 Pound Beef Round Steak, Ground
1 Pound Cured Ham, Ground (Including Fat)
1 Cupful Soft Bread-crums
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
1 Teaspoonful Ground Mustard
Pepper to Taste
2 Eggs, Beaten
1 Cupful Milk

MIX all of the ingredients together, form into a roll, and place in a greased loaf-cake pan. Add ½ cupful of water and bake at 400 degrees F. for 1 hour, basting often. Serve hot or cold with a horseradish sauce.

Tomato Ham Loaf

IN THE recipe given above substitute 1 cupful of canned tomato soup or tomato purée for the cupful of milk, and proceed as stated above.

Hot Tamale Loaf

1½ Pound Beef or Veal-shank
3 Tablespoonfuls Diced Onion
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Cupfuls Tomato Purée
1 Teaspoonful Chilli Powder
½ Cupful Chopped Ripe Olives (Seeds Removed)
1 Cupful Corn-meal

THE meat should be cut into pieces. Barely cover with boiling water, add the onion and salt, and simmer until very tender. Cool slightly, remove any bones or undesirable portions, and put through the medium-coarse knife of a food-chopper. There should remain in the pot about 3 cupfuls of meat-stock. Add the ground meat to this stock, then add the tomato purée and chilli powder. Bring to boiling, and gradually add the corn-meal, stirring constantly. Cook slowly for 30 minutes. Add the chopped olives and pour into a greased loaf-pan. Bake in a medium-hot oven for 20 minutes and serve hot in slices with a piquant tomato sauce. This loaf may be reheated for following meals.

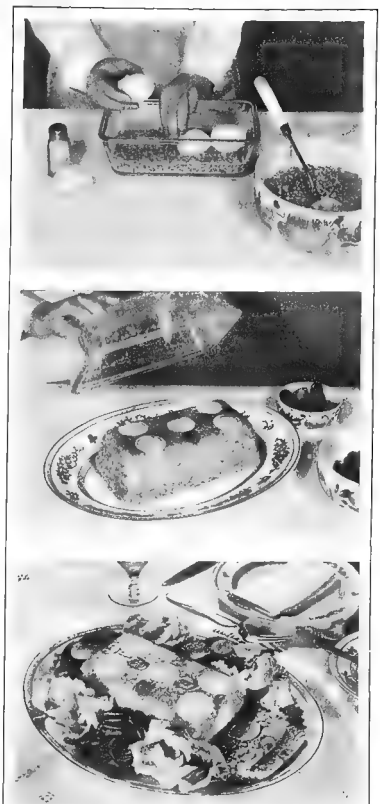

Photo by Mayer-Asch

Jellied Meat Loaf

2 Pounds Shank or Lower Leg of Veal with the Bone
½ Pound Lean Pork
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
1 Small Onion
5 Hard-cooked Eggs
1 Green Pepper, Chopped

CUT the meat into several pieces Place in a deep pot with the green pepper, onion, and salt. Barely cover with boiling water and simmer until very tender. Set aside until cool enough to handle. Remove the bones, green pepper, onion, and any undesirable portions of the meat. Grind the meat through the medium-coarse knife of a food-chopper. Add the meat-stock, which should amount to about 2 cupfuls. (If there is more than this boil it down to the right proportion.) Season to taste with salt. Arrange slices of egg and olives in the bottom of a loaf-pan, pack in one-half of the meat mixture, arrange the boiled eggs, end for end, through the center, then add the remaining meat and press into shape Chill for several hours; garnish and serve cold, sliced very thin. Chicken may be used in place of the veal.

Chicken Loaf

4 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Chicken
2 Cupfuls Soft Bread-crums (Partly Cooked Rice May Be Used)
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls Finely Diced Cooked Green Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Finely Diced Cooked Celery
4 Eggs, Beaten
2 Cupfuls Milk or Chicken-stock
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Chicken Fat

MIX all of the ingredients together and pack into a well-greased loaf-pan. Bake in a 375-degree F. oven for 45 minutes. Let stand, then unmold, and serve hot or cold. A mushroom cream sauce served around the loaf when hot makes a delightful combination. Tuna-fish or salmon may be used in place of the chicken, with a cream pea sauce accompanying the loaf.

Corn Meat Loaf

1 Pound Beef Round Steak, Ground
½ Pound Fresh Pork, Ground (Including Some Fat)
1 Tablespoonful Finely Diced Green Pepper
1 Egg, Beaten
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
½ Cupful Cracker-crums
1 Cupful Canned Corn (the Inexpensive Variety, Which Is Thick and Creamy)

COMBINE all of the ingredients and form into a roll. Place in a greased loaf-pan and bake for 45 minutes in a 400-degree F. oven. Baste occasionally with a small amount of hot water in which a tablespoonful of butter is melted, or a cupful of cooked tomatoes may be added to the pan in which it is baked. When the loaf is taken from the pan the tomatoes may be seasoned and poured over or around the meat.

Chicken Cream Loaf

2 Tablespoonfuls Granulated Gelatin
½ Cupful Cold Chicken-stock
2 Cupfuls Hot Chicken-stock
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls Diced Pimientoes
½ Cupful Blanched and Shredded Almonds
3 Cupfuls Cooked Chicken, Finely Chopped
½ Pint Whipping-cream

SOAK the gelatin in the cold stock for 5 minutes. Add the hot stock, salt, and paprika, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Chill, and when thickened slightly add the pimientoes, almonds, chicken, and the cream, beaten until stiff. Pour into a loaf-cake pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill for several hours. Turn onto a platter and slice thinly. Garnish with lettuce-hearts, sliced tomatoes, and ripe olives. Boiled ham, veal, or tongue may be substituted for the chicken, wholly or partially.

Apple Meat Roll

1 Pound Beef Round Steak, Ground
1 Pound Fresh Pork, Ground (Including Some Fat)
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Cupfuls Apples, Cooked and Mashed to a Pulp
½ Cupful Finely Diced Pimientoes
Pepper
1 Cupful Cracker-crums
1 Egg, Beaten

COMBINE all of the ingredients and form into a loaf. Place in a greased loaf-pan and bake in a 400-degree F. oven for 45 minutes. Serve hot with a creamed tomato sauce or with a gravy made from the pan-fryings.

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FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

By Mrs. Penrose Lyly

THE bride's cake divides the honors with the wedding-cake, and at a modern wedding breakfast or supper both appear. Bride's cake is white, brilliantly frosted, and decorated with either flowers or a small figure representing the bride in her wedding-garments. When the figure is used custom demands that it be removed by the bride before she cuts her cake and that it be used each year thereafter on her anniversary cake.

Delicate white flowers, such as lilies-of-the-valley or sweet peas, entwined with lacy green, are beautiful on the bride's cake. They are held in an invisible glass or wire holder in the center of the wedding-ring form-cake, and the cake is sliced away from the flowers.

The initials of both the bride and the groom are often frosted on top of the cake, across from each other. That is when the cake is round, in the form of a heart or shaped like a wedding-ring. But when the cake is in tiers, as it should be at a very large wedding, the initials are frosted on the side.

The bride's cake is a rich white cake and is especially delightful if flavored with a small amount of almond extract. Expert caterers follow the old English custom of covering the entire cake with ½ inch of almond paste before they frost it.

The frosting should be thick, smooth, and dazzling in its whiteness. A small pastry-tube and a few simple flower and scroll designs make it possible to decorate the cake at home. But if you are not sure of your frosting or your decorating skill ask your caterer to do the frosting and scrolling for you. Remember always that only the perfect can appear before the bride.

Of course no bride's cake is complete without the ring, the thimble, and the lucky coin. It is always safe to believe in signs at a wedding, especially when one gets the slice of cake with the ring or the coin in it.

The wedding-cake is a rich, spiced, but unfrosted fruit-cake. It is cut and wrapped beforehand in small white boxes and tied with white-satin ribbon. All good stationers carry these boxes in various shapes, such as hearts, prayer-books, and diamonds. But the most approved shape is the oblong. The initials of both the bride and the groom are sometimes stamped in silver on the upper left-hand corner of the top of the box, the initial of the bride's surname appearing first, the groom's second, or the two may be combined in a monogram.

The wedding breakfast or supper, depending on the hour of the ceremony, is served immediately after the married couple have received the felicitations of their friends and relatives. How it is served depends on the size of the house and the number of wedding-guests. If the room is large enough seat the guests at small tables. The bride's table should be at one end of the room, and should be decorated with the bride's cake and the same kind of flowers as are used throughout the house. Only the bridal party sits at the bride's table.

At a buffet breakfast or supper, served when the house is small or the number of guests very large, servants pass the food to the guests. If there are no servants the gentlemen present will see to it that the ladies are served. The bride's cake is properly the central decoration on the buffet. White candles entwined with the bride's initials are unusual and beautiful.

Cakes, courtesy Dean's

READY FOR THE BRIDE TO CUT

MENUS

For a Seated Breakfast or Supper

Creamed Lobster in Patty-Shells
Celery-Sticks Stuffed with Green Peas
Quince Jelly
Buttered Finger-Rolls
Salted Nuts Olives
Strawberry Sherbet
Bride's Cake
Coffee Fruit Punch

For a Buffet Breakfast or Supper

Bouillon in Cups
Chicken and Green-Pepper Aspic
Piquant Sauce
Cold Asparagus Vinaigrette
Potato Crisps
Buttered Rolls
Assorted Nuts in Baskets
Strawberry Ice-Cream in Fancy Molds
Bride's Cake
Coffee Amber Fruit Punch

Photo by Mayer-Kurk

WEDDING-CAKE MEMENTOES FOR THE GUESTS

The most satisfactory menus for modern weddings comprise only a few dishes, exquisitely planned. Two menus are suggested: one for a seated breakfast or supper; one for a buffet breakfast or supper.

Most of the recipes can be found in any good cook-book, but the celery-sticks stuffed with green peas are a little unusual. Cook the peas until tender; drain and mash, and season with butter, salt, pepper, and a little onion-juice. Reheat in a double boiler, and pile into the crisp celery-sticks and serve on the plate with the creamed lobster. The asparagus vinaigrette is simply asparagus-tips, canned or fresh, which have been marinated in a highly seasoned French dressing.

Both the fruit punch and the coffee should be served with ceremony, for the toasts to the bride and groom play an important part in the celebration of a marriage. If the feast is in the evening serve a delicious hot beverage besides coffee for those who do not drink coffee at night. The amber fruit punch suggested further on is appropriate when a cold drink is desired.

The cutting of the bride's cake is the high moment of the breakfast or supper. The bride, and no one else, does the cutting. When she has sliced it the cake is then either passed or served to all the guests. If possible, the bride uses a special sterling-silver cake-knife engraved with her own initials and those of the groom. This bride's cake-knife offers a fine suggestion for an unusual wedding-gift from a member of the family or a close friend.

The wedding-cake boxes are laid on the table if the guests are to be seated. At the buffet service the boxes are piled on a small table near the door. Each guest takes one on leaving, and of course plans to dream sweetly on it that night.

Such are the few traditional ceremonies of the bridal feast. Use the finest linen, silver, and china in the family. So plan the breakfast or supper that its unique purpose will be fulfilled, namely, to honor and delight the bride and the groom in the first bread that they break together.

The recipes for the bride's cake, the wedding-cake, and the amber fruit punch, which follow, have passed from one family recipe-file to another and have delighted many generations of brides.

Bride's Cake

1 Cupful Shortening
1½ Cupfuls Sugar
¾ Cupful Milk
2½ Cupfuls Sifted Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Flavoring
8 Egg Whites, Stiffly Beaten

CREAM the shortening until it is soft and waxy. Add the sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, beating the mixture well after each addition. Add the flavoring to the milk. Sift into the shortening-and-sugar mixture about ⅓ of the dry ingredients. Add ⅓ of the liquid and beat until the

Continued on Page 93

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Beautiful MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR. *was Miss Janet Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Newbold of Washington, D. C. She was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.*

Beauty of ivory skin and amber eyes

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

FÊTED as the loveliest debutante in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the famous financier, the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, was a brilliant society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful with wide-set amber eyes, soft amber hair and wonderful smooth pale skin like ivory.

Two years before her debut she was sent to school in Paris. How many pleasant things she learned! To speak a perfect French, to wear her frocks with inimitable chic—and to guard the beauty of her delicate complexion. For the lovely young French school girls were already using the famous Two Creams to keep their skin exquisite as a young girl's skin should be.

"I envied them!" confesses Mrs. Ryan. "One night I was going to a party. I stole into a classmate's room and helped myself to her Pond's Creams.

"How happy I was that evening! My cheeks were smooth as satin and pink as roses. Ever since, I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

"And now Pond's two new products delight me," adds Mrs. Ryan, speaking of the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream and the fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin.

Use Pond's four preparations daily as follows:

First—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

Her sports suit is brown and chartreuse

(Left) *Six evening gowns were in the bride's trousseau. This in amber satin reveals the beauty of her ivory skin.*

Mrs. Ryan is fond of white for summer

(Right) *Pond's four famous products—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream. The coupon brings a week's generous trial supply.*

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"I've been on my feet all day and I'm simply worn out." How often one hears these very words!

For tired feet there's quick relief in a hot foot bath containing half a cup of 20 Mule Team Borax. Just try it. You'll find it restful and refreshing.

If the feet perspire excessively—and perhaps offensively—get the habit of taking a Borax foot bath every night. Many people have thanked us for this healthful suggestion, stating that the Borax treatment has cured where all others have failed.

Every bathroom cabinet should contain its package of 20 Mule Team Borax so it will always be at hand when needed. Buy some today.

Borax in the bath gives a delightful smooth feeling to the water. It makes the shampoo water as soft as rain and gives a lustrous sheen to the hair. Send the coupon today for free booklet telling many of the personal uses of this health product.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 377
100 William St., New York City

Please send free copy of your booklet, "Everyday Personal Uses of Borax and Boric Acid."

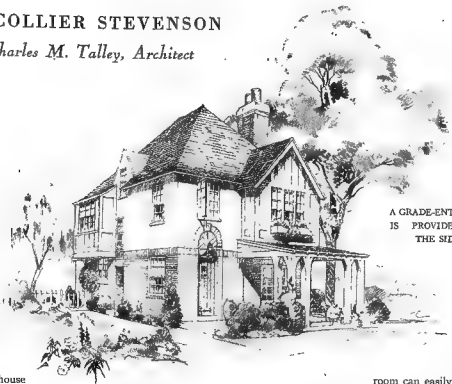
Name_____

Address_____

A HOUSE FOR A NARROW LOT

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Charles M. Talley, Architect



A GRADE-ENTRANCE IS PROVIDED AT THE SIDE

HERE is a little house that answers the persistent demand for designs suited to sites of restricted street-frontage. Being only twenty-three feet wide, this house could actually be built on a plot of thirty-foot width, tho a wider site would, of course, be needed if a garden and a driveway were desired.

The exterior shows an effective combination of colors and materials. Red brick, laid in cream-colored mortar, and headed by a band of bricks set on end, is used for the lower portion of the walls. The upper part has a finish of cream stucco, pleasantly varied by half-timber on the two bay windows. All the exterior woodwork, excepting the cream-painted window-sash, is stained brown. Slate, ranging in color from light green to purple, lends variety to the roof, and a tall chimney of red brick gives the house a becoming height.

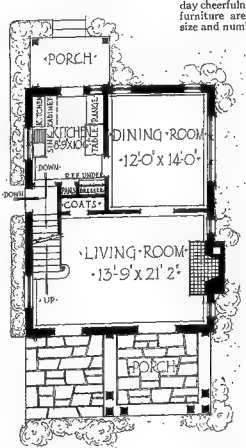
The living-room, to which the main entrance admits, is extended across the house to secure light and air from three directions. Tho not large, the room is well planned for a livable disposal of furniture. It has an open fireplace and a gracefully detailed staircase as features of architectural interest. A coat-closet, arranged beneath the stair-landing, opens from the living-room.

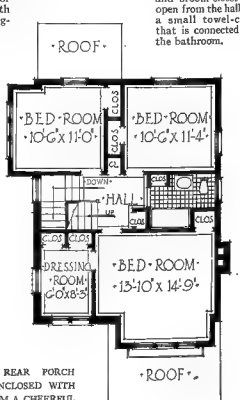
For further information, without charge, regarding this house send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

French doors connect the living-room with the porch, and also with the dining-room, where two single windows and a group of three windows spell all-day cheerfulness. Wall-spaces for furniture are so ample in both size and number that the dining-room can easily accommodate a suite of ten or more pieces.

Windows and glass-paneled doors assure comfortable working conditions in a kitchen that is replete with conveniently placed equipment, both movable and fixed. The kitchen-cabinet is particularly satisfactory in location, being next to the sink and within a few steps of the range. Noteworthy, too, is the provision of a window to shed light directly on the range. Another good feature is a roomy cupboard, which occupies an alcove above the refrigerator. The closet for pots and pans performs an important mission in housing utensils that might otherwise make the kitchen unsightly. Stairs descend from the kitchen to a full-sized basement, which contains the fully equipped laundry and the heating-plant.

The advantage of curtailing hall-space on the second floor is reflected in the relatively generous area of the bedrooms. The dressing-room, which communicates with the master bedroom, offers possibilities for use as a nursery, a den, or an extra bathroom. There is a plentiful supply of closets, including a linen-closet and broom-closet that open from the hall, and a small towel-closet that is connected with the bathroom.





THE SMALL REAR PORCH COULD BE ENCLOSED WITH GLASS TO FORM A CHEERFUL BREAKFAST-ROOM

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© S. & Co

GOLDEN BANTAM CORN . . . what new, tempting goodness it has—with Brookfield Creamery Butter! Cool, fresh, this butter comes to you. Straight from shining churns in Swift creameries. Brought in spotless Swift refrigerator cars . . . direct to your dealer. Always sweet, fragrant . . . because it's *CREAMERY FRESH!*

Swift & Company

Look for the attention-getting label when buying Brookfield Milk-Fed Chickens.

Brookfield

Farm and Dairy Products

These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you.

BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE · POULTRY

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly, thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look. It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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"THE GENERAL DIRECTION FOR LAUNDERING FINE FABRICS SHOULD BE FOLLOWED FOR SYNTHETIC ONES"

WHEN IT COMES TO WASHING THE NEW FABRICS

By Helen Treyz Smith

PACKING a bag must have been pretty much of a science in grandmother's day and somewhat of an art even in mother's time. To-day several changes of both under and outer garments can be packed into an unbelievably small as well as very good-looking traveling-bag. The styles have changed, to be sure, but that is not the whole secret. Sheer fabrics—really practical materials—are now ours; and delightful daintiness is possible in any wardrobe, whether one chooses fine cottons, the ever-popular silks, or one of the new synthetic fabrics.

Since the new synthetic fabrics are the youngest members of the textile family, I am sure that you will be interested in learning more about these beautiful new materials, the story of whose very existence reads like an Arabian Nights' tale.

Since the intelligence of the silkworm does not understand the meaning of "time" and "overtime," to meet increased demands, it was necessary for man's ingenious mind to create the needed supply.

For a number of years the best scientists of the entire world have been at work perfecting these new fabrics, both here and abroad.

The synthetic fabrics have now reached such a state of perfection that they are eagerly bought for every conceivable use —frocks, underwear, draperies, and bedspreads, and upholstering, table-linens, and floor-coverings.

And when you see the heavy, lustrous material for draperies by the side of a piece of gauze-like fabric it is difficult to believe that the basic origin of both was a short time before only wood-pulp or cotton-linters.

Fabrics like these made from wood-pulp and cotton-linters! "But how?" you ask. And well you may, because the creation of materials as lovely as these from such prosaic materials seems nothing short of black magic.

There are four practical processes which have been perfected and by which cotton-linters and wood-pulp, each a form of cellulose, are made into yards of shimmering loveliness for you to choose from.

These methods are known as the nitro-cellulose, cuprammonium, viscose, and cellulose acetate, each a product differing somewhat from the others. Fortunately you do not have to memorize these formidable technical titles, as you can now find fabrics made by these processes in the shops under their own names.

With their ever-widening use comes the question of whether to launder them or have them dry-cleaned. The answer depends of course upon your personal preference, because most of them may be handled either way with satisfactory results provided the proper care is taken.

The general directions for laundering all fine fabrics should be followed in laundering the synthetic ones. Test a small piece for color-fastness before washing the garment. If the color is fast the garment may be washed successfully.

To do so, first make a rich suds from hot water and a good neutral soap, and add cold water until the temperature is lukewarm. Put the garment in the suds and wash by squeezing them through the material. If the garment is badly soiled change the suds several times. Do not rub or twist the material. Rinse in several waters at the same temperature as the sudsy water, squeezing the water out gently each time. Do not put through a wringer. Roll in a Turkish towel and squeeze or knead gently so that the excess water will be quickly removed. Shake out the wrinkles and lay on a towel on a flat surface to dry.

IF THE article to be washed is a frock, dry by placing a towel in each sleeve and another inside the frock, then lay flat on another towel, and roll, without pulling or twisting, until the entire garment is covered; then knead, or squeeze gently for a few minutes. The towels absorb the moisture more quickly than does the air. Remove from the towels, spread on a flat surface, and pull gently into shape to dry. Press on the wrong side as you do silk, with a warm iron while still damp.

Knitted garments made of synthetic fibers should be washed by the same method as that followed for the woven fabrics except that there is usually no need for ironing them. They also should be pulled gently into shape and dried on a towel on a flat surface. Hanging them over a line and pinning with clothes-pins when wet has a tendency to cause runs in the garment.

Since all knitted materials have a tendency to shrink when laundered, it is a wise idea to purchase a larger size than needed, and launder before wearing to reduce to the correct size. When laundering any fabric, do not wear rings which may catch and tear.

The fibers of the synthetic textiles are very smooth, and do not absorb grease and other foreign matter as easily as do other materials; therefore all soil and stains are more easily removed than from materials made from other fibers.

The removal of stains is a complicated matter, and you can aid your dry-cleaner materially if you will tell him the nature of the stain and the name of the material.

If you would like to have more specific knowledge on laundering any one of the new synthetic fabrics, write to the Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for detailed instructions.

THIS SENSATIONALLY *ADVANCED* TOOTH PASTE

Surprisingly *brings new combined* results *in care of teeth*

1) Prompt, *two-fold* brightening — polishing, not harmful scouring!

2) Cool-feeling, clean mouth-freshness— *that lasts!*

3) The good results you desire—*now combined!*

4) Unusual speed of action – complete results in a few seconds

Delightful things happen, *in your mouth, to your teeth and gums*, every time you use this modern tooth paste. *And this offers you a test.*

You see, feel, and taste a *combination* of *many* results that everyone desires.

A very visible brightening and whitening of your teeth comes from unique two-fold polishing—*not* scouring.

Action is fast

Recognizing that modern habits are hurried, we perfected DR. WEST'S tooth paste to do its complete work *quickly.*

Two fine gentle polishing agents are used, instead of one. No scratching or scouring. But a real restoring of the natural smooth brightness.

Children and smokers, particularly, like the delightful cool "flavor." It instantly refreshes *any* mouth. And lasts surprisingly.

Your gums are stimulated, invigorated in a healthful way. No harsh coarse particles irritate sensitive gum-edges.

Pure vegetable cleansers dissolve and remove sticky deposits. Milk of Magnesia and other good ingredients neutralize acid conditions.

* * *

For seven years people asked us to make a tooth paste as good as the famous DR. WEST'S brush. It is here now—backed by our name and reputation (valued at millions of dollars.) *Test it.*

Get a tube today!

At any retail store you can get Dr. West's Tooth Paste *today.* For 25c the *largest* tube of any standard dentifrice, similarly priced. *Double* quantity tube, 40c. Get some, test it, and see the difference in results. (*A free test of 20 brushings will be sent, if you write to* The Western Co., *402 W. Randolph St., Chicago, U.S.A.*)

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Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE

AN ADVANCE AS GREAT AS THE FAMOUS TOOTHBRUSH

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Ready for a Drink?

"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure.

Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Until authorities responsible for the purity of drinking water, milk and other foods in cities and towns learned how to guard against typhoid, outbreaks of this disease scourged the country year after year.

There were no great typhoid scourges last year in the United States, yet approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years after an attack the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War, 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are extremely simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

* * * *

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the death rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when travelling.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-P, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Photo by Walter H. Keams

KEEPING THE HOME COOLER IN SUMMER

By Elsie Drew Kennedy

ANY house can be made more attractive and comfortable for Summer use by a trifling outlay of money, backed by a little time, and some well-directed effort. As a first step, it is advisable to take careful stock of each room, with a view to removing some of the bric-a-brac, pictures, and other incidental furnishings that may tend to make it appear crowded. You will probably be agreeably surprized by the increased spaciousness and coolness of effect, once this policy of elimination is put into force, and you will then be ready to go a step further by banishing, or at least concealing, some of the heavy, dark hued fabrics that either obstruct or absorb the entering light. Light-weight Summer rugs can be installed, sheer curtains can be hung to take the place of heavy draperies, and slip-covers can be used to brighten upholstered furniture.

Lace deserves a prominent place in any list of curtain fabrics. Tho its use should not be restricted to any one season of the year, lace is never more satisfactory than when used for Summer curtains. For, in sharp contrast to the hideous, stiffly-starched, dead-white window-lace of a bygone generation, lace to-day is silky in texture, delicate in tint, lustrous in surface, and thus thoroughly harmonious with our modern conception of ideal hot weather curtaining.

Such filmy materials as voile, scrim, marquisette, theatrical gauze, dotted Swiss, dimity, organdy, and rayon gauze offer an endless choice of colors and designs that are well adapted to Summer windows. They lend themselves to various styles of curtaining, from the simple, straight-hanging type, devoid of valance, to the familiar ruffle-edged, tied-back, valance-topped variety, which always remain popular.

If draperies are used at all they should be simple in style, and of some material of suitably light weight. Glazed chints, cretonne, toile de Jouy, unbleached muslin, together with certain fine weaves of mohair and rayon, provide a wide range from which to choose.

Perhaps you had not thought of transforming your house for the Summer by an equipment of new window-shades. Glazed chints in floral designs of brilliant color could be used for shades that would be very lovely as a background for sheer curtains. Ready-made shades, however, are now available in a host of distinctive hues, which include shell-pink, claret, blue, écru, apricot, orchid, coral, scarlet, wisteria, turquoise, and rose.

Furniture heavily upholstered in the mohair, velour, tapestry or damask, which we find so welcome for Winter warmth, can be made pleasantly summery in effect by the addition of slip-covers, appropriately light in weight and bright in color. Well-fitting slip-covers are not only beautiful, but they are thoroughly practical in protecting fine upholsteries from the ravages of Summer dust and strong sunshine. Fortunately, too, as slip-covers can be easily made at home by any one capable of plain sewing, their cost need involve only the materials employed.

Of the slip-cover fabrics that can be depended on for satisfactory wear and good looks, cretonne and chints offer much latitude in design and color, which is also true of toile de Jouy and hand-blocked linen. French tickings, glazed percale, Belgian linen, poplin, and rayon taffeta are interesting slip-cover materials. Checked drapery gingham is another fabric from which smart-looking slip-covers can be fashioned.

The usefulness of slip-covers is, of course, not confined to the Summer. Any upholstered furniture that has become shabby from long, hard usage can be lifted to new beauty by well-made slip-covers. Then, too, slip-covers are always useful for concealing the muslin or denim coverings with which much good furniture is now equipped, pending the time when permanent upholstery of suitable character can be purchased. Another point in favor of slip-covers is that they make possible a radical change in the coloring and general character of a room with no disturbance of the basic furnishing-scheme.

IT IS customary in some homes to store the Winter rugs, so that their rich colorings and thick pile may be suitably protected against hard Summer wear. This permits the substitution of simpler rugs, capable of sturdy service and good-looking, yet moderate in price. Numdah and reversible drugget rugs are Oriental importations well suited to the house in Summer. Hooked rugs, and woven or braided rag rugs, being durable and inexpensive, are always in demand. The felt-base rug is another excellent choice for Summer use, as it is refreshing in design and hue, pleasant under foot, easy to care for, and low in cost. Rugs of straw, grass, jute, flax, fibre, and other kindred materials, add to the wealth of economically-priced floor-coverings that are especially adapted to the house in Summer. As many of these rugs are now enlivened by modernistic designs, developed in color-schemes as daring as any Summer garden could present, their use would add a novel and distinctive touch to any home.

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Yeast rids the body of constipation poisons

says Health Director of Los Angeles

"Constipation is the bane of existence—the enemy of the human race. Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it. It benefits the entire system by eliminating the poisons and waste products of the body . . . . Yeast is an easily digested food with medicinal value."

George Parrish M.D.

Well-known Health Officer of Los Angeles, Calif.; for eight years Health Commissioner of Portland, Ore.; former lecturer on Public Health at the University of Oregon Medical School; for five years connected with the St. Louis General Hospital; Vice-president, Western Branch of American Public Health Ass'n.; member, Los Angeles County Medical Ass'n.; past-president, Medical Society of Portland, Ore.

DR. GEORGE PARRISH

GUARDING the daily health of thousands of people is the responsibility of Dr. George Parrish, well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles.

From more than seventeen years of experience in public health and hospital work Dr. Parrish concludes that "constipation is the bane of existence—the enemy of the human race." To combat the poisons from clogged intestines he advocates the corrective food, fresh yeast, thus confirming the experience of physicians throughout Europe and America. In a recent survey, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants which in their passage through the colon keep it healthy and clean. The whole system is purified. The spread of poisons is checked. Digestion improves. The complexion clears. Stamina and resistance are increased.

Start today to banish constipation and the ills and misery to which it leads! Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get the full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Buy two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Begin now and know what real health and happiness can be.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. A-65, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City, N. Y.

Where Yeast Works

As the picture shows, the digestive tract is a continuous tube, from throat to large intestine. Poisons that start in a clogged colon quickly flood the whole body, attacking you in your weakest spot . . . Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten regularly, keeps the colon clean, active, healthy—checks the insidious poisons of constipation.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Been sick?

End that tired feeling now . . . with this famous food-drink, Horlick's Malted Milk!

"Horlick's" contains all the essential food elements, vitamins. Highly concentrated—in the most digestible form known. It turns almost at once into rich blood, firm tissue. Due to malt enzymes produced by the *exclusive* Horlick process.

You mix it in a minute at home . . hot or cold. Taken at night, it brings sound, refreshing sleep. Try it—at our expense. Send the coupon now, or buy a package today!

To mothers

Nothing is so good for baby as mother's milk. But, physicians urge, keep it rich and plentiful.

Take Horlick's Malted Milk regularly to insure this. It supplies precious food elements. Highly concentrated nourishment. Malt enzymes, produced by the exclusive Horlick process, act to make it assimilable *almost at once.*

Also, it usually acts to prevent constipation in the infant.

Send the coupon below for free trial supply. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

Natural or chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

HORLICK'S

The original Malted Milk

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. K-1, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted. For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk in a glass or a pitcher, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The baby from 15 to 18 months old

By

DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE weights of different types of babies between 15 and 18 months differ so much, even according to tables got up by good authorities, that it is difficult to give them so that young mothers will not be confused. One chart got up by the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., states the average weight of boy babies at 16 months is 24¾ pounds and their height 31⅛ inches; at 17 months the weight is 24½ pounds, the height 31⅜ inches; at 18 months the weight is 24⅜ pounds, the height 31⅝ inches. Girls usually weigh and measure a little less.

If a child is apparently healthy and weighs within a pound or even a little more or less than the foregoing figures the mother need not worry. The important thing is a steady gain every month, even tho it may not be a very large one.

At least once in 3 months children between 15 and 18 months of age should be taken to the family doctor for a general examination. If there are any abnormalities then, he will point them out while it is still early enough to correct them.

The baby of 18 months will usually have 12 teeth, 8 of these being the upper and lower incisors, and the remainder the first 4 front molars. Sometimes the 4 canine teeth, called by the layman "the eye- and stomach-teeth," are cut at about this age. These are dreaded by many mothers, but I have not found that they cause any more trouble than do some of the other teeth.

The baby of 18 months should be quite steady on his feet, running about most of the time he is allowed to be on them. He should be adding words constantly to his vocabulary, and may put two or three words together. The fontanel, or "soft spot," on top of his head generally closes about this time.

The well-trained baby of 15 to 18 months wears little drawers and waists, having given up diapers at this age. He should make his wants known in some way, and can usually be taught to say "Chair" at least, if his mother persists and places him on it every hour or so until he understands what she means. Often babies who will wet diapers will be clean when they wear drawers. They think diapers are made to wet, and persist in soiling them, much to the discouragement of the mother, but when drawers are worn they are rather proud of them and can be more easily trained.

Little sun-suits are often worn by June if the climate is warm enough. It is not necessary to wear them all day, but for part of the time only. If any mother is in doubt how to give sun-baths we will send her our leaflet giving full instructions, provided she will mail us with her request a stamped envelop addressed to herself.

The old-fashioned dread of the baby's "second Summer" is gradually passing away in many places, but occasionally we still receive letters asking why this second Summer is so hard for babies. We do not consider that it is; in many cases the first Summer is harder for rather delicate babies. Because we have learned so much more about the best way to feed and care for our babies there is much less to fear for them in warm weather now.

In former days babies of the runabout age were brought to the family table and given "tastes" of almost everything on it. No wonder that the second Summer was very dangerous for them! Now when the baby of this age has his own diet-list and meals carefully prepared for him, and is fed by himself at a different time from the rest of the family, there is very much less acute indigestion among these little folks, and warm weather does not upset them nearly so often as in other days when we knew less about the needs of babies.

Oatmeal and beef-juice are generally omitted during the warm Summer months as they are too heating for many babies.

The other well cooked cereals, as well as broths and soups, may be given as planned on our diet-lists.

On warm days a safe plan is to give a little less food than usual, thus giving the baby's digestive organs less to do during the heated period. Plenty of pure boiled water should be given between meals, but it may be given cool. To cool a restless baby, extra sponge-baths, with 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to each pint of tepid water (98 degrees F.), are very useful. In addition to his regular daily tub-bath 2 or 3 sponge-baths may be given during very warm weather. They are excellent in preventing and curing prickly-heat rash also.

Sleep is very essential to babies of all ages. As they reach the runabout age they frequently do not get the required amount of sleep in 24 hours. Mothers often make the mistake of keeping babies and young children up late in the evening, thinking they are cooler out-of-doors than in their cribs. While this may be true it is not a good plan to allow them to break regular habits and lose the much needed early evening sleep.

At 6:30 to 7 P. M. the baby should be put to bed. If his crib can be rolled out on a quiet porch where he can get the breezes so much the better. but, if not, his room should be the coolest one in the house.

The windows should be protected by screens, and if even then insects get into the room a net should be thrown over the crib, but fastened so it will not come too close to the baby. An electric fan in the room is very helpful in keeping the air circulating, but it should not blow directly on the baby.

A nap from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. should be taken by babies of the runabout age. In Summer they should be undressed, sponged off, and then have a cool nightdress put on.

Free Child Health Service

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Don't Rob your baby of sunshine

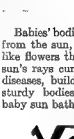
Babies' bodies need sunshine. Kept away from the sun, babies grow pale and sickly, like flowers that do not get the light. The sun's rays cure and prevent many babies' diseases, build strong bones and healthy, sturdy bodies. Doctors say, give your baby sun baths every day.

Vanta
THE ORIGINAL
SUN SUIT

$1.00 to $1.50

lets the healing rays of the sun reach little arms, legs, shoulders, chest and particularly back and spine, but protects vital parts.

Made at a doctor's suggestion; recommended by doctors everywhere.



At All Stores

VANTA SUN SUIT to match Sun Suit easily pulls on over the head to protect against cool breezes. VANTA SUN TAM protects the head.

Vanta Sun Garments, made in cotton for play and in wool (suitable to wear in water) are all of superb Vanta Quality—in six brilliant California colors; sizes to 12 years. A doctor's prescription in each Sun Suit tells you how to give your baby sun baths.

Vanta Originators

Vanta, you know, are Baby Garment Specialists and Originators of no plus, no buttons and almost every other improvement in baby wear. Buy Vanta Original Sun and Baby Garments at your store. If you cannot get them write to Earnshaw Sales Co. Inc., Dept. 245, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 245, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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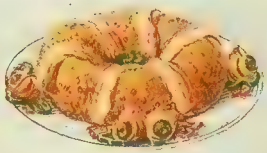
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

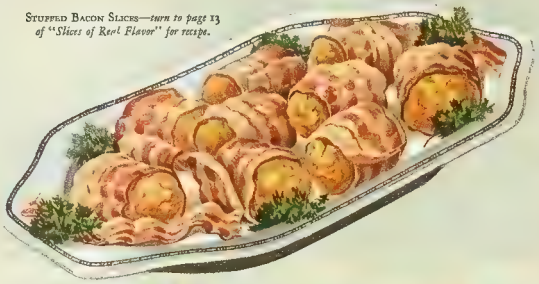
Six inexpensive, delicious dinners built around Armour's "Star" Bacon

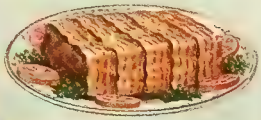
Bacon Dish	Relish	Potatoes	Vegetable	Salad	Dessert
Mexican Rice	Chutney		Creamed Asparagus	Vegetable Salad	Chocolate Pudding
Stuffed Star Bacon Slices	Green Tomato	Riced Potatoes	Corn on the Cob	Cress and Cheese Salad	Blackberry Roll
Star Bacon Meat Loaf	Spanish Sauce	Baked Potatoes	Spinach	Combination Salad	Lemon Cream Pie
Star Bacon and Liver	Chow chow	Au Gratin Potatoes	Buttered Beets	Slaw	Apricot Cobbler
Creamed Star Bacon	Ripe Olives	Boiled Potatoes	Brussels Sprouts	Lettuce Salad	Cassaba Canned Fruit
Turkish Stuffed Eggplant	Green Pepper Relish	Hashed Brown Potatoes		Perfection Salad	Stuffed Baked Apples



Mexican Rice—*for recipe see page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

Stuffed Bacon Slices—*turn to page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor" for recipe.*





Bacon Meat Loaf—*for recipe see page 12 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

ABOVE are six answers by the Armour Kitchen to the daily question—"What will I have for dinner?" Some are old standbys, to be sure, but these Star Bacon dishes are most unusual and just "make the meal."

The recipes for the bacon dishes are in the Armour cook book, "Slices of Real Flavor." And in the same way that these recipes have been originated, tested and proved delicious by the Armour Kitchen, so the curing and smoking of Star Bacon have been done with your table in mind. That's why you are going to like Star Bacon immensely. It is virtually made to your order. A mild savory flavor. Firm, white fat; fine-grained, tender, lean. The kind of bacon you can cook to the degree of crispness you want.

Send the coupon now for a free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor." Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly sell you Star Bacon in pound and half-pound window-top cartons that let you *see the bacon you buy*. Or your dealer will slice Armour's Star Bacon from the original piece.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited, London, England

You can see the bacon you buy when you ask for STAR BACON. *It is packed in window-top cartons.*

"SLICES OF REAL FLAVOR"—*the unusual recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen—tells 36 delicious ways in which Star Bacon can be served. Mail the coupon for your free copy today.*

Dept. PR-8, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor"

Name_____

Address_____

Armour's Star Bacon

THE NAME "ARMOUR" ON A FOOD PRODUCT IS AN ASSURANCE OF QUALITY

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DOLE *Announces*

HOW YOU MAY KNOW AND SELECT HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWN AND PACKED BY DOLE

DOLE stamped in the top of the can itself, just as you see it above—tells you we canned it.

For you, it means that fruit positively fresh and ripe went into that can. And it means maximum *flavor*, due to the most scientific known process of canning.

DOLE *stamped* in the top of the can *will never fail* to guide you to the best possible quality of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple for the price you pay.

NOTE: *How to identify the three grades of our pineapple, and choose the grade you wish, is fully explained on the opposite page.*

AROUND a can of pineapple bearing the DOLE stamp may be any one of many, many labels. That is because so many grocery firms are distributing DOLE pineapple under their own brand or label. You see we grow and can more Hawaiian Pineapple than anyone else. A great many grocery firms believe we can the very best Hawaiian Pineapple. So for years we have canned pineapple for them under *their* labels. This we have done gladly—though it means our pineapple is now going to the public under more than 1,000 labels—all of them different.

Perhaps you see the problem that has grown up. The owners of these labels have found it difficult to let you know that their pineapple came from us. And you may have found it hard to get our pineapple.

The problem now is solved—and you may be one we should thank for helping to solve it.

* *

SINCE we have been advertising, tens of thousands of American women have written for our story and recipe booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden." A surprisingly large number have asked, "How can I get your pineapple?"

At the same time many of the fine grocery firms whom we supply have put the same question to us in your behalf and theirs. They, too, want you to know that their pineapple is canned by us.

So this is our answer for you and for them—DOLE *stamped* in the *top* of the can. A can-top stamped that way is proof positive that the pineapple in that can was *grown and packed by us*. And the label around the can means that the owner of the brand you favor offers you Canned Hawaiian Pineapple from *the best and most dependable source of supply* he knows.

* *

Why we selected the word DOLE

ON our Board of Directors are some of the most distinguished men of the Hawaiian Islands. One of them put it this way—"The Hawaiian Pineapple industry itself is Mr. Dole's monument. The Hawaiian Pineapple Company, largest grower and packer of Hawaiian Pineapple, is 'the lengthened shadow' of James D. Dole. No name in pineapple means so much."

So if you look for DOLE stamped in the top of the next can of Hawaiian Pineapple you buy, and find it, you will be getting the utmost value in fruit, freshness, ripeness, flavor, canning and cleanliness at the price you pay.

Read on the next page how you can now identify for the first time the various grades of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

Honolulu, HAWAII **HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY** *Sales Offices* 215 Market St., San Francisco

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DOLE
also Announces

HOW YOU MAY KNOW AND SELECT THE THREE GRADES OF DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

ALMOST every woman when buying canned foods has repeatedly asked, "How can I know what grade is inside of the can?" No woman need ever be troubled by this question when buying DOLE pineapple.

Orchards, vegetable gardens, berry patches and even pineapple plantations, yield different grades. It is the way of Nature with all that grows. Even within a single pineapple there are often subtle differences—yet sufficient to call for three specific grades.

This problem of Nature's is solved for you when buying DOLE pineapple. Simply look under the DOLE stamp in the top of the can for figures "1", or "2", or "3". They are grade-marks as reliable as the DOLE stamp itself. We have always graded our fruit carefully, but these figures are *new* and *for you*. All grades are sun-ripened fruit—pure, wholesome, delicious.

The exact meaning of DOLE grades follows:

Grade 1

Sliced. Contains slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. Both in appearance and flavor it is the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed. Contains the same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits are Grade 1 slices which have been cut into small, uniform sections—also packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 1 in its three forms is the very best pineapple to be had.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed, and Tidbits. Because it is slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—this fruit cannot be included in the rigid Grade 1 selection. Grade 2 is packed in pure pineapple juice and cane sugar syrup—but the syrup is less sweet than that of Grade 1. Costing you less, Grade 2 pineapple as packed by DOLE is still a fine, delicious product.

Grade 3

Contains broken slices, packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit itself is of good, wholesome quality.

In buying pineapple, therefore, buy according to your desire—and remember there are can sizes to meet every requirement.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can know the grade you buy.

THREE huge printings of the popular booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," haven't been enough to meet the great demand. So now we offer *an entirely new edition*—more complete, more fascinating, more useful than ever, with a host of recipes we've never published before—created just for this booklet by four great women's magazines. May we send you your copy?

A brand new booklet—with a wealth of exclusive new Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes!

The coupon to the right will bring you your copy— *free!*

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Dept. P-59
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....P-59

© 1929, H. P. Co.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Here's the new *Speed*-Iron . . . that does in 2 hours *the work that took 8 by hand*

Save 6 hours of health, youth, the joy of living

(*Above*) Portable—you place it in any pleasant room, connect to the convenience outlet, sit down and iron. (*Right*) Note the easy, comfortable ironing position. Flat pieces go through like magic, several at a time.

As a company associated with the General Electric Company, Thor invites you to tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

WOMEN—how many hours of the work-a-day week can you call your own? How many hours are you wasting at work that can now be done faster and better by machine than you could ever do it by hand?

Would you like to salvage six precious hours a week and cut your hardest household task down to two hours of restful employment? Then read this amazing story that follows—and act on its vital suggestion.

Thor
SPEED IRON

8 hours of ironing in the average home

Drudgery—if ever a job could be called that. Every woman knows it—knows the back-aches, the exhaustion that result. No woman can do it week after week and retain her youthful vigor.

Take your own case, madam. Do you know that hand ironing ages women faster than any remaining household task? Actual tests show a 6½-pound iron is raised on an average of twice a minute when ironing clothes. The pressure downward requires as much, if not more, effort. This energy expended over a period of 8 hours (the time it takes to do the average family ironing by hand) would unload from a truck over six tons of brick. Yet you perhaps wonder why hand-ironing leaves you fatigued—dragged out.

Science has found a remedy

An utterly new type electric ironing machine is now on the market. It operates on a wholly new speed principle. There is nothing else on the market as fast or as economical to buy and operate.

Note first its amazing simplicity. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note, too, its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the operator. This machine has an ironing surface equal to ten flatirons. It heats in 4 minutes. It irons everything, from the stacks of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, to the fine dainty things that take so long by hand. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use.

Presses men's trousers—women's skirts

And does them with an efficiency equalled only by skilled hand pressmen. Many tell us it pays for itself in a few months in this work alone.

This machine is a Thor. For 25 years women have accepted the Thor name on a washer or ironer as the highest guarantee of superior quality and service. The world knows nothing finer. Yet because we are selling thousands of these new speed-ironers where hundreds were sold before, the price is less than half that of any ironer of comparable quality and features.

Madam—make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours to call your own. The coupon below will bring you more of the details in beautifully illustrated booklets describing the amazing new Thor Rotary Iron. Send for them, please, today. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

HURLEY MACHINE CO., Dept. 56
22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago

Please send me illustrated literature describing the New Thor Speed-Iron.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF IRONING MACHINES

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DOLLY DINGLE'S COUSIN MARION

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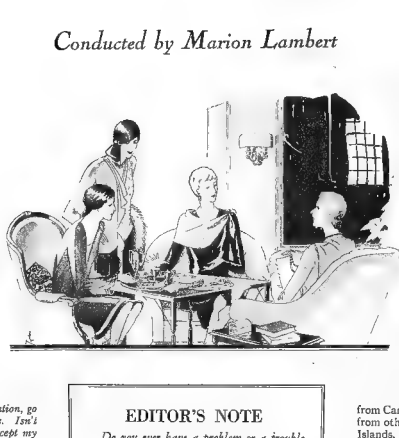
JUST AMONG OURSELVES

Conducted by Marion Lambert



DEAR MARION LAMBERT: I am twenty-seven years old. Old enough to know what to do, you may say. Maybe I am too close to my problem. Anyhow, I do need help.

My mother is an invalid. Five years ago I gave up the work I loved and came home to take an office job so I could be with her and father. I am not sorry I did it, but I am worried and unhappy, not only about the present, but the future.

Mother doesn't want me to go anywhere, do anything, have any friends. She adores me. She waits all day for me to come in, "bringing her sunshine," as she says. If I am a half-hour late she is in a fever of worry. If I say I have to work in the evening, she is in despair. And if I try to accept a dinner invitation, go to a concert or a dance—that is just unthinkable. Isn't she alone all day? What has she to live for except my companionship? Yet father is kind, and he is always home with her in the evenings.

For five years it has been like this. I do love my mother. I pity her. I know the pain she has and the burden of snatchwity to her, who once was so active and efficient. But the years are going by and I look ahead, and what is life going to hold for me when my parents are gone and I'm past the age of making new friends? Tell me what is right, please. Margot.

It is right for you to give your mother reasonable care and devotion, but it is also right for you to think of your own life. You must try to realize that an invalid is to a certain degree like a child, loving and lovable, but often unreasonable. One must, to a certain extent, think for them. The mother who leaves her child with an efficient and reliable nurse while she goes out for needed rest and change is not heartless. Nor are you unkind when you do the things which are necessary to your own health of body and mind.

Your mother's selfishness is a phase of her illness, and you must treat it as such. Be very tender, but be wise and firm. Go out, make friends, build for the future. If you go out two evenings a week you will be a far better companion for your mother on the remaining five evenings.

I know that this is an unpopular stand I am taking. In theory all mothers are unselfish, noble, and self-effacing But, practically, are there any of you who do not know at least one of these clinging-vine mothers? Not a day goes by that I do not hear of young men and women kept from marrying, held back from securing good positions, missing their chances in life because some mother weeps and says, "Some time you will wish you had a mother to stay at home with!"

It is true that most of us do live to make that wish, but in spite of it life must be lived fully and sanely and youth must go and make its own place in the world.

Fortunately I have a lovely letter to balance this picture:

Dear Marion Lambert: My husband was middle-aged when we married. He never had risen to a good place in the business world simply because when opportunity came his mother always begged him not to leave her. So when three years ago my own son came and asked my consent to enlist in the army and go to the Hawaiian Islands I told him to go. It nearly broke my heart, yet I knew it was for the best. Imagine my pride and joy when the next year he wrote that he was one of the successful candidates for the United States Military Academy at West Point.

He is now completing his second year and is doing fine work. Don't you think that the greatest thing we mothers can do for our children is to give them a chance to live their own lives? When they have the opportunity to achieve we must let them go, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. It takes courage and faith and the greatest possible love, but it pays. Lonely but Happy Mother.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Now there is a mother filled with joy and pride in the boy whom she taught to stand squarely on his own feet and take a man's place in the world. And there is a son who will some day be able to look back and say, "Well, anyhow I made good, as she wished me to."

There has been much interest in "Twenty-Odd-at-Sea," the young girl who felt compelled to be "modern" in order to win popularity, tho her mind and body rebelled at the things she was doing. Here is a letter which contains a great amount of practical wisdom packed in a few short sentences:

Referring to "Twenty-Odd-at-Sea," I wish only to remark: Why do not people see with their own eyes? Is it possible that this girl thinks the things she mentioned are customary these "modern" days? Why do some people slander that word "modern" so? To me it seems to denote freedom, such as there never was before, to be good. *A girl doesn't have to go with the crowd if they aren't her crowd. She isn't limited to her family's friends, or confined in a narrow circle as she once was. To repress her instinct to be herself is distinctly old-fashioned. There have never before been so many opportunities for harmless and intellectual amusement. H. L.*

There's food for thought! Isn't it true that these very "modern" young folk who talk so glibly of freedom are just as afraid to stand out from the crowd and be themselves as their Victorian grandmamas were? "Every one does it" seems just as effective an argument to them as it seemed to the preceding generations.

Every now and then some reader asks how the topics for this page are selected. Well, for some reason, letters come in flocks; a lot of them from different parts of the world on one topic. One of those letters is selected to print because I know that a good many different people are interested in that subject.

Did you notice that I said "from different parts of the world"? Of course the largest part of the mail comes from our own country, but there are a great many from Canada and more and more frequently come letters from other lands. Mexico, England, Africa, the Virgin Islands, South America, Jamaica, Austria, China, and India have all been represented recently. There is a small boy who comes hopefully to my desk every morning now. "Any foreign stamps?" he asks, and usually there are.

Dear Marion Lambert: The question I am going to ask is vital to me, and I believe to thousands of other wives to-day, so I am emboldened to ask you and your readers to discuss it.

Twelve years ago I was married to the one man in the world for me. He was just out of college and just off for the War. I too was just from college. We had lived the usual life of young people in the "best" families of a rather conservative yet somewhat sophisticated New England environment.

My husband came back to me unharmed, and only those wives who went through the same thing will understand how I still thank God every day for that. We have two children now; business has been good; we have just moved into a beautiful new home in a fine residence section.

The "best" people are all calling on us and inviting us to join their clubs. We have been delightfully entertained in many of their homes. They are the crowd that we naturally would go with and that I want my children to grow up with. They are cultured, charming, well-bred people. But, Marion Lambert, they all drink. *I don't mean some of them. I mean all of them. And we never have done that.*

It is easy to say "Stick to your own principles," but in a new place, where you must establish yourself with the crowd you wish to go on with, it isn't so simple. There used to be two crowds of thoroughly companionable young people: the crowd that drank and the crowd that didn't. It isn't like that any more. Not here, at any rate, nor in any of the towns I know about.

Am I silly to refuse to serve cocktails before dinner? Honestly, when I see how thoroughly fine a lot of these women are, such good wives and good mothers, many of them much older and more experienced than I am, I feel ashamed to presume to set my judgment against theirs. Who am I to condemn what they indorse?

Is this condition common everywhere, or only here in the East? I wish I knew. I wish some of those who have met this same situation would tell me how they did it. Anne.

Anne dear, you have a background of fine breeding, of high ideals, of good New England traditions. You have a good husband and two children. Put everything and every one else aside and face your own problem squarely: *What is right for me to do?* If you decide one way it may be hard to live with your neighbors, but if you decide the other way it may be far harder to live with yourself, and you never can escape from your own companionship. Do not fail to make an honest decision.

I hope that Anne will hear from a good many of our readers. Hers is a very honest appeal for help.

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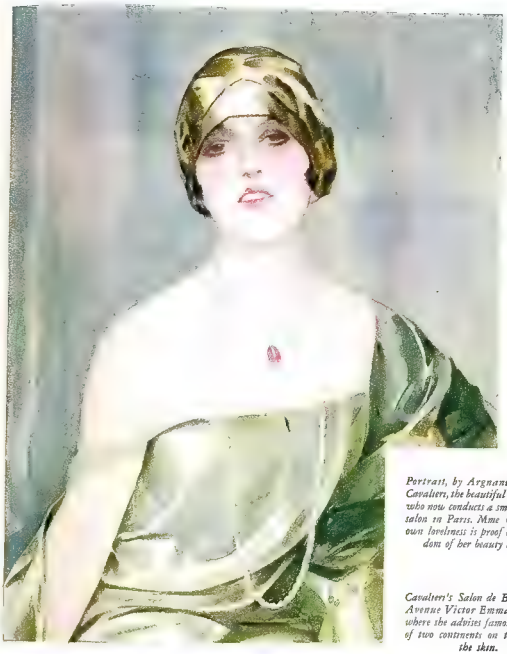
In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI



celebrated beauty specialist

advises washing for beauty with this palm and olive oil soap

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Paris

Portrait, by Argnani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris. Mme Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 57 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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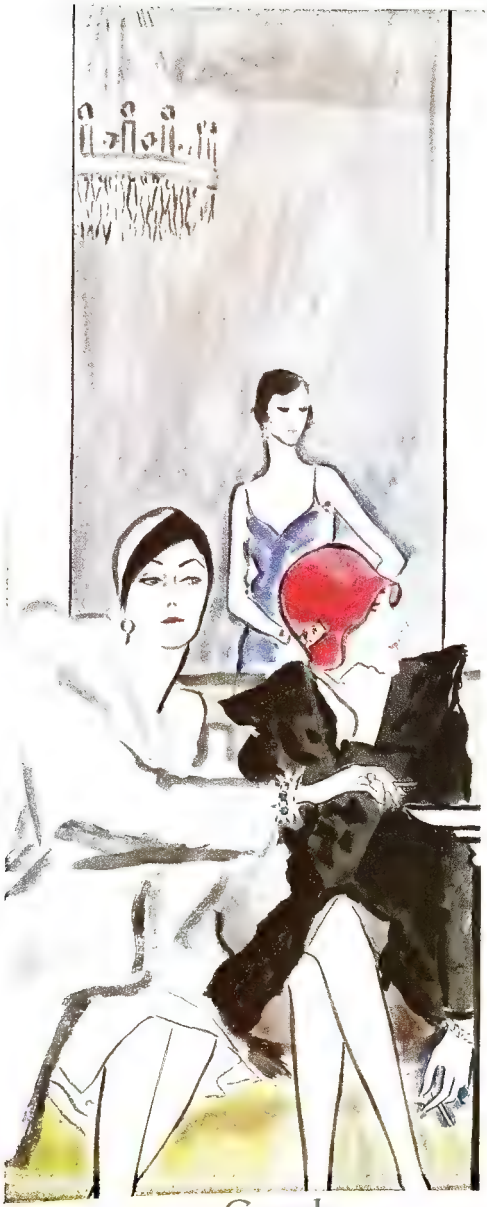

Not lightly chosen

One's gowns . . . one's jewels . . . one's cigarette. . . . These things are so much a part of the subtle web of personality, that clever women choose them as they would a *confidante*. . . . And though every gown is different, and gems may vary, their taste in cigarettes is strikingly uniform. They have chosen Camels.

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"I Want!"

says the Milk Rebel to the glass of

"DOUBLE MALTED!"

To the palates of many children plain milk is like bread without any butter. While "DOUBLE MALTED" is like buttered bread heaped and spread with jelly. Of course, it's this difference in taste that makes "milk rebels" love milk when it's mixed with "DOUBLE MALTED." But it's the even greater difference in nourishment that makes this creamy delicious drink so much better for them.

When you mix two spoonfuls of it with the glass of plain milk you give to your child, you immediately *double* the food value of his glassful of plain milk. In other words, those two spoonfuls of "DOUBLE MALTED" not only make his milk irresistibly delicious but also make it just twice as nourishing.

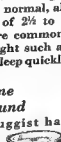
Builds Weight and Health

Don't confuse Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk with ordinary Malted Milk. Thompson's alone is "DOUBLE MALTED"—and that makes a world of difference. When children start drinking Thompson's their weight begins to swing upward to normal, almost immediately. Gains of 2½ to 5 pounds the first month are common. Old handicaps of underweight such as nervousness and disturbed sleep quickly disappear.

Make It at Home

30 Servings to Pound

Your grocer or your druggist has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Easily and quickly made. 30 servings to every pound.



Special Shaker Offer

Thompson's Malted Milk Co., Inc., Dept. 49A-6, Waukesha, Wis. Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

THE GENTLEMAN KING

Continued from Page 29

Labay had lost his head for a moment, being attacked from the rear. He weakened his force by sending three men after Peter. These were running up the stairs. But Peter had reached the top of the stairs and was now turning back to his right, hurrying down the balcony. Ahead of him was one of the largest men he had ever seen. The lower part of the face was masked, while the brim of a black hat shielded two glowering eyes. The neck was thick, the shoulders two and a half feet wide, the arms solid and muscular. The whole dress was black, save for a glittering silver sash around the stomach and a large jeweled rapier at his side.

Seeing Peter running at him with drawn sword, the man threw off his cloak with a twist of his giant shoulders, dropped his pistol, and drew his own blade. He went on guard like a tiger. The very click of his sword, as he crossed Peter's, was brutal. It was that clean, imperative click by which one master of fence is able to recognize another. The hand that guided that sword was both violent and instantaneous. No sooner had the giant tapped Peter's blade a few times than he gave a final tap much more forceful than the first one, and came whirling around Peter's guard with a lunge that gave Peter no time to think.

It was dark on the balcony, and Peter had the disadvantage of looking squarely into the light shed from the tower door. As he felt the attack approaching he leaped backward, just managing to sweep the Italian's sword from his body. But the three guards had arrived behind him and almost caused Peter's death by blocking his sudden retreat. Nor was there room for any one to fight at his side on the narrow balcony.

"Leave me! Leave me!" cried Peter. "Return to your defenses!" The giant's sword was whirling again. The man fought in the Italian manner, concentrating a succession of brilliant false attacks to sound Peter's guard, and then lunging with all his might. Peter was only able to stop him by changing his defense at every instant.

THERE was a roar in Peter's ears as he heard the crowd charging the barricade. They feared to run. They approached within five steps of it, and then Labay shouted, "Fire!" Twenty-two muskets exploded and twenty-two hit their marks. It was impossible to miss at such close quarters. The crowd wavered. The French had time to reach for their reserve muskets. "Fire!" cried Labay again. And again there were twenty-two shouts of fear from the mob as the bullets lodged themselves in that human wall. Those in the front rank broke and pressed backward. Bovaro's whole company retreated in disorder down the stairs to the rear of the hall.

But Bovaro had seen the two fencers on the balcony above. They were lunging back and forth.

"Cowards!" cried Bovaro. "Behold your duke fighting for you against the treacherous Englishman! He pointed to the balcony. "Ormando! Ormando!"

"Ormando! Ormando!" shouted the mob.

The giant fencer waved his left hand without taking his eyes from Peter.

"Advance, countrymen!" he bellowed.

While all this was proceeding, Renée and the duchess stood close behind their barricaded door. Ormando's "Advance, countrymen!" was so close to them that they recoiled. They thought their defenders had already been overpowered.

The mob began firing at the balcony. Several bullets whizzed past Peter and thudded against the wall. But it was almost impossible to aim at one without endangering the other. Peter indulged in some clever tactics. He had already retreated considerably before the ferocity of Ormando's attack. Yet he decided to retreat once more.

No sooner had the first bullets passed him than he opened his guard. Ormando plunged forward to the attack. Peter retreated two paces. Three or four bullets were fired from the crowd and all of them nearly hit Ormando.

The giant jerked his head backward and for a moment was deserted. Instantly Peter rushed him, with his arm and sword straight. Ormando recoiled. Peter escaped his fierce parry and lunged through in seconde, and before the giant could bring his blade flashing down into seconde, Peter's sword had flicked his lower rib. The Italian grunted and whipped Peter's sword away with tremendous force. The tip had not penetrated farther than a quarter of an inch, but the action of Ormando's blade in whipping it aside turned this into a large gash.

Seeing the danger of shooting at the fencers, Bovaro instructed his men not to do so. He began concentrating for another charge at the barricade. This time a dozen attackers climbed over the piles of furniture after the French had fired their two volleys. They defended themselves with piles against the few who had scaled the barricade. One of the Frenchmen was killed, another wounded. The barricade was seriously weakened. But the assailants retired again, leaving another score of wounded and dying stretched on the stairs.

AFTER that they stormed Labay time after time, giving him no opportunity to reload. They reduced his forces by half; but as he weakened, the insurgents seemed to gain power.

Tho his whole mind was concentrated on the sword-play, Peter realized that the situation of the French had become desperate. The last charge had been so ruinous that it was doubtful if Labay could stand another like it. If Peter could only kill Ormando, kill the leader! But this was impossible. The giant was far superior to Peter in swordsmanship. Indeed, Peter could not even follow his passes. Several times, when the Italian opened Peter's guard, he braced himself for the shock of the cold steel, and beat it off by mere chance. He was scratched in the chest, the stomach, and the leg.

Peter's greatest advantage was his mind. He was cooler than the Italian. His unexpectedly skilful opposition had aroused the giant's anger. And the wound in his side not only irritated him, but also caused him to lose a good deal of blood.

The floor beneath him was becoming slippery. Two or three of his lunges failed for this reason. He tried to draw Peter toward the slippery part of the floor, but Peter would not be drawn.

At this point there was a lull in both battles. Ormando retired a little to draw Peter forward into the blood. The insurgents below were making plans for their final attack. They had set their faith on Peter since Bovaro had pointed out the danger of that.

During this lull Peter called out, "How many men left, Labay?"

"Eight!"

"Retire to the upper floor. Take the wounded. Use the dead as a barricade!"

Hearing him give commands, Ormando lunged forward. He made seven false attacks, one after the other, so rapidly that by the last attack Peter's sword was entirely out of line. For the fraction of an instant Peter saw the Italian's blade pointing at his stomach, not three inches away. Then he saw it shooting forward in mid-plunge. Partly because Ormando's foot slipped a little, partly because Peter himself was fencing better than ever in his life, he was able to catch Ormando's sword and sweep it to the left. It caught in Peter's clothes and penetrated the flesh of his stomach and passed out the other side of his vest. He felt a sharp, cold pain. But instead of recoiling he leaned forward to riposte and was able to wound Ormando in the biceps of his sword-arm.

By an unexpressed but mutual consent they both retired, panting, swaying. Ormando, who had put all of his energy and skill into that last attack, now held his head forward, his eyes glaring over his mask. Peter could see by the mask that his jaw protruded savagely as he panted. He held his wounded biceps with his left hand and held his sword limply in front of him.

By this time Labay had made his retreat to the top of the stairs. Peter

Continued on Page 94

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Take one along on your next outdoor jaunt.

Notice the perfect condition in which it keeps your liquid refreshments, hot or cold, as desired, all day long—the strong metal case, which, with the spring shock absorber, protects the filler from ordinary shocks—the sanitation and convenience of the individual services rendered by the handled multi-cups—the fetching appearance of good lines blending with a colorful finish

Yes, note these and the divers other refinements characteristic of UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles—and you will realize that the above statement of UNIVERSAL superiority is not an idle claim but one solidly upheld by facts. UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles in comparative tests are found to give extra service—at no extra cost. Prices $1.00 up.

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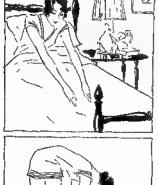
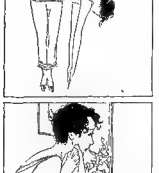
BEAUTY FROM MORN TILL NIGHT

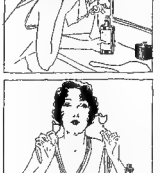
By Doris Lee Ashley



ALL too soon the alarm-clock announces the new day. Obey that natural impulse to stretch every muscle like a lazy cat. With your arms above your head swing your body to a sitting position and touch the bedclothes over your toes. Repeat eight times. Throw off the bedclothes. Raise the right leg at right angles to the reclining body; lower slowly. Raise the left leg; lower slowly. Now both legs. Repeat each exercise eight times.



BRUSH your teeth. Rinse your mouth. Drink two glasses of water. Before the open window take the following exercise, ten times toward the right and ten times toward the left, and you will never be troubled with constipation: With the arms above the head, turn the body at the waist to the right. Bend the body slowly until the fingers touch the floor. Raise the body slowly to the former position. Then repeat at the left side. Every inch of your body will feel alive. Take other exercises if you have time, but this for stimulation.



TO REMOVE skin-food allowed to remain on skin overnight: When the skin is normal one may wash the face with complexion-soap and warm water or "wash" it with a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with skin-tonic and cleansing cream, followed by fresh applications of skin-tonic, astringent in quality, if the skin is oily. When the skin is supersensitive and dry use cleansing cream and remove the cream with cleansing tissues; follow with a mild skin-tonic. After cleansing always pat fresh skin-tonic into the skin till rosy.

BATHE the eyes with a good eye-wash, using an eye-cup for each eye. When not available use an eye-dropper. Many times when neither have been at hand I have dropped the eye-wash directly into my eyes from the bottle. Special eye-lotions are recommended after exposure to the sun and wind to soothe, rest, and relieve any inflammation. This practise is wise for those who are subject to eye-strain from confining work, out-of-door sports, or frequenting the movies.

NOW for the quick morning shower, cold or warm, as you prefer. You may choose instead the brisk rub with a towel dampened with hot or cold water, followed by a vigorous rubbing with a dry, rough Turkish or linen-crash towel. Any method is recommended that will quickly stimulate the circulation. Rub the body with a refreshing toilet-water with deodorant qualities. Deodorants for several days' protection are preferably used at night; those for one day's protection, either powder or liquid, after the morning bath.

SOME prefer to arrange the hair before adding the make-up. This is a matter of individual choice and system. When the hair is arranged off the forehead it makes little difference. Let me beg of you, however, no matter whether your hair is perfectly straight or permanently or Marcel waved, to take a minute or two to make the scalp glowingly warm. Place the fingers against the scalp and move the scalp, not the fingers, until it is warm and glowing. This will not disarrange even a carefully placed wave.

NOW for the powder-base. Choose either vanishing cream or liquid powder, but a mere film of either is stressed. Both protect the skin against exposure to the sun and wind, especially when they closely match the skin in tone. Add cream rouge to the cheeks and lips, or liquid rouge if preferred. Follow with a dusting of complexion-powder, which should also match the skin in tone for a perfect make-up. Now scrub and clean the nails, and use a bit of your favorite hand-lotion or vanishing cream to keep hands soft and white.

JUST before luncheon repair your morning make-up. Fatigued? A touch of compact rouge will make you look less tired. Certainly you will use a bit of lipstick and powder. See that the compact powder matches your skin in tone. Many women prefer a sifter-vanity filled with their carefully selected complexion-powder.

If you want to know what to use, write for the free leaflet "Daily Necessities," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

ON YOUR return from shopping, pleasure, work, or school, plan to rest for five minutes. Remove street-clothes, don a robe, lie perfectly flat, on the floor preferably, so that blood may course freely throughout body. When the eyes are strained, use an eye-bath and moisten a gauze band with a cooling, soothing tonic and place over the eyes while resting. An undisturbed five minutes' rest will fit you for any social engagement.

REMOVE make-up, dirt, dust, and grime collected during the day with warm water and a good complexion-soap after an application of cleansing cream. When the skin is thin, dry, and supersensitive remove the cleansing cream with cleansing tissues. Follow with a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with a soothing skin-tonic. When planning to dress for dinner or an evening entertainment many prefer a refreshing shower and a rejuvenating treatment when over thirty and rest fails to stimulate the circulation sufficiently.

WHEN you must look your best and have no time to rest or bathe, cover your hair with a protective band, and apply freely to the face and throat a thick brown circulation cosmetic. While it is stimulating the circulation get out your evening clothes. Remove the brown ointment with oil or cleansing cream. Follow with a pad saturated with a soothing skin-tonic. You will be amazed at the brightness of your eyes and the clearness of your skin. You will need little if any rouge. Use a bit of eye-shadow, and accent lashes and brows.

WHEN applying liquid powder to the face and throat do not forget the back of the neck, shoulders, and arms. A bit of liquid powder will cover a large surface if rubbed over the skin evenly. Vanishing cream I find more effective for finishing the hands. Now add an accent of rouge to the cheeks and lips and follow with a dusting of complexion-powder. Now brush the powder from the eyelashes and brows and, if needed, a touch of eye-shadow and an accent to brows and lashes.

BEFORE you don your frock you will arrange your hair. To insure that exquisite, well-groomed appearance spray your hair with one of the well-known setting lotions, then arrange your locks. While your hair is drying—it takes but a few minutes—give the finishing touches to the hands and nails, and don your dinner- or party-frock. You'll agree you never looked better. Now add a touch of your favorite perfume to the eyebrows, the back of the ears, and the top of your coiffure if you are not tall and are going to dance.

THE day is done. Before you remove your clothes turn on the tap in the tub so that a soothing, restful bath will await you. Add bath-salts just before you step in. Use warm water and a good complexion-soap to remove the cleansing cream you have applied to remove your make-up. Follow with a brisk rubbing after the bath with a rough Turkish towel. You may prefer a dusting powder or toilet-water, but don't fail to apply the deodorant that insures that exquisite personal daintiness that every woman strives for.

NOW pat into the skin in upward strokes the correct skin-food. If you use one of the patented patters, you will find that it takes little or no time to stimulate the circulation. Leave a thin film of the skin-food on the face and throat overnight. Now is the time to use muscle-oil for existing or impending wrinkles or to apply any other corrective treatment. Don't fail to massage the hands and elbows with your favorite hand-cream or lotion. Rub cuticle-cream over finger tips to prevent the rims around the nails from cracking.

MASSAGE the gums thoroughly, brush the teeth, rinse the mouth with a recommended mouth wash, and drink a glass of water. Half a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia will counteract acid condition of the mouth. Open windows top and bottom so air may circulate freely. Breathe deeply of fresh air. Say your prayers.

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John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Those three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF Co-eds

by John Barrymore

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Miss Helen and Miss Lois Dodd of Chicago, Illinois · chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the prettiest of co-eds

THEY ARE NINETEEN YEARS OLD—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. *We love it!*"

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who daily owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending 4c (10 cents for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending 4c (10 cents) and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

The judges could not decide which of these twin sisters was the prettier—so they chose both. Both sisters have dazzling pink and white skins; both have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap. "It's awfully hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously smooth. *We love it!*"

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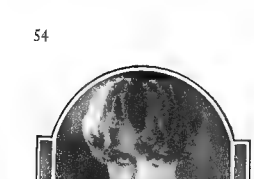

Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.

Miss Dorothy Dial, a favorite in the younger set, is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Nathaniel B. Dial of South Carolina. Miss Dial has the magnolia-smooth skin of the Southern beauty.

Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion. Photos by Harris & Ewing.

New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

IS AMERICA A PARADISE FOR WOMEN?

"Yes," says Sinclair Lewis

Continued from Page 14

so complaisant, so obedient—seems to me equally bunk, because most human beings would rather be united to spouses whom they must struggle to please, but whom they respect, than to weaklings whom they can twist around their fingers, but whom they despise. Whether they are conscious of it or not, most women would rather be married to a Napoleon than to a Mr. Pickwick—and it is precisely the amiable, vague, foolishly generous virtues of a Pickwick that have been exhibited as admirable in American husbands.

I SEEM to be arguing against my own thesis, that America is the women's Paradise. I am not. I am trying to dispose, for suggest ways of disposing, of foolish reasons for a wise thesis, because more debates are lost by the sentimental reasoning of the advocates than by the savagery of the opponents.

No, I do not present America as desirable for women because it gives them an easy life, but precisely because it gives them a hard life—a keen, belligerent, exciting, exciting life of camp and embattled field; because it gives them a part in this revolution which (whether we like it or hate it) is changing all our world from the lilac-hedged cottages of Main Street to the overpowering, the intimidating yet magnificent bastions of Park Avenue; from the chattering court following a toy monarch in glass coaches to the hard, swift procession of industrial lords in 120 h. p. cars.

Women not only can take full part in this revolution—they are taking it, and such women, like they may long for a return to the lilacs and roses and peace of Main Street, are certainly not returning. If they can not utterly enjoy being warriors, they can never now enjoy anything less valiant.

Consider a woman like Miss Frances Perkins, recently appointed State Commissioner of Labor in New York—a position of considerable significance in a State where at least eight million people are classed as laborers or the families of laborers—a position considerably weightier than that of the King of Norway or Sweden or the President of the Irish Free State.

Miss Perkins has, with zest, climbed through all the grades from that of an unknown social worker struggling for fire-escapes on factories, through years as Her Honor the Judge in the Workmen's Compensation Court, to her present power. And she has managed to do it without any of the celebrated "loss of femininity," for in private life Miss Perkins is a Mrs., an extremely good wife and mother, and the most entertaining of friends.

Consider Miss Mabel Willebrandt. Whether one admire her as an enforcer of prohibition or detest her as an evangelical political self-advertiser, one must admit that more than any one else in the country she has won the right to be Attorney-General of the United States. Then consider a woman who was completely opposed to Miss Willebrandt in the late lamented campaign—Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, Al Smith's prime adviser and chief coach. If he had won, the credit would have belonged to her as much as to his own vivid self. And with them, view Miss Elisabeth Marbury, who is, both as politician and as producer of plays, quite the equal of any man rival.

And turning to what is sometimes known with amiable pleasantry as "the art of writing," regard women like Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Ruth Suckow, Mary Austin, Zona Gale Parrish, Gertrude Atherton, Dorothy Canfield, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris, Alice Duer Miller, Josephine Herbst, Evelyn Scott, Katherine Mayo—at least as important as any equal number of males.

I could go on with women congressmen, researchers, actresses, heads of social settlements, editors, owners of business—developing narrow white tearooms into millionaire candy companies. I could suggest that Aimee Semple McPherson is, admire her or detest her, the most renowned figure in organized religion in America to-day, better known than Billy Sunday, S. Parkes Cadman, or Harry Emerson Fosdick, and more adored by her following. And the greatest religious leader of the decade before her was another woman—Mary Baker Eddy!

But these celebrated ladies I bring in only as a hint that, increasingly, the greatest careers in this country are open to women. But that fact, applying only to a few women of extraordinary vigor, or charm, or intelligence, or instinct for publicity, is less important than the fact that everywhere in America women have, if they care to seize it, a power and significance at least equal to that of the men about them.

It is most seen in the schools.

Actually, two distinguished English observers, Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. H. G. Wells, complain that the chief trouble with America is that women have too much control of our education and, thus, training our future citizens in the way they shall think or fear to think, have control of all our social life; that through the preponderance of women teachers in our schools all America is becoming feminized.

They politely hint that tho the Typical American Business Man, with his heavy shoulders, his large spectacles, his clenched cigar, his growling about poker and golf and flappers and the stock-market, seems to the eye particularly masculine, at heart, in his fear of offending the conventions, in his obedience to public prejudice, in his negative attitude that goodness consists not in doing fine things but in failing to do dangerous things, he is tied to the apron-strings of the women teachers of his boyhood; that he has become effeminized, with-out having the virtues of being frankly feminine.

Whether or not Mr. Wells and Mr. Russell are anything so ingenious, it is certain that in all our schools save a few private retreats for the rather wealthy, it is women who do nine-tenths of the direct teaching. The school principals, with their fussiness about ventilation and assignments in Cæsar, may be men, but it is women who day after day give, equally to boys and to girls, their concepts of courage, learning, decency, good manners, along with the less significant instruction in the details of algebra and the exports of Sumatra.

And when the boys and girls go home, it is mother—not father, as in England or Germany—who chiefly instructs them in the ethics of sex and cleanliness. And to make it all complete, on the Sabbath day it is women who, in Sunday-school, teach them the eternal mysteries.

WOMEN to whom Paradise is escape from responsibility, women flattering and emulating the lilies of the field, will find all this rather grubby and irritating. But to women for whom Paradise is creation of life and thought, living life, this opportunity of having more power than was ever seized by any bandit dictator will be more satisfying than any condition of life that women in any other age, in any land, have ever known.

It is not alone the professional teachers, the home-determining mothers, and the religious instructors among American women who have power and the zest of activity. Everywhere in Europe, or in China or Timbuktu, for that matter, it is males who determine what books and operas and painters shall be popular, what social movements, progressive or tenement reform or revised taxation—shall be considered momently important.

But in America these decisions are to an inconceivable extent made by our women's clubs. A curious situation, which will puzzle future historians, almost to frenzy. For ninety per cent. of our male politicians, however following their frock coats, however *basso profundo* their voices on the radio, however noble their hawklike or Roman noses as depicted in the rotogravure sections, in private life use such brains as they may have only on the chess-like problems of political advancement.

Their utterances on the things regarding which they are supposed to be experts and representatives of the pee-pul, their opinions on prohibition, foreign affairs, pacifism, agricultural relief, and what not, are determined for them by the women's clubs back home

It is the women, in these clubs, in their courses of study, their reading, their prejudices or lack of prejudices, who form the only really large and half-way co-ordinated "body of public opinion" in these hustling but uncontemplative States.

And when all the male editors have produced their magazines, male publishers have issued their books, male authors have composed their arguments (on, for example, such a subject as "Is America the Women's Paradise?"), when the male playwrights and producers have set forth their wares, and male critics have given judgment on novels, after this it is the women, the one sex in the country that really reads and meditates and talks to others about its reading and the fruits of its meditation, that decides what book or play, what magazine or article, shall be sufficiently approved—or vigorously enough disapproved!—to be allowed to live and have its being.

What about prohibition in America? The Anti-Saloon League, the landed evangelists? Not by a long shot! They do themselves too much honor!

It was the women of America, working for these past hundred and fifty years, diffidently beginning in the days when in frontier cabins they heard their men-folk yowling over fifty-cent-a-gallon corn liquor, rising at last to the women's temperance societies in all the evangelical churches, and the grim and powerful W. C. T. U.; it was the women at home, coaching their sons in the evils of alcohol and raising hell if their husbands came home with a breath.

THE women of America wanted prohibition, and got it. If they ever want any other incredibly revolutionary experiment—communism or universal church union, polygamy or vegetarianism, pacifism or cannibalism—they will get that, too, and all the walrus-voiced politicians and ingenious pamphleteers will be but megaphones for their small, invincible voices.

In fact men have accomplished but one thing in America—they have, by some magic which one would suppose to be beyond their powers, kept women from knowing how lucky a human being is to be born a woman in these United States, to be born one of the ruling sex and not one of that pompous, waddling, slightly ridiculous, and pathetic race of belated children known as men!

But there are women, and many women, and extraordinarily intelligent and pleasant and notable women, who never let that in their every-well, and even perhaps partly true, but as for them, they do not desire this power, this influence. They want the things symbolized by the traditional beauty of European husbands who are also charming lovers, children who are not automata to be filled up with feminized education, backgrounds suggesting two thousand years of building and passion and aspiration—who desire, in fact, to be not statesmen in step-ins, but to be *women!*

Well, if they desire gallantry, it is at least as much up to them as it is up to men to create among our hitherto somewhat stiff and embarrassed people, with our subconscious theory that the good Lord somehow made an error in creating human beings, the suavely pleasant atmosphere which raises Europeans above the level of shamefaced flirtation.

And I believe that it is precisely the reckless flapper, who is so much condemned by the long-noses for her wicked "necking," who is, in an experimental way, beginning to create that atmosphere. I believe that as the New York of the '70's, the plush-horse New York of the Jim Fisks and the Boss Tweeds, has turned into a metropolis which in elegance compares with any European capital whatever, so a generation from now American social life, the easy and unem-

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SUNKIST ORANGES

safeguard family health

ONE of the world's greatest diet authorities speaks directly to you when he says "Oranges are health insurance for the entire family." Modern physicians everywhere are advising regular use of this wonderful California fruit.

Orange Juice and milk are baby's first foods. Oranges in any form are vital to the stamina and strength of growing children. Oranges are now universally prescribed not only for general good health but as the most potent corrective or preventive of Acidosis. In old age, Oranges are invaluable for natural stimulation and as a means of keeping the body functioning normally.

With this advice comes the good news of a heavy crop of small size Sunkist Oranges this season—as juicy, sweet and delicious as any large ones you ever ate. Being small, they cost less. These Oranges are particularly ideal for juice purposes.

California Sunkist Oranges are much easier to peel, slice and segment. Consider the delight of the family eating a 10-minute Orange salad for lunch or a 5-minute Orange dessert for supper. Mail the coupon for "Sunkist Recipes." It suggests many delightful ways to serve Oranges.

No time should be lost making California Sunkist Oranges the first order of the day—for breakfast. A generous glass of juice—or Oranges sliced or segmented—is unequaled for a flying start!

Sunkist Orange Juice, through its vitamins and mineral salts, its fruit sugars and healthful fruit acids, definitely helps balance over-acidity (which results in Acidosis) caused by our faulty American diet of too much good but acid foods like meat, eggs, fish, cereals, bread and too little alkaline reaction foods such as Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a book which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-Acidosis and Safe Reducing diets approved by high Medical authority. It is mailed free.

Buy Oranges with the name "Sunkist" stamped on the skin and on the wrapper. It assures uniform quality every day in the year.

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Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.

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☐ Enclosed find $14.95, (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.
☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-Acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired
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Now Carter's Sun Suits

—give your child the priceless benefit of direct Sunlight this Summer . . .

SOFT, adorable, baby body—growing so fast! You want to help him build sound bones and teeth, healthy muscles—against the future.

Your greatest ally in this is—sunlight!

Modern science has proved this. Because in your child's carefully regulated sun baths the sun should shine directly on his spine, Carter's Sun Suits have in back just H-shaped straps that give the security a play suit needs without stopping a single ray.

They have the tiniest possible trunks, loose enough for air and sun to reach practically the whole body and a special wide mesh front so that the little body will tan yet be protected.

Get your child a Carter's Sun Suit. He will sleep better, digest his food more easily and not tire so quickly. Babies will have less teething trouble.

Single-breasted shirt ideal for summer wear (style 5). Double-breasted shirt (style 37).

Here are baby garments knit according to the advice given by these great authorities on infant care—that a scientific admixture of wool with silk or cotton is best for normal babies:—

U. S. Government Public Health Service • Leading Life Insurance Companies • New York Maternity Center • Five Leading Women's Magazines • 43 out of 48 State Boards of Health • Better Babies Bureau.

Write for free booklet by well-known authority on baby clothes. Dept. S-6, The William Carter Co., Boston, Massachusetts, Needham Heights Station.

Carter's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Infants' Wear

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barrassed association of men and women, will have the richness known in Europe to-day.

And meanwhile, if our imprisoned Eves want Europe—why, they can have it!

Among all the nations of earth, only in America, Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia are the women allowed to go off traveling alone, at their own sweet wills, without having an infernal row kicked up by their husbands, fathers, brothers, and cousins even unto the seventh connection. And none of the three other lands gives to their women such liberty as does America. The English squire can, without heroics, see his women go off to the Continent alone, but he expects them to stick to safe, canonical places—the nice quiet hotel at Vevey, or Cousin Ethelbert's at Hyères, or that really sweet pension at San Remo where you *never* meet any Americans or Italians or curious people like that.

But the American woman who feels that she must have European spice to her Yankee corn bread may go as she pleases, if her husband or father has money enough—or almost money enough—and he hears equanimity, probably with too much equanimity, that she has stayed at a doubtful hotel in Paris, that she has gone to the Coliseum by moonlight with a count of the most dubious countishness.

If an Italian, an Austrian, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, heard of such capers, his wife would jolly well be told to stay there in the Coliseum with her count, in rain and sleet as well as affable moonlight. But our American yearner, when she tires of gigolos and galleries, can come home at will, and at will resume her position as Lady Mussolini of the local study club.

I DO not mean to say that any large percentage of American husbands have the money to permit their wives to indulge in such escapism. But they all have the willingness. And it is astounding how much American women in families of no great wealth do travel. The wife of the average small-town doctor or lawyer, with an income of thirty-five hundred dollars a year, expects to go across at least once. The wife of a man of corresponding income in Europe would be lucky if she were allowed to visit Aunt Marie a hundred miles away. In her family the money would be saved—for what? For her son, that he might show the smartness which in Europe belongs not to women but to the lordly male!

In no other land, in no other age, have women expected to have their cakes and eat them. The joke is that they actually get away with it!

For every native American woman who sighs that she is a martyr to live here, there is a foreign-born American woman who gloats that she is lucky to have come.

We have a young Czech maid, six years in America, who saved enough money so that last Summer she was able to go back to Bohemia to see her father and mother. She had a notion of remaining, but she returned in two months, and thus Mary explains it:

"Gee, I'm never going back to that country again. Say, gee, it was fierce. My Old Man makes My Old Woman do whatever he wants her to. She can't do nothing without he lets her. There was a fellow there wanted to marry me. He's well off, too, that fellow. But when I looks at my Old Woman, 'Nix,' I says, 'not on your life; I'm going back to America, where a woman gets what money she earns and don't get it took off her by her Old Man like they do back in the Old Country. Not on your life,' I says; 'even a cook is her own boss in America,' I says.

"And say, my Old Man, he don't need money none; he's got a mill, he's fixed good, but he keeps shinting and shinting about the money I'd saved and how a man ought to get what his daughter's made, and I says, 'Here,' I says, 'here's a thousand bucks,' I says, and say, he *took* it! And he drinks up most it! Say! Do you know what the trouble with them Europeans is? They don't think about nothing but money!"

I HAD intended, with Rockefeller-like philanthropy, to present Mary's opinion to the next European who writes or lectures about Das Dollar Land and Uncle Shylock. But I donate it, instead, to all the Eves who find Eden insufficiently like Paradise to suit them, and who are unwilling to do anything whatever to make it so.

IS AMERICA A PARADISE FOR WOMEN?

"No," says Dorothy Thompson

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glands, and that these are not distributed according to any rigidly fixed formula. In primitive Albania, where the functions of men and women are clearly divided, where men still follow their historic pursuits of hunting and fighting, while women, in their homes, conduct the country's primitive industry, the laws of at least one of the tribes permit women to choose whether they will live as women or as men. A woman may put on the dress of a man, be armed with his weapons, and thenceforth lead a man's life; only if she has a love-relationship with any man she is put to death for being a traitor to her adopted sex.

Yet, certainly for the majority of women, for the woman who represents something like the norm, that society is happiest which puts the greatest emphasis on human values; in which she can live in the most harmonious relationship with her man, and with men and women as a whole. In such a society she is neither spoiled darling nor domestic tyrant, nor the weary tool of a machine, but a creative force, realizing her essentialness.

Wherever things become more important than people; wherever there is a standardization of human beings; wherever the production of material values is carried on at the expense of human values—in any such society women are in rebellion, consciously or unconsciously, as the very best of them are in rebellion in America to-day.

Read our best women writers. Read Willa Cather, from the pages of whose books breathes the desire for a simpler and more humane world. Read Edith Wharton, acclaimed at home as one of our three or four most distinguished writers, a woman who has hardly set foot in the United States in twenty years. Read our more popular women writers, women like Kathleen Norris, Fannie Hurst, keep the home established in a country where modern business is turning everything over so fast, the home along with it, that the Ford motor car and a tent are perhaps the home's best symbols.

LOOK at the women's clubs, scattered from Santa Barbara to Boston, devoting themselves to culture: supporting lecturers, listening to piano recitals, entertaining visiting novelists, buying and reading books—it is quite true, as any publisher will confirm, that women are the book-market in America. These are all evidences of the attempt of women to keep human values alive in a country devoted primarily to the production of material things: more and better radios, automobiles, cheap clothing, and machinery for making more and better radios, automobiles, and cheap clothing.

And what, to a woman coming home after too many years abroad, is the outstanding peculiarity of all this effort?

It seems to me that the amazing thing is that all of this organized and individual effort is having remarkably little effect upon the main stream of American life. It does not extend to men or win the co-operation of men; its tendency is not to bring men and women closer together in a creative relationship, out of which will come a civilized and creative society. A man who takes an interest in these things, so vital to women, is probably a "highbrow"; there are grave questions whether he is a real he-man. All these activities therefore have the effect of being trivial occupations of the harem.

Women, to be sure, do most of the teaching in our public schools. That may be one reason why teaching is so wretchedly underpaid and occupies so low a position in the social scale. But it is not true that women determine what is taught. Study the schedules and it is clear that what is taught is largely determined by business ideals and business needs.

Women impose to a large extent our outward morality, but again the breach between what the country says it believes and what it shows that it believes, in practise, is enormous. Men, while accepting outwardly feminine ideals of morality—how our statesmen love to mouth them—actually rebel against them, and circumvent them in every possible way. Women (with the assistance of many of the good men) work for prohibition and impose the law, but fail utterly—despite a woman's presence as Assistant Attorney-General—to enforce it.

Only men and women, working together in sympathy and understanding, can produce anything vital in the field of human values; these efforts of women are heroic but sterile, and the result of them is frustration.

What public speaker has not encountered the bored husband, dragged by his wife to the lecture? What pianist does not remember the glassy eyes of the local business men whose wives have cajoled or bullied them to his recital? I dare to say that in no country of the western world are men so isolated from the world of women as in to-day's America. These thousands of men whose whole life is business and golf; these thousands of women, gradually becoming indifferent to their husbands, with whose lives they have so little contact!

A remarkable book has just been published, called "Middletown." It is a cool, scientifically made, case-record of a city; of a typical, Middle-Western city of some forty thousand inhabitants. The sociologists who made this book spent over a year in the city collecting material from records, personal studies, interviews, and widely disseminated questionnaires.

Significant facts emerge as the result of their inquiry into marriage in Middletown; an investigation based upon the cross-questioning of hundreds of wives and a study of their activities. The picture which they present bears out the thesis of this article, that among just those people who have money and opportunity to lead cultivated lives the relationship between husband and wife is emotionally and mentally sterile.

SUCH phrases as these occur: "This frequent lack of community of interests, together with the ideas each accentertains of the other (men thinking that women are no good in 'real' affairs; women finding their husbands dull), appears in many families in a lack of frankness between husband and wife, far-reaching in its emotional outcome." " . . . In general a high degree of companionship is not regarded as essential for marriage." " . . . There are some homes in Middletown which one can not enter without being aware of a constant undercurrent of sheer delight, of fresh, spontaneous interests between husband and wife. But such homes stand out by reason of their relative rarity."

A questionnaire which these investigators sent out to some hundreds of business men's wives asked what they would do with more leisure time. Not a single woman replied that she would spend more time with her husband!

At this point some one is certain to say: "Now, there you are! Women neglect their husbands to run after other things. And, of course, all that dull husband does is to give his wife and children better food and clothes, more opportunities for

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For the Newly Important Face *of* Smart Today

this Simple Home-Given FACIAL

—that achieves naturally *the flower-like skin texture that is now so necessary*

SIMPLICITY—naturalness. It is the mode. And with every detail of the modern toilette conspiring to bring the face into prominence, there has come into being a new and distinctive *facial* smartness.

You notice, now, how women of chic shun heavy cosmetics. Instead, you see complexions radiant with *natural* beauty—velvety smooth—deeply clear. Which means, of course, *natural* care of the skin, such as the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* has introduced to thousands of women.

For this refreshing, invigorating treatment—which penetrates and cleanses the countless tiny pores—keeps the skin gloriously, glowingly alive by keeping it exquisitely clean.

A home-given *Facial* of truly professional results. You need only Woodbury's Cold Cream that liquefies under the fingertips, softening and dissolving the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather, that thoroughly cleanses the pores and removes every vestige of soiled cream. And, finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless, caressingly light, to tone the skin to a velvety softness.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With marching thoroughness penetrate every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

. . . keeps the skin glowingly alive

And, best of all, after the very first treatment, you will be delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Rinse a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Your drugstore or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

DEPENDS

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"

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For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette.

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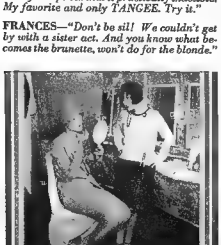
A TANGEE TALKIE

Starring Ann Pennington and Frances Williams of George White's Scandals

ANN—*"Frances, I've made a wonderful discovery! A lipstick that is practically indelible. My favorite and only TANGEE. Try it."*

FRANCES—*"Don't be silly! We couldn't get by with a sister act. And you know what becomes the brunette, won't do for the blonde."*



ANN—*"Ah! But TANGEE has hidden magic! It changes as you put it on and blends exactly with your own natural coloring. And it's as good for the blonde as for the brunette. Besides, it never rubs off. Do try it!"*

FRANCES—*"I've never seen anything so marvelous. Do you mind if I adopt TANGEE too?"*

ANN—*"Oh, please keep that one. I've just bought a dozen so that I'll never have to hunt for mine."*

Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Tangee Crème Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.

Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set —all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P. R. 6. The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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travel and social advancement than any other husband in the world can offer!"

I must make myself clear. I am certainly not blaming men for this state of affairs. I do not, to be sure, think that clothes, opportunities for travel, club work, and social advancement are compensation for the lack of creative human relationships. I think that any woman who accepts them as such is badly sold. But I do think that women must bear the brunt of their failure, because it is their business to take care of human values.

PERHAPS we have gone about the humanizing of this society of ours in the wrong way. I think perhaps we try to accomplish things by organization which could much better be done individually. We have, perhaps, too much faith in committees. Perhaps, indeed, we borrow too much of our technique from the world of men.

But really, of course, neither men nor women are to blame; we are merely in the midst of an industrial development which tends to crush out human values and in so doing to limit and devitalize the primary creative activities of women. What we, as women, need to do, it seems to me, is to evaluate this industrialized world more closely, and decide to what extent we are going to co-operate with its present tendency, and to what extent, in our own lives, we are going to exert an influence in another direction.

The wastage of human life, of human effort, is something repugnant to women. I am aware that there have been warriors since the days of the Amazons, but they were not particularly representative of their sex. More so were the ladies of the Lysistrata, who organized in so very effective and feminine a fashion to prevent war. Out of the same instinct grows the hatred of waste. Housewives' thrift is proverbial, and often men laugh at women for being penny-wise. But it is the humanism of women which makes them so. Things are created by human work, and are of value in so far as they represent human effort and fulfil unquestionable human needs. But they can never assume a virtue in themselves.

Yet this civilization in which we American women live is incredibly wasteful. Our very prosperity, the economists tell us, is based upon waste, in the sense that it is founded on turnover, and will continue only so long as new desires demand new products.

A strange new doctrine has grown up—the theory of "obsolescence," that a thing becomes obsolete almost as soon as it is created, and is immediately to be replaced by something more up to date. Upon this theory is based the turn-the-old-one-in doctrine. And millions upon millions of dollars are spent every year artificially to stimulate the desire for—something new. As a result we have prosperity, but prosperity singularly detached from human values.

We have, for instance, no security; too much security, according to the new standard, is bad for "initiative." I am very sure no woman ever thought up that idea. I know too many working men's wives whose fear of their husbands' unemployment is not set at ease by his high wages, particularly when every force around her home urges her to spend those wages not only as soon as they are earned, but somewhat beforehand.

The middle-class family in America has less prospect of "getting out of the game" and retiring to a secure if simple existence in middle age than has the middle-class family in France. Our whole system encourages us to invest and reinvest our energies for the promise of nothing settled, of nothing, even within limits, permanent.

This movement of constant replacement in the interest of something newer (and not, necessarily, better) extends to the home. A home is not something which one founds with the intention of slowly beautifying and extending it, accumulating in it things which have personal significance and human associations, and leaving it to one's sons and daughters, who will leave it to their children.

A home becomes, like everything else, a symbol of business success. One builds it (or buys it in instalments) according to the prevailing style, and as one becomes more prosperous one changes it, not by extending it, evolving it, but simply by moving. No one builds for the future because the future will demand something different—a Spanish house instead of a Colonial; a Colonial instead of a bungalow. But if a house does not suggest the unbroken continuity of human life, it is no more than a house; it is not a home.

Any American going into an old English house, where, in whatever poverty, members of the same family have lived for ten or twenty generations, knows the difference between this house and the most gorgeous palace ever built at Palm Beach by the most extravagant millionaire. The old house may have things in it which aren't in "good taste." Its owners may serve dinner on bumpy, overdecorated Dresden, all unaware that the best circles in America are using Italian faience at present. But everything will have a faint scent about it which comes of long human association, an indefinable aura of security, a comforting feeling, and a house, and the house will itself impose upon its inmates a certain dignity, a certain discipline.

Security, in the consciousness of a remarkable continuity—this is a yearning of all women, but women, far more than men, live outside of conventional time. The past goes through their bodies to become the future, and is one with it.

The rage for antiques in America, the passion for old houses, the desire to buy up old Colonial cottages and remodel them are manifestations of our wistful desire for homes in which we shall feel some continuity of life. We seek by artificial means to create an artificial continuity, and even go so far as to conjure up for ourselves, sometimes, artificial ancestors. But we do not ourselves lay the foundations of houses.

And the game is against us! The tendency of our civilization is against us. The world of modern business, a man's world, too, pre-eminently, is against us. This tendency tells us that it is reasonable to live in sky-scraper apartments with service in a common restaurant (in a country with only a hundred and twenty million people occupying a continent), and to leave these, when times are more prosperous, for more expensive barracks, designed by more expensive decorators, and with more gold-braided and epauleted doormen.

If escape is sought from standardization in suburban small towns we are nevertheless bound by the prevailing ideas of color and taste, which, masking under a pretense of estheticism, are only new ways of demanding that we buy new things. Keep within the standardized system and things in America are relatively cheap. Go outside it and prices are appalling—as any woman knows who has ever tried to design anything herself and employed carpenters and upholsterers to carry it out.

Moreover, the credit system tends, not only to mortgage the entire family, but to standardize its conduct. In a community where every one owes every one else—the butcher the furniture-dealer for his parlor suite, bought on credit; the furniture-dealer the electrician for his radio; the electrician the local garage for his automobile—and where the only security is what the local folks think of you, it is essential to behave as every one else does; to observe the same business, social, and religious rituals; to belong to the right clubs, play the right games (at present bridge or golf), and bring up one's children according to the standard notions.

WHAT then becomes of vital, creative human relationships? Our life is spent not in coming to understand, appreciate, and make friends with the Joneses, but in keeping up with them!

Now, you will say, surely, in so far as this system is evil it is as unfortunate for men as for women. In the long run, undoubtedly, yes. I honestly believe that if women would have the courage to buck the instalment-buying system they would do more for American culture than they can do by any number of study clubs. But it would be a much harder thing to do.

And for the time being, men are getting a great deal more kick out of this kaleidoscopic business world than women are. They manage to bring to business almost the fanaticism of a religion, in which they are assisted by the rituals with which business life is clothed; the ideals of the luncheon club; the conception of "service." The business world which furnishes them with new rituals robs women of some of their historic opportunities for creative effort.

It is obviously futile to yearn for the days of our grandmothers; futile and silly. On the face of it our civilization offers unprecedented opportunities for the creative impulse. It has freed millions from the worst phases of poverty; for altho, as Secretary of Labor Davis pointed out not long ago, most Americans are still poor, we do not, at least, have to endure the hopeless, stabilized poverty, unto the third and fourth generation, which enchains a large part of Europe. It has given us access to the whole world, and there is no barrier to what we may see and learn from.

And yet it is a question whether there were ever gathered together inside any frontier so many frustrated, unoccupied women as are assembled to-day in the United States. For each new panacea which is presented—from Yogism to Freudianism—there are thousands of recruits from amongst discontented women.

Nowhere in the world are there so many women returning nothing into the world commensurate with what they are taking out of it. Nowhere have women spent so much time playing bridge, looking at fourth-rate moving pictures, attending ladies' luncheons, and participating in activities which they enter without enthusiasm in the hope of compensating for something they lack but can not name.

THIS is not a criticism of women. It is a criticism of the civilization which has so little use for the creative capacities which are essentially feminine.

Ours, as pioneer civilization, tended from the first to place the emphasis upon material development, and the rise of industrialism all over the world, coincident with our emergence upon the historic scene, emphasized this tendency. We therefore came to value especially highly those qualities which contributed to our rapid material advancement. Engineering, technical invention, economic and financial organization, architecture, building—these were the fields offering the richest returns in money and glory, and they remain so to this day.

The country demanded a vast exteriorization of energy, and those people succeeded who were most aggressive and outgoing. Activity, speed, syncopated and accelerated rhythm became symptoms and symbols of this exteriorization of human life-force, and came to be regarded as valuable in themselves.

But this sort of activity is precisely the kind for which women are by nature worst equipped. Women need far greater reserves of energy, inside themselves, than men do. Every woman who has ever borne a child knows the meaning of the phrase to "save herself." And inasmuch as women are all potential child-bearers this biological fact has psychological consequences.

If a woman expends her energies upon something with which she has no emotional connection she exhausts herself, psychically even more, perhaps, than physically. It does not mean that women can not work as hard as men, but that they work differently. A woman will work, for instance, sixteen hours a day, for a man or for children whom she loves, with less actual weariness than comes over her from performing, during half that time, some purely mechanical function technically less wearisome.

In theory this business world of America, which so dominates our whole life, is open to women as well as to men, on more or less equal terms. But it is a world highly abstract and increasingly specialized. People work at distributing products which they never see and at manufacturing parts of a whole which they never contemplate. In this world women rarely achieve leadership; they serve as helpmeets of men, but in subaltern positions, as stenographers, filing-clerks, typists.

The necessity for them to establish

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Bead Soap Wins over chips and flakes

⅓ of America now uses this kind of soap

Because this soap in bead form dissolves instantly. Gives suds all through the water. Washes faster ... rinses easier ... than bars, chips or flakes.

HERE'S a new form of soap that has won an amazing victory over chips and flakes. On the market scarcely more than a year, one woman out of every three* now uses it!

Many women find this new soap cuts dishwashing time in half. It gives cleaner, whiter clothes *with less labor.*

It is called Super Suds. It is not chips, nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny thin-walled *beads.* Beads four times thinner than chips or flakes.

Instant suds all through the water—not just on top

Because of its tissue-like thinness Super Suds always dissolves instantly and completely. It gives you not only instant *top* suds, but rich soapy *under*-water suds as well. Just as the photographic test above shows you.

Demonstrate to yourself how rapidly and completely Super Suds dissolves

Take 4 glasses. Into one put a teaspoonful of Super Suds. Into another, a teaspoonful of any chip or flake. Fill the other two glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature. Then empty these glasses simultaneously into glasses containing the soaps.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds dissolves, sending rich soapy under-water suds down below the surface. The chips and flakes yield suds very slowly. They are only half dissolved long after Super Suds has changed every drop of water in the glass into active under-water suds.

These active below-the-surface suds wash dishes faster . . . clothes whiter . . . because they go to work instantly all through the water. Thus with Super Suds you get super cleansing power.

Since Super Suds dissolves so completely, it is the easiest rinsing soap on the market today. It leaves clothes clear and white and soap-free with actually one less rinsing. It rinses completely away from dishes in one hot rinse, leaving them so free from soap film that they will *drain* sparkling dry—*without wiping.*

Get Super Suds today for dishwashing tonight. Use it to save time and work in your next laundry. Use it to protect your hands when you clean woodwork, or bath tubs or linoleum. You'll say these speedy beads of soap are truly a wonderful discovery. The big box of Super Suds is only 10 cents. 4577

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

Super Suds ***The Big Box of Soap for 10¢***

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Brilliant Young Featured Player in First National Vitaphone Pictures

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The arms, shoulders and complexion assume an even, subtile Charm that is so natural in appearance, the use of a Toilet preparation cannot be detected. No unevenness, streaking, chalky edges or powder filled pores to mar your beauty. You can not only see a vast improvement in your appearance but you can feel the wonderful soft, silky smoothness it leaves.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is unlike any Lotion, Cream or Powder you have ever used. It gives a fascinating lasting beauty that will not rub off, streak, spot or show signs of perspiration. It protects and preserves the skin and complexion against the effects of sun and wind burn, tan and all weather conditions. You can dance, play or enjoy any vigorous sport fully confident your complexion will remain as entrancing as when first applied. Try

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CREAM
"Beauty's Master Touch"

today, and you will quickly realize why so many screen and stage stars depend upon it to keep their beauty at its best. Its use is like acquiring a new youthful skin. The effective antiseptic action it exerts helps correct blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, oiliness, tan and redness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

P.R. June **Trial Size Coupon**
I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check which shade desired)
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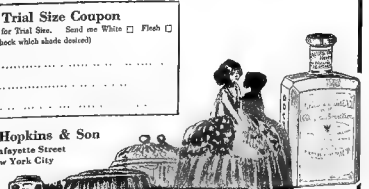

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some personal relationship to what they do is so great that they notoriously have a tendency to fall in love with their employers. They can not become interested in the letters they write, so they become interested in the writer. Most of them will leave even good jobs for a marriage which may offer them less material advantage—and not infrequently they find that they are more remote from their husbands than they were from their employers.

Among those who do not marry it would be interesting to know—if one could—how many women drudge out their lives in an office, refusing chances of marriage or advancement because the necessity of making some sense to themselves, out of their work, has led them to fix their affections on their employers.

And women who are not satisfied with a subaltern position in this active, outgoing, highly organized world, make their way in it by emulating the qualities of men, by copying their technique of aggression.

Altho they often mask this technique under a show of womanliness, they nevertheless aim to do their work "just like a man." Particularly in the business world, they are likely to become more Rotarian than Babbitt himself, swallowing whole the doctrine of pep, rapid turnover, high-pressure salesmanship. They therefore contribute nothing to business, but make themselves ridiculous.

The gregarious, back-slapping male Rotarian, worshiping some ideal of millennial material prosperity, functions in a system which is a manifestation, however crude, of his active, outgoing, masculine nature. Women doing the same thing pervert their own natures, and the spectacle of them is one of impropriety. So all along the line they adapt themselves to masculine ideas, identifying themselves with aims which have for them no deep-felt reality.

They even become so confused in their minds as to adopt the masculine idea of force, and apply it to the field of morals, thinking that they can legislate a morality which they can not bring about by influence.

The whole of society, and, above all, women themselves, suffer from such a state of affairs. This high-pressure, overactive, power-worshiping, superorganized world desperately needs the nurturing, brooding qualities of women. It needs women who will make it clear to at least one man that he is an individual, quite unique in a universe of Kiwanis and Rotarians; women who will refuse to have their children brought up according to a universal pattern.

It needs women who will have the courage to retain for themselves poise instead of "personality plus," and who will dare to seek wisdom rather than cleverness. If women expend life with the sky-rocket effectiveness and wastefulness of men, where is there a center of quiet in the universe?

And so I come back to my original thesis: No country is a Paradise for women where they do not live in a vital, creative relationship with men, in a society which is constantly refreshed by the interpenetration of the minds and emotions of men and women on every conceivable plane, in every conceivable field.

Men blame women for not being more "womanly"—often associating this word with qualities which are merely the mark of a slave class and have nothing to do with essential womanliness whatsoever. They blame women for not being more "womanly," but they do not give more than the merest lip-service to womanly values. The game of business so fascinates many men that they do not see that it offers no similarly creative field for women. Its keen competition makes such demands upon men that they have little energy left over for women. But it is odd that they can not understand why women resent this fact!

On the other hand, is it perhaps our inheritance of Puritanism, coupled with the aggressiveness which women have borrowed from the activity around them, which makes American women so curiously inept in their dealings with men? Is it because men are overtrained by business that they shy away from intimate association with intelligent women?—an almost unique phenomenon in civilized society.

A civilized European is doubly drawn to a woman who displays wit and grace of the mind. For these he will overlook many things—she has won them, perhaps, at the expense of youth; experience has refreshed her mind at the price of her skin; but the presumption of the European is that if she is stimulating as a dinner companion she will be equally stimulating in a more intimate relationship, whether of love or friendship. (And, incidentally, there is astonishingly little actual friendship between men and women in America. Falship, perhaps; an easy-going, cordial camaraderie, but seldom a relationship which can be dignified by the word "friend.")

Is this due wholly to the differentiation between the two worlds; does business strain incline the business man to romance with the flapper, bathing beauty, or Hollywood baby, and a tepid, convenient life with his wife? Or is the cleverness of American women a little too sharp-edged, a little too patterned after the wits of men?

I do not know. I only observe symptoms. I only feel very deeply that men need more sympathy and understanding from women, as women do from men. Because since Adam's time we have been in and out of Paradise together.

HOUSEKEEPING ON THE EQUATOR

Continued from Page 2

despair; while flat bread, slabs of bread, heavy as tombstones, were buried, mayhap with tears, and I myself can confess to having wept over my bread.

No doubt about it, housekeeping was difficult when first I lived on the equator or as near as anybody on it. We had no vegetable-garden, and not a single boy could be spared from tending up the rough, tree-grown brush, ready for planting coffee on, to start making me one. I did my best. The very first week, the first time I was out there, I broke up with a mattock a narrow strip of ground under my own window and sowed lupines and nasturtium and poppy-seeds.

That night I heard a curious sound round the outside of my room, half growl, half purr, and jumped out of bed to shut my door and low window, both giving onto the absolute wilds—mile upon mile of mountain-tops, and between these a glimpse of Victoria Nyanza, the great lake within which the Blue Nile has its being—while next morning when I got up—from a good sleep, too, for nothing can keep one long awake in that air—it was to find the print of a leopard's pads in the freshly turned soil beneath my window.

But one forgets; how easily one forgets!

Next night I started to sleep with the door and window shut, but, not being able to bear the stuffiness, got up and opened the window, put a chair across it, and left the door shut; while two or three nights later I completely forgot to worry about leopards; left everything wide to the world once more. As a matter of fact the only thing that made my flesh creep out there—and there was no sort of real danger in that—was the long-drawn uncanny howls of hyenas at night.

Fear? Oh well, after all, fear is comparative; courage is no more than a habit of mind bred from danger. Because one lives in New York one does not spend one's days in terror lest one may be run over in the streets; because one drives an automobile one is not eternally visualizing what sort of smash-up one may have, what one may look or feel like after it. And this altho the papers are full of such things.

Anyhow, to go back to my subject, there were no vegetables on the place, and a boy had to go twenty miles over

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The function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

Why Colgate's has become AMERICA'S FAVORITE TOOTHPASTE

The amazing story of Penetrating Foam... that cleans where the toothbrush cannot reach

The reason why more people use Colgate's than any other toothpaste is simply that it cleans teeth better.

And by "clean" we mean not just the outer tooth surfaces but the tiny crevices where food particles lodge and where decay starts. No toothbrush can reach these hard-to-clean places. They must be cleansed by the dentifrice.

Hence the real test of your toothpaste is its ability to get down into these crevices and cleanse them thoroughly. A recent scientific test proved that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power than any of the leading toothpastes on the market today. This is the secret of Colgate's superior cleansing power.*

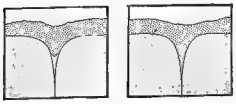
When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material prescribed by dentists, which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1682, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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WE ASKED *the most famous baby specialists* this question

HOW real it is—the problem of feeding the baby! Shared with you by every young mother in the land.

Now a distinguished group of baby specialists—men outstanding in their profession—is giving you what's usually pretty hard to get—*complete agreement* on one phase of baby care. One hundred and sixty-eight members of leading Medical Societies, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, have told us what they believe about infant feeding. They all unite in approval of a particular food for babies. No matter what they may believe about other matters in the baby's regime—his sleep or his exercise—*every single one* of them approved Cream of Wheat.

Long considered the children's own cereal

For thirty-two years, as you probably know, Cream of Wheat has been recommended for babies. It is abundantly rich in carbohydrates, to give the energy a baby must have for his big job of growing. It is ideal for little stomachs just learning to handle a grown-up diet. With every bit of the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally quick and easy to digest. Utterly safe from spoilage or contamination, too, in its safe triple-wrapped and triple-sealed carton.

Your doctor will agree

Your own doctor will agree with the nation-wide evidence of these famous men. Start giving Cream of Wheat to your baby when he's ready to branch out into solid feedings. Then let Cream of Wheat be a regular part of his later routine. Ask your grocer for Cream of Wheat or send coupon below for generous free sample.

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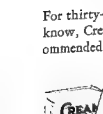

FREE—sample box of Cream of Wheat and the authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving correct diets for children from infancy through high school. Just mail the coupon to:

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Child's name..... *First name* *Last name*

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Continued from Page 60

the mountains to get them from a Swedish woman who ran a truck-garden in the midst of her husband's coffee estate. It took the boy two days to go and return, and he could not bring much, particularly if we needed potatoes, which in themselves made a heavy load; while sometimes one thing was forgotten and sometimes another.

ONE morning we sent out a boy with a gun to shoot for meat. He, also, was gone two days, but he came back with a fine buck toward the evening of the second day, with most of the natives about the place, boys and *bednes* (women) trailing after him up to the house in hopes of a bit.

I had the buck divided up, keeping a small fore leg and a bit of steak for ourselves. Then the fire in the kitchen was heaped up and I roasted the leg—not to speak of myself—put it by for next day, and fried the steak with sliced potatoes. We might have had onions, but the vegetable-boy had forgotten to bring them.

That night, tho tired out, I went to bed happy in the confidence of plenty of food for the morrow; and I can tell you it's awful lying awake at night wondering how you can make something out of nothing. But one of the boys went to the meat-safe and left the door open; and when I first saw it next morning after breakfast it was solid with flies and all the meat had to be buried.

There was just one scrubby little fowl —or *kum-kum*, as the natives call them—tied by the leg to the kitchen door, and I told the cook-boy to kill this. But because he was bored and wanted a lark, he let it escape, and raced after it, while the *toto*, whose business it was to cut wood and bring water up from the stream, ran after him, both of them whooping at the top of their voices, and the distracted fowl half running, half flying with wings outstretched before them

Now, the house stands on a hill, with a stream round three sides of it, edged with thick undergrowth, and into this they drove the wretched *kum-kum*.

I thought I'd get on with the potatoes, but there was no water to wash them with or boil them in. All the same, I planned that when I did get these necessities I'd make a curry with the fragments of a ham that we had got up from town a week or so earlier. But the flies had got at the ham, too, and anyhow there were no carrots or onions—nothing but curry-powder and rice—to make a curry of.

I could still hear the boys yelling after the *kum-kum;* and, filled with wrath, as they in their turn utterly refused to hear me, shrieking down at them, I started off down the hill in the blazing midmorning after them, sent the cook-boy for wood and water, and told the cook-boy to at least start the fire with such sticks as he could lay his hands on.

I knew that there were any amount of snakes, and even boa-constrictors, in that stream-bottom. But I did not care about that, for when I get really angry I am like a bull at a gate—cared for nothing on earth apart from that one horned, skinny, piping little fowl.

With endless trouble I drove it out of the brush; with endless clucks and tweets and words of bitter endearment and the help of a switch I herded the wretched thing up that steep, blazing hillside to within six feet of the kitchen door.

Then the cook-boy ran out with his knife to kill it, but frightened it off down the opposite hillside, and ran after it. And the *toto*, coming up with an armful of wood, and an old kerosene-tin full of water, put down his burdens and ran too; and the whole thing began again.

Five minutes later, however, my son's head man came up. When I told him what was going on, with much pantomime—for at that time I scarcely knew three words of the language—he went off after the boys, had them both back, *kum-kum* and all, in three minutes; tho by that time my temper was so completely gone that I am ashamed to say I hit the cook-boy over the head with the ham-bone.

And, then, to my amazement, things began to move. Upon my word it was like turning a key in a lock.

More wood and water appeared on if by magic; the fowl was plucked and split in two and fried in butter before it had time to set stiff; potatoes were sliced and fried; a tin of peaches, as a rare treat, was opened; and after all that turmoil and heat lunch was ready to the minute when my son toiled up to the house, tired out and famished.

And compare this, only compare it, housewives of America, with telephoning up to a store, or just opening the ice-chest. But then, that was in the beginning; that was when the boys thought that they could play up with me. It is an awful thing to confess, but I must say that that ham-bone did more to establish me than all the smiles and gestures of encouragement, all the pains I had taken to show them everything.

One stern rule I made was that there should be no outside boys in the kitchen. For up to then they had swarmed over it like flies; the doors and windows were blocked with them, the floor thick with squatting forms clad in a blanket, or less—much less—as much less as there could be—so that if I hurried in to see to anything I literally fell over them. For everything was a new toy: the vegetable-strainer, to be worn as a headdress; the scrubbing-brush, to brush the hair; the egg-whisk, an altogether enchanting plaything.

And only imagine teaching housework to a servant who has never seen a teapot or coffee-pot, table-knife or -fork; who has never known what it is to dust, or to wash a floor—apart from pouring water over it and slushing it about with a bunch of leaves.

The kitchen was separate, some twenty yards from the living-room, and, peeping out of the door one day, I saw it full of what is known as "*leone*," young men lately initiated as full-fledged warriors—or braves.

When I strode down the path they fled, literally pouring out from window and door; even the cook-boy and *toto* ran off and hid in their hut.

But in their fright the *leone* made one fatal mistake: they left their spears behind them. And remember that the word "brave" is not misplaced here; for these men are really so brave that a couple of them think nothing of following a lion into the brush, literally running it down; while half a dozen or so will pick an elephant out of a herd, and, swarming over it, kill it with their spears.

These spears, symbols of their manhood—which are some six feet long, including the blade, which is two feet long with the edges sharp as a razor—I marched off with and locked up in my so-called wardrobe: a flat packing-case, which a bed had come up in, stood up on one end, with hinges to the lid, a few hooks, and a fine strong padlock.

FOR a whole week I stuck to these spears, tho all hours of the day their owners came creeping up to me like shamed children begging and praying me to give them back, so that they might leave the face to return to their wives and their people; while after the week was over the braves-in-the-kitchen worry ceased for quite a long while.

"Children," I said. Well, that's what they are: children for whom one feels amazingly responsible; who can exasperate one almost beyond endurance—tho one won't stand for hearing any outsiders abuse one's own boys, while one worries oneself almost to death over their illnesses.

And after all there is so much humanity in the life out there; the feeling of being of some real use to some one, counted upon by some one—for the pitiful and wholly trustful way they look at one when they are in pain is infinitely touching—which keeps me sweet and sound; keeps the petty worries and annoyances from curdling in one. For in places like those a white man or woman needs to be everything to every one; and to my mind this is the one excuse for our presence there.

And now my daughter-in-law has taken over the job; superbly well, too. The very first day she was up-country before they were married, she sat down at my son's side as naturally as tho she had been at it all her life; entered the amounts in the wage-book—which I had never been allowed to touch—and

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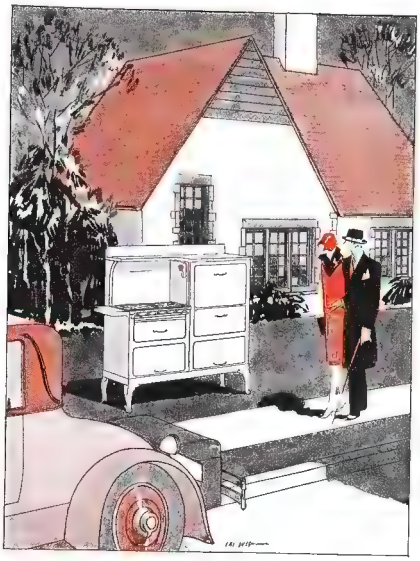

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WOULD you be ashamed to have your kitchen stove stand in front of your home? You shouldn't be. The stove that cooks your food should indicate your character, position and income as much, if not more, than the car that stands at your curb.

Good food is important. So is health. So is economy. So is leisure. A Red Wheel Gas Range contributes to each and to all. With the Red Wheel controlling the oven heat, you will forever eliminate baking-failures. Cook Whole Meals while you're miles away. Can fruits and vegetables by the better Lorain Oven Method.

Then there's the maker's reputation to consider—when buying a stove as well as when buying a car. Red Wheel Gas Ranges are made by an organization that has manufactured stoves continuously for nearly fifty years.

The resources of American Stove Company are without equal in the stove industry. Its Research Laboratory and Research Kitchen are second to none. The quality of its merchandise is unexcelled. Its reputation for service is firmly established in the minds of millions.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are designed in strict accordance with scientific principles. Yet beauty, good taste, durability and economy are there—in full measure.

Six great stove manufacturing plants with many foundry, enameling and parts-making subsidiaries produce the six famous makes of Red Wheel Gas Ranges illustrated below.

Remember these stove-names! And look for the Red Wheel. Make *sure* that you're buying a stove comparable to the finest merchandise produced in *any* line of endeavor. A stove that you'll be as proud to exhibit as you would be to display a fine new motor car.

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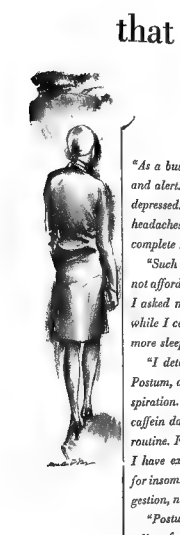
A 3-months' vacation *with pay* that every woman can take



"As a business woman, I must be clear-headed and alert. Yet for weeks I had been irritable, depressed. I was unable to sleep, tortured by headaches and fatigue. A specialist prescribed complete rest for three months.

"Such a vacation was impossible—I could not afford to be without a regular income. But, I asked myself, why not a rest and change while I continued at my job? Couldn't I get more sleep, eat more wholesome food?

"I determined to make the 30-day test of Postum, and how thankful I am for that inspiration. Instead of the irritated nerves of caffein days, I go buoyantly through the daily routine. For headaches and morning dullness, I have exchanged enthusiasm and alertness; for insomnia, hours of refreshing sleep; for indigestion, normal enjoyment of wholesome food.

"Postum gave me the rest and renewed vitality of a three months' vacation, enabled me to keep my job, and most of all—I like it!"

MARY E. LYMAN
131 N. Orange St., Glendale, Cal.

PERHAPS you have felt that business, or the rush of household duties, or the whirl of social events, was "getting you down", sapping your vitality and buoyancy. Perhaps you have felt that you must have a long rest.

Try Miss Lyman's experiment! Live as you have always lived, work as you have always worked—but give your nervous system a 30-day vacation. Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then see how quickly life straightens itself out!

For Postum contains no caffein, no artificial stimulant of any kind to get on your nerves, to rob you of sleep, or cause indigestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A distinctive drink with a rich, appetizing flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon—we'll send one week's supply *free*, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—P. R.—6-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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counted out the money to the admiring crowd. For tho she has dark hair she has a brilliant carnation-red and white complexion and blue eyes, which they rightly regard as lovely.

"My word, but that's a fine *beebee* [wife] the *bwana's* got," said the head man to me. "How many head of cattle did he have to pay her mother for her?"

When I replied that he had paid nothing, he was amazed. "What!" he cried, "to have the trouble to bring up a girl like that and then get nothing for her!" while his next question was as to how much I was to be paid to go away, drop the reins.

The very next day, by chance, the district magistrate and another man turned up in the middle of the morning, and the newcomer slipped away and made tea and brought it in, just as tho she'd been in the swing of things for years. For out there one is continuously thirsty, and water without ice is terribly insipid, while it is not until after sundown that one will order the first real drink of the day—a whisky and soda, and well earned, too.

That next Sunday after my prospective daughter-in-law arrived eight curious and jealous bachelors turned up for lunch, from anywhere within forty miles away. As it happened, it was one of the week-ends when the butcher's bullock *had* run away and there was no meat. But we made an enormous dish of macaroni and cheese, and an enormous apple pie, with dried apple slices; and I baked emergency baking-powder bread, and we were all immensely cheerful, while after tea the young people danced to the sounds of the gramophone, the men taking it strictly in turn with the one girl, and otherwise dancing together.

Such afternoons, and such amusing evenings by the fire! Such memorable week-ends! For life is by no means all grind; and tho there is real hard graft throughout the week, at the end of it people come to stay—in general more people than one has beds for—or else one starts off to stay with some one else.

When I first went out there my son had no motor, and native boys carried me up from the main road—along which a far-away neighbor had brought me from the station—while my son rode. But now there is a motor—of sorts—and tho the roads are beyond belief—often enough every sign of them lost in what is known as "elephant-grass," so called because it grows tall enough to hide an elephant—it is comparatively easy to get about. Tho, even so, things *do* happen!

After the wedding I went off on a tour of my own, and back to the young couple for three days last Christmas. On our way up the hill to the farm—"up the hill," I say, and that only shows how one gets used to things, for in reality it is a rough track along a precipitous mountainside, a mass of loose stones, with the ground falling away sheer at one side—the car began to spurt fire and we all leaped out. And you may imagine the drop, the width of the road, when I say that there *was only one side* that it was possible to get out at without falling over the edge.

Somehow or other, however, the trouble subsided, and since we could not stay there all night, for it was already dark, we clambered in and started off again; tho I was in terror of the same thing happening again; in terror of the drop at the side of us; far more frightened than the town-bred girl who sat beside my son, steady as a rock.

Pioneering! Oh, well, when the young people lose the courage for this they lose the best thing in life; that feeling of living close to the heart of things, never altogether perfected in towns; that hard endeavor, that poignant joy in success of which the older people in the farther reaches of the West, out here in America, can still remember something.

MY EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER'S WIFE

Continued from Page 6

I was firm, however, and finally he went away. But not until he had tried another imposition upon our reputation for hospitality.

"Then let me leave my overcoat here," he asked, "and you can send it down to me to the one o'clock train next Wednesday night when I pass through on my way home. I shall not need it on this trip, and it will cost me fifty cents to express it home."

"It would cost me fifty cents to send it to your train," I answered, "so I'm afraid you will have to take it along."

Of course, in my forty-six years as a minister's wife I have had innumerable amusing experiences. In one small country church where my husband often occupied the pulpit it was the custom of the women members of the missionary society to make gifts of produce. They did this because they so frequently had no money, and the custom was one for which I had all respect. But it was a little funny to hear a woman say that she had given the Lord a nice pig, or a bushel of carrots, or something else of that sort.

It was quite common, too, for these women to dedicate a hen to the Lord, and give to the society all the money derived from the sale of eggs laid by that particular hen. One woman—she was the leader of the society—decided to do even better than the others, and on a Sunday afternoon, when the gifts were being announced, she arose and said:

"I have given the Lord a dozen eggs, and lent Him a hen to set on them."

What she meant was that she would sell the chickens hatched from those dozen eggs, and give the proceeds to the missionary society. I respected her generosity, and also her simplicity, but it was terribly hard to keep a straight face when she made her astonishing announcement.

Some of my funny experiences were not so funny—until after they were over. One Sunday our youngest son, my husband, and I drove out to a small country church where there was to be an afternoon service. We had been invited to take dinner with the minister of that church and his wife. As we approached the house, I knew what to expect on the inside, for a more untidy, dirtier yard I have never seen. And the dinner—well, it is best to draw the veil of charity and say nothing about this woman's cooking! Except that it was unclean and smelly.

My husband saw the situation at once, and took refuge behind an easily excusable bit of falsehood.

"I never eat," he explained to our hostess, "just before preaching, and as I am to speak early this afternoon, I shall ask you to excuse me."

I began to get panicky, for I saw he had left the situation up to my son and to me. Somebody must eat, or the poor woman's feelings would be hurt. I consoled myself that my son would stick to me in this social crisis. But I had overestimated the heroism of the men in my family! We were seated at the table when my son offered his excuse.

"I did an unusual thing this morning," he said, and I began to wonder what was coming. "I ate an extraordinarily heavy breakfast," he explained, "and it gave me a headache. I'm awfully sorry, but I'll not be able to eat much dinner."

So that left it up to me! I did the best I could, eating a little of this and that, and striving to save the poor people from embarrassment. Later on I wished I had not been so considerate. Not because the food made me sick, but because of a remark the woman made as we were on our way to the church.

"I have attended seventy-two religious meetings this month," she said, as if

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Tempt their Appetites with VARIED MENUS

TO give wholesome food a never-failing appeal for children, dietitians recommend a change in flavor, a change in texture, or a change in shape.

Since many of the foods that grown-ups like best must be excluded from the children's menu, it is particularly important to avoid monotony in the staples like bread which are served day in, day out, at every meal and often between meals.

Many of the difficulties of planning meals for children will disappear when you become acquainted with the enormous variety of breads your baker makes.

In loaf breads alone he offers a choice of White, Whole Wheat, Raisin, or Rye. His Streusel Coffee Cake, Filled Buns, and Braided Coffee Ring are excellent for dessert, either alone or with fruit. They are made with fresh eggs and fine butter and therefore supply elements needed for energy and growth.

Isn't it nice to know you can order a different variety of bread for every day in the week and keep the children joyously expectant?

Both your baker and your grocer offer "specials"

In every community today there are modern bakers in up-to-date bakeries of shining cleanliness where fascinating varieties of breads are made. Because of your baker's daily experience in baking and because of his scientific methods, his breads are always beautifully brown and appetizing. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be. Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

From your baker or from the bakery counter at your grocer's you can get an interesting variety of breads which will delight the more critical members of your family as well as the children.

For the children's Fourth Meal BRAIDED COFFEE RING *or* STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *or* FILLED BUNS *are pleasant variations.*

1 *Your baker's* WHITE LOAF *slices evenly and is perfect for toast. A toasted sandwich makes the simplest filling seem new to the children.*

2 STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *with its luscious crumbly lumps of sugar, butter, and spices wins instant warm approval from grown-ups as well as children.*

3 FILLED BUNS *have centers of the most delicious jam or jelly. They are delicious with plain gelatines or simple custards.*

4 SANDWICH ROLLS *have many uses. Split and toasted and filled with creamed carrots or spinach, they will make these hard-worked vegetables taste good again.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

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FREE . . . 15c Package . . . Note Coupon

A New Discovery *in* Tinting Hosiery *and* Lingerie

A New, Far Quicker, Easier and Simpler Way

RIT
1 Swish a cake of RIT a few seconds in water.
2 Just dip in for a few seconds.
3 You put the cake of RIT aside for next time. No waste.
4 You get EXACT matches of latest Parisian colors.

NO STREAKS . . . NO DYE SPOTS . . . NO MUSS OR FUSS

MODERN color science has made new discoveries in home tinting and dyeing. A far quicker, simpler and from 50% to 75% more *economical* way has been found.

Developed by the makers of RIT—world leaders in home dyeing and tinting—it is now embodied in all RIT dyes.

Let us give you a full-size package to try. We believe it will amaze you.

No Streaks, No Spots, No Muss or Bother

The illustration above shows the whole process. Note how amazingly simple it is.

You just "swish" a cake of RIT in a basin of warm water a few seconds. Then put the cake aside for next time. One cake will do for three or four times.

Then "dip" the article to be tinted in the basin. Rinse thoroughly, and fold loosely in a towel to dry. That is all. You can do 10 pairs of stockings, 5 to 6 step-ins or a whole frock in a few minutes.

You Get:

Perfectly EVEN Color—no streaks or "dye spots."

The EXACT Colors of costliest French Hosiery, Lingerie and Frocks.

Troubleless, mussless, botherless tinting.

Accept 15c Package.

If you tint, dip or dye things, accept a package of this unique creation. Find out what it will do. Clip the coupon now before you forget. Circle color that you want and get cake free. RIT Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

GOOD FOR 15c PACKAGE

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Please send me FREE your full-size 15c package of RIT of any one of the colors circled below. Only one package to a person.

Tan, Pink, Ecru, Coral, Flesh, Orange, Orchid, Yellow, Old Rose, Dark Blue, Rose Pink, Dark Grey, Light Blue, Light Green, Golden Brown, Emerald Green, Copenhagen Blue.

(Print name and address plainly)

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Street.....

City..... State.....

(Note: be sure to circle the color you want on the list above)

Continued from Page 64

expecting us to exclaim in admiration. "I think it is my first duty to go to these meetings, and the Lord, I am sure, will take care of my home."

Now, it happens that I have no patience with those who neglect obvious duties to husband and children in the name of religion. And it happens, also, that I do not look upon the Lord as a housekeeper. That woman's children will grow up in ill health, if they grow up at all, and should her husband divorce her it would be her own fault. But there are many like her; many who think that attendance upon religious meetings is, in itself, a virtue so great that duty to one's family can be neglected without sin.

Twenty and thirty years ago a minister was not supposed to attend a circus, or any other kind of worldly entertainment. But our children rarely missed one. Invariably some considerate friend would take them. And I might add, incidentally, that my children have always played cards, attended theaters, danced, and engaged in every other form of wholesome recreation.

BUT perhaps the loveliest experience of all came at the conclusion of my husband's second pastorate—the loveliest, despite the fact that it was attended with many tears. We had known for a long time that the day would finally come, but we had tried to shut it out from our minds. Four of our children had been born in that town, and five of them had attended school there.

Many of our finest friendships had been formed during the fifteen years my husband had been pastor of one of the town's leading churches. Naturally, we regretted to leave. But my husband thought it best for him to resign his pastorate. There seems to be some sort of unwritten law that a church should change leaders now and then. This is one of the things that make people think, without justification, that a minister's wife is to be pitied.

Thanksgiving day came just before we were to depart, and, following a custom formed many years before, we went 20 miles out into the country to eat Thanksgiving dinner with the family of a friend. He and my husband were hunting companions. His children and ours had grown up together. On the week-ends when his boys were not in town with ours, our boys were out in the country with his. A more beautiful family friendship never existed than that one.

We sat down to the table that Thanksgiving day, sixteen of us, counting all the children. There was a huge turkey at one end and a great ham at the other. In between were numerous dishes with other foods, and large plates high with hot biscuits. This man and his wife were poor, but not in food or hospitality, or love or character.

My husband was called upon to ask the blessing, and we bowed our heads. For a long time there was silence, and then he began, but his voice broke, and he could not finish. We raised our heads again, and without a word all the grown people got up and went back into the living-room, leaving the meal untouched. There was too much grief for any of us to want food.

Three days later all of our furniture was packed, and we were ready to leave for a city far away where my husband had accepted a call to another church. The parsonage was thronged with visitors. Meals were brought in by neighbors from near and far. Hundreds of men and women were eager to show their love for us.

This same man with whom we had always eaten our Thanksgiving dinners came to town in his buggy to say good-by. There was much more that he wanted to say, but words failed him. He came up to the porch, stood there looking at us, and said, "I had hoped I would not live to see this day!" Then he left without another word.

Across the street, in a dear neighbor's house, another old friend sat all day looking out of the front window. He did not come over to see us, for he said he could not. And at the railway-station I saw through my tears another sight that has always remained with me. Seated on a curbstone was an old mountaineer with grizzled beard and white hair. His face was in his hands, and he sat like a drooping statue. He said nothing at all, but his presence there and his attitude said much, oh, so much!

The train pulled out, but he did not rise. I can still see him seated there, with wagons and buggies passing him, with people casting wondering glances at him. He and my husband had been friends for many years. He was what the viciously righteous people knew as a "worldly man" because, poor old man, he got drunk now and then.

Once a storm had centered about my husband's friendship for him, for two of the deacons in our church said a minister should not associate with such a man. One of the censorious deacons had systematically foreclosed mortgages on the old mountaineer. Each year he bought his mules from this deacon, and always his debts fell a little short of being paid. The deacon then took the mules back, and the mountaineer got drunk. But my husband, be it said to his eternal glory, stood stanchly by his rugged old friend, and fought down the hard-hearted deacons in every combat.

SO WE left that town with two deacons and perhaps twenty church-members glad of our departure. But we took with us the lasting love of hundreds. This was nearly thirty years ago, but to this day there are dozens of homes there into which we are eagerly welcomed. One of the church-members has sent us a Christmas present every year, and scores of them have written to us more or less regularly, and always when there was some special occasion.

I wonder if such an experience could come to any woman except the wife of a minister?

THE PROFANING OF GRANNY RUN

Continued from Page 23

after all, Cotton. The way I got it figured we ought to make lots more money with his hand ferry-boat than we did with the *Willow Princess*. On a steam-ferry you got to buy coal and oil, but with a hand-ferry you ain't got none of them expenses. All you got is profit. Why, when you stop to thinkin' about it, seems like a man's kind of a fool to run a ferry any other way. In fact you might say a ferry that ain't run by hand ain't a ferry at all.

"Look at this here Aaron or Sharon, or whatever his name was, run a ferry to take them dead Italians to hell. I read about him in a book somewhere. Yep, and seen the pictures too. There wasn't no steam-engine on his ferry, I can tell you. Yes, sir. Stands to reason if we made money with the other ferry we can make twice as much with this. Then the first thing I get a little saved up I'll find some way of buyin' that piano from Turkey. Or maybe seein' how I tried twice and just made things worse, maybe I'll kind of give Fate a chance and see if she'll try to get it for me. I ain't quite decided. Then when I get it I'll marry Miss Ula."

The removal from the *Willow Princess* to the nameless float which was to serve the two men in its stead took place the following morning. Their lives continued much as before—a load of corn or potatoes; three grumbling pigs or a tempestuous colt; and twice each day Turkey, swollen with pride since his last victory, rattling over the trestle and shouting out some laborious, boorish sally reminiscent of his triumph, while Captain Miracle looked on with stoic, almost imperceptible stiffenings of his mustache, and Cotton muttered plans of vengeance.

Summer was soon upon them, a Summer hot, blistering, which shriveled the blades of grass and sucked the sap from the powdery trees. With each passing week the heat intensified.

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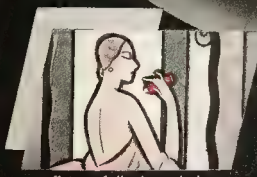
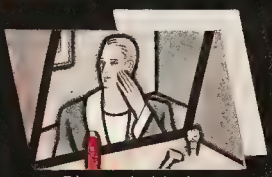
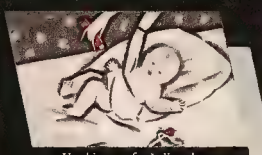


Keeps you feeling immaculately fresh — prevents the discomforts of perspiration. Indispensable to well-groomed comfort.



Takes away that irritated taut feeling after a shave . . . leaves your face *feeling* as soft and smooth as it looks.

Comforting to hot, sunburned skin. This fine, feathery talcum eliminates that feeling of stickiness after the swim.



Use this super-fine Italian talcum with perfect safety in the nursery. Antiseptic—deodorant. Prevents chafing.

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Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's "VOICE OF BEAUTY"—over National Broadcasting Chain, Associated Stations May 16, 30, June 13, 27, July 11, 25, August 8, 22; and every second Thursday thereafter, at 11:30 A. M., Eastern Standard Time. Hear first-hand, the advice of a great beauty specialist on the scientific home care of your beauty. Consult local radio columns for future programs.

HOW MODERNS FACE THE SUN

Years ago, when many people thought sunburn synonymous with health, Helena Rubinstein, knowing its ageing effect on the skin, was working tirelessly to perfect her unique and now famous *sunproofing creations*—the "magic veil." Today red unsightly sunburn is frowned on as a mark of negligence. The sunproofing creams and lotions of Helena Rubinstein are now indispensable to correct grooming.

Before you venture forth into the sun, safeguard your skin with Valaze Sunproof Cream. This remarkable preparation makes the skin immune to sunburn and freckles. An excellent powder base too! 1.00, 2.00.

If you would be chic as well as practical, use Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation—a most alluring beach tan, both sunproof and waterproof, and as lasting as you wish it to be (2.50). In tubes, (1.50). It's simply fascinating with Valaze Gypsy Tan Powder or the rosier French Ochre (1.00, 1.50, 3.00) and Red Geranium Rouge and Lipstick 1.00.

Then to keep your skin fresh, immaculate—to make it grow lovelier instead of older, be faithful to

THE THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

Step 1—Cleanse, mold and refresh with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—it soothes, revitalizes and protects all skins. The only cream cleanser in existence beneficial to oily disturbed skins. 1.00, 2.00

Step 2—Clear—Animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Purifies, refines, bleaches. Unexcelled for correcting freckles, tan and sallowness. 1.00. For stubborn tan and freckles, use Valaze Freckle Cream 1.50

Step 3—Tone and brace Tissues with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion. It irons away lines, closes the pores, keeps the contours youthful. For very dry skin, use Skin-toning Lotion Special. 1.25

These three preparations (The Three Steps to Beauty, 3.25) constitute a most remarkable beauty value. Within two weeks this simple treatment will effect an amazing improvement in your skin.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World Famed Beauty Specialist

Correct and Prevent Squint Lines—Crows'-feet—Wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Antiseboros)—a rich nourishing unguent. Marvelous for hands and throats. 1.75, 3.50

For Individual Beauty Advice—write to Helena Rubinstein describing your skin and hair and she will prepare for you a special treatment regimen. Visit the salons for personal diagnosis and the ultimate in scientific treatments.

Correct Oily Skin—Blackheads—Large Pores—Shiny Nose—Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Dissolves blackheads, dirt and impurities—rightens the pores. Normalizes oily skin. Use instead of soap. 1.00

Valaze Liquidine—instantly removes oiliness and "shine" and imparts a most becoming finish. Indispensable to perfect grooming. 1.50

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Continued from Page 66

One particularly stifling morning, Cotton was watching the train jangle on its preposterous way to Beaver Slough when he saw a spark rise from the wobegone stack and drop upon the grass, a single spark, no longer a constellation, for even the dull-witted Turkey sensed the danger of his promiscuous displays in such weather, and the sparks which flittered out as he thrust new logs into the fire-box for the grade on the other side of the trestle were now the result of faulty combustion, not deliberation.

As Cotton watched, a tiny thread of smoke began to curl up from the ground where the spark had descended. The curling ceased almost as quickly as it had begun; but in its brief life it had warmed hope into Cotton's being, and each day following, when the train passed, he watched it with the attentiveness of a mother following a newly walking child.

He had been keeping his vigil perhaps a fortnight when on the morning trip of the locomotive he again saw a spark fly out, followed a short time after by a thin, smoky ribbon winding up from the trees near the trestle. His tobacco-stained lips wreathed in a sardonic smile. This smoky trace, like the other, soon vanished, but at dusk, under the spur of a hot evening wind, it rose to renewed and vigorous life. Soon tiny scarlet diamonds were dancing up the branches of a dead elm-tree.

Captain Miracle saw the flame as he came on board with a catfish he had been occupied in catching for their supper. "By gosh, Cotton!" he exclaimed. "Look there. Them trees is afire, ain't they?"

The mate had sighted a belated bee and captured it carefully. "Sure looks like it, Captain."

"Guess we better go and put 'em out, hadn't we? They'll catch the whole woods in a minute and burn up the trestle before you could say Jack Robinson."

Impassively Cotton let the bee sting the tip of one of his skinny fingers to remove a wart. "I don't see no call for you to do it. Looks to me like it'd be interferin'."

Captain Miracle stared at him in bewilderment. "You goin' crazy, just 'cause that bee's doctorin' you, Cotton? What you mean—interferin'? You can't just stand by and let that trestle burn down before your eyes, can you?"

"I can. 'Cause if that trestle burned down the Granny Run Line'd go bankrupt. You didn't set them woods on fire, did you? Course you didn't. And there ain't no chance of its spreadin' out the woods 'cause there's just the swamp and Ruby Pearl's meadow that's all out on the other side of it. Supposin' the railroad goes bankrupt. Then what happens? Turkey ain't so rich no more, and maybe he'll stop his boastin' a little. And, besides, maybe he'll have to get money or somethin' and have to sell some of his things—includin' his piano. Or maybe the sheriff'll come in and sell it at auction. Either way you can get it for a couple of dollars. Looks to me plain this is Fate puttin' in her hand to help you, the way you was askin'. You ain't goin' to go interferin' with Fate, are you?"

THE captain gazed dubiously at the crimsoned elm. "It don't seem right to let it burn, even if it is Turkey. It don't seem right. You think for sure they might put that piano up for auction?"

"It's the law, ain't it? They always sells a fellow's things when he goes bankrupt."

"Well, it don't seem right. But then, as you says, it does mighty look as if this is Fate puttin' in her hand. And it ain't for a no-'count riverman like me to go interferin' with Fate."

He drew out a knife and began a nervous cleaning of his catch. The flame leaped from the elm to a moody cottonwood; in an hour both banks of the creek mouth were launching brissy rainbows into the sky.

A screeching whistle sounded down the track; through the thin fringe of woods the two rivermen saw the locomotive come rattling down the hill. A grinding of brakes followed as it came to a shocked halt; voices began a frightened, noisy argument. The voices moved forward into the woods; returned swiftly. A moment later Turkey burst through the underbrush and darted onto the ferry. The pendulous folds of his face shook greasily; his two gold teeth were chattering brightly. "How much you take to row me up the creek to the trestle?" he demanded. His breath came in whistling, asthmatic gasps.

CAPTAIN MIRACLE regarded him astonily, then took out his now rusty pea-shooter and began tranquilly firing at a toad hopping over the clay. "I don't want nothin', Turkey. I ain't got no call to go up the creek. Creek's bad enough other times, let alone when the woods are all afire the way they is. Why you want to get up her?"

"I got to get up her. Fire's getting closer and closer to the trestle every minute. She's all right on the Beaver Slough side. Trees on that side is all chopped down. But unless we clear 'em away on the Granny Run side before they catch, she's done for. There's some cans of oil too in that little tool-house by her." He wiped his face desperately. "Lord a'mighty, Captain, don't make me lose time here argufin'. You know what it'd do to the Granny Run Line if that trestle burned down. Row me up in your boat."

Captain Miracle made a triumphant gesture with the pea-shooter. "Four out of five that time, Cotton," he exulted. "This new 97 reducer don't seem to be affectin' my aim the way the Iroquois did." He turned to the visitor again. "I tell you, Turkey, I ain't got no call to go up the creek. Them rapids and burnin' logs fallin'. It's a mighty dangerous job. Ain't nothin' less than riskin' my life. And for riskin' my life I want a big price. A mighty big price."

"What's your price? I'll pay it."

"Even if it was—your grand piano?"

"That your price?" Turkey's monstrous abdomen heaved hysterically.

"Yep."

"Get your oars then."

The captain stepped onto the boat. "You're a witness, Cotton," he murmured. He took a post at the stern, Cotton at the prow. The craft moved up the river a few hundred feet, turned sharply, and was in the flaming creek.

Silently, laboriously they drove up the stiff current; the heat became terrific. A cloud of smoke swept out from the incandescent trees; biting flames licked their throats and stung their watering eyes. They dipped their handkerchiefs into the stream; thrust the cool, soothing cloth against their faces. A new pitchy surge swooped down upon them, blowing out the shores, and pressing down upon their lungs like great rolls of flaming, acid-soaked cotton.

The pall did not lift. Turkey's fingers, which had been clutching his handkerchief, began to open slowly and dropped against the gunwale; his head sank listlessly upon his shoulders. Sleepily Captain Miracle saw Cotton likewise crumple onto his seat; automatically he caught up his comrade's useless oars and pulled them inside to prevent their being washed away. His brain began to swim greenly, his brain to whirl in wide spirals which twisted to a point and burst into a thousand flashing cones of light. Still he did not cease his rowing.

The smoke lessened slightly; his aching nostrils greedily sucked the cleaner air. Dimly he saw a dilapidated wooden skeleton towering up before him; vaguely he realized this was the trestle, his goal. Here the woods were still black, cool, untouched by the onrushing flames. Speeding the boat to the bank, he dipped his head into the water; splashed the liquid on the faces of his two stony companions.

Turkey muttered and sat up stupidly; Cotton dreamily rubbed his eyes. They stumbled ashore. Turkey began carrying cans of oil from the tool-house at the foot of the trestle pier and submerging them in the creek; Cotton and the captain served two of the axes the shed contained and commenced felling the reedy trees springing up from the undergrowth.

Slowly, crimson inch by crimson inch, with energies dissipated by a failing wind, the fire crept toward them. But when its sooty outbursts were once more drying the beads of sweat on their faces, their work was done. Lying in the water with handkerchiefs again over mouths

Continued on Page 70

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Artist · · Actress · · Dancer · · Author · · Sculptor · · Aviator

Brilliant Women with brilliant Hands

. . . keep them always exquisite with this flattering Cutex Liquid Polish

Billie Burke is the darling of the theater going public. At a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country house, she is just the golden-haired merry young woman who married Florenz Ziegfeld. Billie Burke's exquisite hands are equally lovely in repose or graceful gesture. "I love the stage," she charmingly says, "but I also love simple country things—gardens, woods, tramps—dogs! What terrible things they do to one's hands!

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and gives them such a flattering sparkle.

"In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations—the Cuticle Cream—and the Cuticle Remover."

Like Billie Burke, smart women everywhere do these three simple things to keep their finger nails shapely and shining:

First—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around cuticle and under tips to keep the cuticle soft.

Lady Heath, the famous flyer shown at the left, is renowned for her beauty and great daring. As she takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find it difficult to care for her hands.

Lady Heath said: "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it. Once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish. I'm quite devoted to it. It gives a dashing gleam that is very flattering."

Pavlowa is most insistent that every detail of her every rôle and costume be as perfect as is humanly possible. Of her wonderfully graceful hands she takes the most exquisite care. "It helps give my hands sparkle and vivacity," Pavlowa, herself, says of Cutex Liquid Polish:

"I always use it to 'make up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining, looking truly 'soigne'. All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

Helen Dryden, smart New York illustrator, whose interesting photograph appears at the right, works day in and day out with pencils, oils, and crayons. Is there anything that could make one's nails more grubby and work-stained?

"Before I used the new Cutex Liquid Polish," explained Miss Dryden, "my nails were always in need of a manicure. It was such a problem. Now it's amazing how quickly I can make my hands respectable. Just a thorough washing and the nails come out smart and shining.

"The Polish protects against stains and it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands. It adds character and chic!"

Clare Sheridan—sculptor, diarist, society woman—shown at the right in the native costume of Algiers. In her active interesting life Clare Sheridan's hands are constantly busy.

"I often have to use my hands for a long time intensively, without a thought of how my materials will affect their appearance," she says. "My nails become fearfully stained and grubby.

"I should certainly have the hands of a menial worker but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stains and dirt, and the smart brilliance lasts miraculously."

Anita Loos, the delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says, "I cannot talk without making motions—so, of course, everyone notices my hands and I don't dare neglect them.

"The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery.

"A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips. I never let a week go by without using the Cuticle Remover and Cream."

• • •

Ask to see the new Cutex Polish that smart women everywhere are finding so indispensable.

Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Introductory Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal Canada.)

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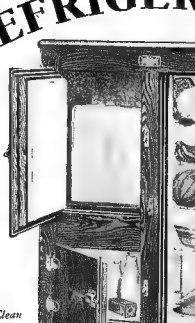

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BY being the first to apply the modern progressive-system to the manufacture of refrigerators, Leonard has established remarkable new values.

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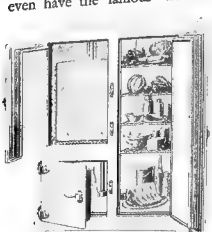

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LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

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Continued from Page 68

and noses, they watched the flames lick at the edges of their protective circle, remain there a moment in a feverish dance, then wind off up the creek.

The three men rose and climbed into the boat. Down the hot stream they drifted, between great rows of trees now blackening into charcoal. They turned into the river and reached the ferry.

Turkey looked off toward the field where the locomotive stood waiting. He stretched his cramped limbs in satisfaction, grunted a good night, and took a step toward the shore.

Captain Miracle's arm checked him. "Just a minute," he said. His mustache was hardening. "When do I get my piano?"

TURKEY polished his gold teeth with the end of his tie. "Oh, pretty soon, pretty soon," he mumbled evasively. "When I can get her ready. May be six months or so before I can spare her. Fact is, Fulltight, I could wait till I died before I give it to you. There wasn't nothin' about time in that there contract, was there, Cotton?"

The points of the mustache became barbs; the straw-mark shoe with a cold, sinister light. "Listen to me, Turkey." The captain's voice was soft, placid as a moccasin-pool in Summer. "Just you listen to me before you decide about that contract. I lost the *Lady Daisy* to get that piano. I lost the *Willow Princess* and I lost my house to get it. And to-night I risked my life.

"I'm an easy-goin' man, Turkey. I ain't never killed nobody. Nobody in my family ain't ever killed nobody. But I can learn things quick. Learn 'em in less time than it'd take you to get up to your train maybe. So don't get me into the humor of even thinkin' about killin'. You didn't say nothin' about time in that contract. But I know what you meant and you know you meant. You're goin' to take me on your train to Granny Run and get me that piano to-night." He stooped and made the boat fast to a tree-root.

Turkey surveyed him appraisingly. "Oh, I was only jokin'," he grunted.

The train reached Granny Run. The piano was set on the shakily protesting wagon of Benjy Bell, the village expressman, and carried to the barren cottage the two friends had rented on the outskirts of Granny Run. Until after dawn the captain sat before it, his wistful eyes caressing each ornament on its garish surface, each piece of imitation ivory forming its flashy keyboard. Regretfully at six o'clock he arose to go to the ferry; with the setting of the sun he eagerly returned.

"Ain't she beautiful, Cotton?" he demanded as he set a lamp on a table near the instrument. "Just can't keep my eyes off her somehow. Look at them keys. Shines like the creek the night that snow fell and covered her over and we went up in huntin', remember? And that varnish on her. Smooth as the skin of a goat, ain't it? Pretty near as thick too. Never seen varnish thick as that before. And I ain't never seen mother-of-pearl inlay'd round that pearl lighthouse like these here, neither. You can talk all you want about diamonds and emeralds and things, but I tell you when mother-of-pearl's done right it's about the prettiest thing there is."

He took out a square of silk purchased that day and with it delicately lifted a few dust particles marring the top. "I went through a lot gettin' her away from that show-off didn't appreciate her. But she's worth it. Yes, and more too. Tell me, now, is she or ain't she?"

"She sure is, Captain." Cotton strode over and gazed at the acquisition in unshaven admiration. "Could I try her a little? I used to play 'The Hog-eyed Man' with two fingers."

The captain's gaze was shocked. "You don't know what you're askin', Cotton. That piano ain't for people like you and me to play on. Only them long-haired fellows and people like Ida can play her. Experts. For you and me it's to be looked at. And seems to me that's aplenty."

"You're goin' to let Miss Ula play her, ain't you?"

"Course I am. She's a music-teacher, ain't she? If a music-teacher don't know somethin' about pianos, who does? She's comin' up to-night to try it. I'm goin' down to fetch her in a few minutes."

Cotton examined his finger, still swollen from the sting of the medicinal bee. "Guess you're goin' to ask Miss Ula to marry you now, ain't you?"

"Yep. Goin' to do it to-night. I told you my luck'd change when I got the piano. You seen me talkin' to Orn Rivers on the ferry this mornin'?"

"Um-huh."

"Well, Orn's been thinkin' now for a couple of months of startin' a new steamboat line to run to Beaver Slough to take the place of the *Lady Daisy*, and this mornin' he said definite he's decided to do it. Said if I'd go on with him as pilot he'd get a boat better than the *Lady Daisy* and give me some stock. He was kind of mentioning it to me a few weeks back, but I said no. I was afraid I'd wreck his boat or somethin'. But now I know my luck's changed, I said yes. You and me's goin' the first of the month."

"Mighty fine news, Captain. But I sure wish you'd change your mind about askin' Miss Ula. A woman like her ought to marry a preacher."

"Well, I'm goin' to ask her." He put on his hat and hurried down the hill returning with the flinty-garbed Miss Ula clinging virginally to his arm. Tenderly he spoke to her of his plans as they climbed the path under the hot stars, demurely, shyly she replied. They reached the house. She ordered the two prim dogs accompanying her to lie down in a corner, and placed a daintily tied box on the table.

"I brought you some of them cream puffs and ladyfingers," she whispered. "I just baked a batch of 'em for the social Saturday and I thought you might like a few. Somebody was tellin' me the other day Parson Robbins was sayin' eatin' sweets is a sin, same as stealin'. But he ain't said it in church, and till he does I'm goin' to keep on makin' my cakes. Do you like cream puffs, Captain?"

"Sure, sure, Miss Ula. If you don't mind, I'll get to work on one of 'em right now." He extracted a fluffy confection from the box and bit into it delightedly. "That's a powerful fine puff, Miss Ula. Best cream puff I ever ate. Them puffs at that Greek restaurant down at Pine City ain't no better. Ever put them up at the country fair?"

"You're a flatterin' me, Captain."

"They'd sure win a prize. They sure would." He caressed one of the dogs which had come sniffing toward him and let it lick his creamy hand. "Them's mighty fine-lookin' ladyfingers too." He regarded them interestedly a moment. His mustache began to curl gently; a tender smile curved his furrowed lips. He held the thin cake out to her. "You think I could get a ring for that ladyfinger?" he asked softly.

A blush vividly burned Miss Ula's ivory face. With a violence which caused her metallic dress to crackle alarmingly, she turned to one of the dogs whose nose was nearing the box on the table. "Jessie! Get away from there! Mercy sakes!" The blush faded; her startled eyes became limpid. "I guess you could get a ring, Captain. Rings—comes all—sizes. Why—you askin'?"

He did not reply. An embarrassed silence fell upon them, a silence ended when he moved to the piano and asked her to play.

SHE took a seat on the ornate stool. "I'll play you my favorite piece," she murmured. "Mama used to play it all the time when I was a little girl. I ain't played it for a long time. It's the most beautiful thing I ever heard. Whenever mama used to play it I'd start cryin'. It's a German piece."

"Them Germans knows lots about music, don't they? There was a little German band come to Pine City once. I followed it all afternoon. And it sure was wonderful. They said it was comin' back. But it never did."

Miss Ula tucked her dress about her feet and began to play.

Captain Miracle's blue eyes were wet when she ended. "I ain't a little girl, but I'm cryin'," he said simply.

Miss Ula pressed a pale-hued hand-

Continued on Page 82

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Without smooth skin no girl can be really fascinating," *say*

39 *leading Hollywood Directors*

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, *famous Paramount star, says: "Keeping the skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition."*

Clara Bow

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

NO MATTER where you see it—on the street, at dinner, on the screen—your heart beats a little faster in response to a faultlessly lovely skin.

"The most important thing in making a girl lovely is an exquisite smooth skin," says Clarence Badger, director for Paramount—and sums up what leading movie directors in Hollywood have learned from their experience with the pictures.

"Because beautiful skin charms so, it is a first essential in screen stardom," Badger continues. "Velvety skin is the treasured possession of every screen star."

As Clara Bow says, "A beautifully smooth skin means even more to a screen star than to other women."

In Hollywood, stars and directors alike know that the great screen test is the close-up. Under the terrific glare of the lights, any tiniest defect in the skin would be registered on the highly sensitized film.

For this reason a star's skin must always be exquisite—if she is really to stir the hearts of her public. That is why *9 out of 10 screen stars depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely and smooth.*

Under the glare of the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights, a star's skin must show exquisitely smooth when a close-up is being taken.

OF THE 451 IMPORTANT ACTRESSES in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 keep their skin freshly smooth and immaculate with Lux Toilet Soap. Little wonder, then, that all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

The next time you see Clara Bow or Betty Bronson in a close-up, notice how beautifully smooth this fragrant white soap keeps her skin.

If you're not already an enthusiast about Lux Toilet Soap, do try it—this very day.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . now 10¢

Photo by Strecher, Hollywood

BETTY BRONSON, Warner Brothers' star, uses Lux Toilet Soap in her bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "A star *must* have smooth skin, and I find the lovely soap wonderful for my skin!"

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Such Fleecy Softness

Never before have women enjoyed this comfort in sanitary protection

A new process makes the Cellucotton filler softer, gentler, more comfortable than ever before.

NOTHING could be softer, more gratefully comforting than the new Kotex, which is fashioned of an incomparably fleecy substance known as Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Its soothing folds have been perfected by special process so that, today, nothing can compare with it.

That is only one of the reasons women appreciate Kotex as they do. Absorbency is another. It actually takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture . . . 5 times more than cotton. And Kotex laboratories continually find new ways in which to perfect comfort details.

A new, ingenious cut

Because corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered, it fits so as to give no evidence of sanitary protection . . . fits with greater comfort, too. It is disposable, as you know, just like tissue (reason enough for women to prefer Kotex.) Layers of the filler are adjustable. They can be changed to suit your needs. And the gauze covering is rendered softer, more comfortable, by a special process.

Now—deodorizes, shaped to fit

An important discovery in Kotex Laboratories! Kotex is scientifically treated to deodorize completely and safely. This process has been patented* and is to be found in no other sanitary pad.

Super-size Kotex

Many women prefer Super-size Kotex, which is exactly the same as the Regular Kotex but contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Formerly 90c, it has now been reduced to 65c.

You should know the soft, grateful comfort of the new Kotex. Nothing could recommend Kotex more highly than the widespread use of its fleecy filler by the medical world. Remember this. It is important! Buy a box today—at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45 cents for twelve. Sold, too, in vending cabinets of rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

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can come only with Cellucotton
—the cool, fluffy absorbent

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitute can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

*Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW DESIGNS

The Summer Vogue for Cottons

COTTONS have recently been created in such attractive colors and prints that they have become quite irresistible and are now accepted as the most appropriate mediums for truly smart sports and informal daytime costumes. The sleeveless, backless tennis frock of cotton or linen was held in such high esteem at the Winter resorts that those fabrics are gaining a prestige which is placing them in the foremost ranks of Summer fashions. They are seen in many informal daytime collections in the form of ensembles the frock of a plain color with an accompanying printed linen jacket or a printed frock with plain jacket.

Embroidered and printed piqué, linen and gingham in prints, polka dots, plaids or checks — in white and pastel colors are all definitely recognized this season. Checks have been so strongly endorsed by women of fashion that they hold an undisputed position in the mode for Summer. They are seen in abundance wherever smart women gather—in an amazingly great variety of designs and colors.

Although the most popular forms of the cotton prints are the ginghams and piques that are illustrated by the sports frocks on this page, voiles are also modish and appear in such delightful models as Numbers 4845 and 4856. These frocks illustrate tendency toward the higher waist.

4831 4816 4827 Applique 12959

4850

4845

4855

4856

4831—Printed linen or piqué would be smart for this cleverly tailored sports frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch printed material ⅜ yard 36-inch plain lavender for neckband Width about 1⅛ yard at lower edge.

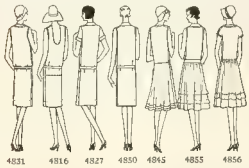
4850—This sports frock is very trim with its rolled collar and also when made with the sun-tan U shaped back. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch print ⅞ yard 36-inch red for collar. Width about 1⅛ yard. Sleeveless.

4845—Smartly youthful is this short-waisted frock with the bow-trimmed bodice whose fronts cross below the V neck. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch print—⅝ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 3 yards at lower edge.

4816—The new cottons and linens as well as the rough silks, such as shantung and tussur, are suitable to this slenderizing model. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch orange material. Width about 1¾ yard at bottom.

4827—A smart bolero effect is achieved by the crossed upper-fronts. Appliqué 12959, blue or yellow, trims the collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32 inch plaid ⅞ yard 32-inch yellow. Width is about 1⅛ yard.

4855—The tucked circular skirt is gathered to a snug-fitting bodice which is smartly buttoned down the front. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch checked material —½ yard 32-inch plain. Width about 1¾ yard.



4831 4816 4827 4850 4845 4855 4856

4856—Feminine charm is exemplified by this printed voile frock whose full skirt is shirred to the bodice at the newly chic high waistline. A smartly curved tuck trims the skirt. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch printed material. Width about 2⅛ yards.

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EXPRESSIONS OF THE MODE FOR DAYTIME

4858—One of the new chic coats made of a solid colored, thin material, that can be worn with either a matching frock or most any print. The fringed collar is attractive. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch green material.

4780—A rather wide circular skirt is caught in at the hips by a sumptuous sash that swathes the hipline and ties in a bow at the left side. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch printed material. Width is about 3 yards.

Coat 4858
Frock 4780

4824 4848 4859

4847
Monogram 579

4846

4852

4824—The cape collar is caught at the side by a perky bow. This idea is repeated to the top of the low-placed circular skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print. Width 3¼ yards.

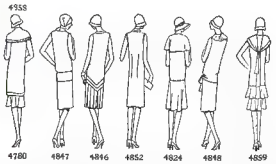
4848—A simple surplice effect is made attractive by a printed frilling. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch blue silk material—1 yard 39-inch printed material to trim. Width about 1¾ yard.

4859—Two low-placed flounces are attached to the long, fitted waist, in a curved line. The cape collar is cleverly cut. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch orange material. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4847—Godets give the skirt added fulness. Monogram 579, 2⅝ inches, trims the waist. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch beige material for the blouse—1⅛ yard 39-inch brown. Width 2 yards.

4846—Two applied bands follow the line in which the pleated skirt is attached to the waist. Fitted sleeves and V neck are chic. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width 2⅜ yards.

4852—This sleeveless frock effects a slight Princess line. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch plaid material — ⅜ yard 39-inch white for collar—3¾ yards red for binding. Width 1⅜ yard.



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FRILLS VARY THE FORMAL SILHOUETTE

It is smart to be feminine this Summer. Youthful America goes her slim way in ruffles, flounces and godets, in fact every manner of frill and furbelow. Lace and chiffon vie for honors in the formal mode, while prints, checks and plaids lead for sports.

4843—This smart model meets the sleeveless question half way, by adding a flattering, circular cut collar to the blouse of the side-pleated skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width of frock about 1⅝ yard.

4771 4838 4740 4843

4784 4840 4783

4771—The flared peplum is definitely new. The long slim blouse is slurred at the waist. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch plain. Width is about 3⅜ yards.

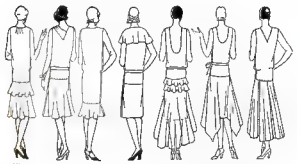
4838—This flared frock has a novel neck. The printed scarf ties on the shoulder. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch blue material—⅝ yard 39-inch print. Width about 2⅜ yards.

4740—A rippling jabot cascades at the side, joining the circular skirt flounce at the waist. The inevitable bow ties at the hip. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width 1¼ yard.

4784—Printed chiffon makes this dinner gown with its modish down-in-back lines. Two rows of circular ruffles form a molded hip effect. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width 3¼ yards.

4840—The striking simplicity of line and the gracefully cut skirt are very well adapted to rich new fabrics. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4⅛ yards.

4783—Brown lace contrives to accentuate the slim silhouette by the long floating panels and molded hipline, shirred at one side. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.



4771 4838 4740 4843 4784 4840 4783

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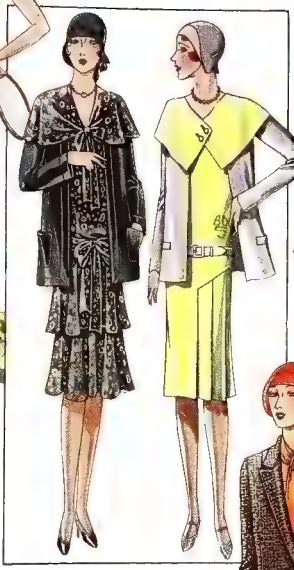
PRACTICAL AND YOUTHFUL FASHIONS FOR SUMMER

4662
Monogram 545

4850

4662—A new tennis frock, simulating a two-piece effect, with interesting yoke treatment, Monogram 545, 3 inches, trimming the tie-bows. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch green—1¾ yard 36-inch white. Width of frock is about 1¼ yard.

4850—Another version of the sleeveless mode. The blouse is collared and the laced front adds a note of interest. The skirt is pleated in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch polka-dot material—⅝ yard 36-inch plain. Width 1⅝ yard.



Jacket 4781
Frock 4860

Jacket 4712
Frock 4844
Monogram 554

4781—The jacket of this afternoon ensemble is fashioned from silk crêpe. It is finished with appliquéd bandings of self-material, and can be made with or without sleeves. Also smart in prints. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

4860—This formal afternoon frock of printed chiffon is divinely feminine, with its deep bertha collar. The skirt has two circular tiers and is tightly swathed over the hips. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch print. Width 1¼ yard.

4712—Smart women are wearing contrasting jackets over little sleeveless frocks. This chic cardigan may be made with or without a scarf, as you prefer. Very good in heavy silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material.

4844—This tailored frock shows the effective new fashion of the deep tailored collar worn outside the jacket. Mon. 554, 4 inches, trims blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch chartreuse material. Width is about 1¼ yard.

4831

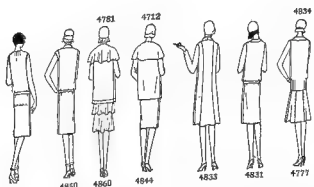
Blouse 4834
Skirt 4777

4833

4833—A well designed tweed coat is an indispensable part of every woman's wardrobe. This single-breasted model is cut slightly flared, with deep peaked lapels and patch pockets. Slightly form fitting. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material.

4831—Checks adopt smart simplicity and so go hand in hand with fashion. This belted frock is box-pleated, with band-trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch check material—¾ yard 36-inch plain. Width of skirt about 1⅝ yard.

4834 — Blouse. 4777 — Skirt. Blouse designed for sizes 14 to 42 Skirt designed for sizes 14 to 36. Width about 2 yards. Size 36 blouse and 30 skirt require 3¼ yards 39-inch blue material—⅞ yard 39-inch light blue to trim the blouse. Skirt is very smartly gored.



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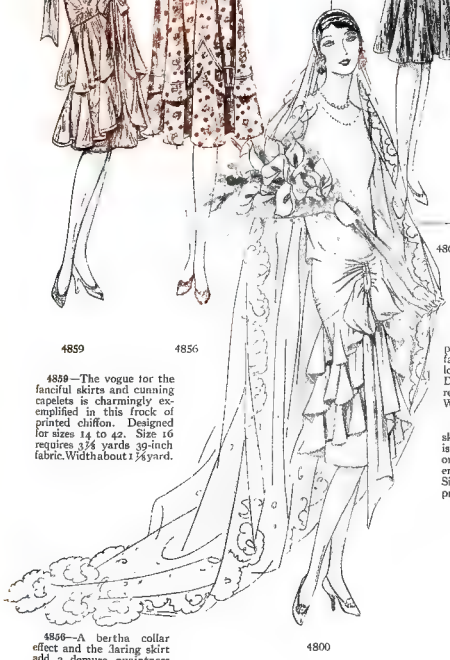
PARIS DESIGNERS ACCEPT BERTHAS AND RUFFLES

4846 Jacket 4858 Frock 4726

4860 4832

4859 4856

4859—The vogue for the fanciful skirts and cunning capelets is charmingly exemplified in this frock of printed chiffon. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1⅞ yard.



4856—A bertha collar effect and the flaring skirt add a demure quaintness to this sleeveless daytime frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch print. Width about 2⅛ yards.

4800

4800 -A slimness of line and sophistication of detail emphasize the fashion-newness of this model. The long waist fits over the hips snugly. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch fabric. Width at bottom about 1¼ yard.

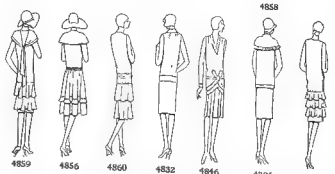
4860—Two circular tiers form the skirt of this frock. The neck is finished with revers of contrasting color, while a crushed belt ties with ends. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch print -⅛ yard plain. Width 1¼ yard.

4832—Dressmaker lines with a flared skirt characterize this coat-dress. The coat effect is poised over a white silk under-section, featuring two jabots. Designed for sizes 16 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch black fabric —1¾ yard 39-inch. Width 1¾ yard.

4846—A sheathed silhouette achieves distinction thru the appliquéd bandings on this trimly tailored frock, with a long, slim waist and pleated skirt effect. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width at bottom about 2⅜ yards.

4858—Perfect chic is reflected in the harmony of detail of this Summer daytime ensemble. The black silk cardigan is finger-tip in length and boasts a deep capelet finished with fine pleating. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch colored fabric.

4726—Printed silk travels smartly under the black silk cardigan. Diagonal lines give an interesting style detail and form the vestee effect. The skirt is pleated. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch print—¼ yard plain. Width 2 yards.



4858

4859 4856 4860 4832 4846 4726 4800

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The Mode Is Modified for the Younger Miss

4823 4830 4830 4851

4823—The two-piece frock buttons at the waist. Designed for sizes 2 to 10. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch material for coat—2 yards 36-inch print for frock.

4830—An attractive and comfortable little model. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch printed material—⅜ yard 36-inch plain for trimming.

4830—The tiny skirt buttons at the waist. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed material for frock—⅛ yard 36-inch plain for the trimming.

4851—This tiny jacket ensemble has a skirt that buttons to the waist. Designed for sizes 2 to 7. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch check ⅞ yard 36-inch plain material.

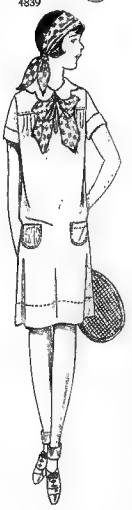
4839 4789 4836

4839—Two dainty flounces form the skirt of this smart little party frock. Designed for sizes 2 to 8. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch print. 5 yards binding to trim.

4789—The full skirt is topped off by a wide girdle that ties A bow at the neck is smart. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 13 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch polka dot.

4836—A yoke extends down the front of the frock. Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch checked material—⅜ yard 36-inch plain to trim.

4837—The circular flounce attached to the girdle is in keeping with the collar. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch printed material.



4835
Monogram 686

4839 4789 4836

4835 4705 4793

4835—A chic tennis frock. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material—¼ yard ribbon. Monogram 686, 3 inches, is chic.

4705—A dainty party frock. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Embroidery 13121, colored transfer, is new.

4705
Embroidery 13121

4793 4808

4823 4830

4808 4851 4837

4793—The circular cape collar is longer in back and caught by a tab in front. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material.

4808—Two circular flounces go to make up the skirt. The cape collar is young. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material.

4837

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Ensemble Styles Add to the Juvenile Mode

4842 4769 4684

4842—A new romper model with square neck, opening at the side-front, bound with scallops. Designed for sizes 1 to 3. Size 2 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch fabric.

4849—Sleeveless. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch print—⅝ yard 36-inch plain fabric.

4769—Smocking decorates this tiny frock with a square yoke and Peter Pan collar. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 3 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric—⅜ yard 32-inch plain.

4668—Embroidery 12820 adds to this youthful ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material—1¾ yard 36-inch plain fabric.

4684 A party frock for the tiny miss affects a circular flounce and diagonal neck, with bows on the waist. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch print.

4567—Embroidery 13044 trims the panel and collar of this dainty frock. Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch check—⅜ yard 36-inch to trim.

4394—Monogram 546, 2½ inches high, trims this sleeveless sport frock of piqué or linen. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric.

4655—A straight-line frock with round, frilled collar and detail over opening. Designed for sizes 4 to 10. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch fabric—⅛ yard 32-inch to trim.

4394 Monogram 546

4655 4567 Embroidery 13044

4849

4842 4769 4684

4849 4668 4300

4300—Coat and hat. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. 4403—Frock. Sizes 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch fabric—1⅜ yard 36-inch check material.

3909—A sleeveless frock complements the printed jacket. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 14 requires 2 yards 36-inch print—2¾ yards 36-inch colored.

4668 Embroidery 12820 Coat and Hat 4300 Frock 4403 3909 Jacket 4329 Frock 4685

4394 4655 4567

3909 4329 4839

4839

4329—Woolen jacket. Designed for sizes 6 to 15. 4685—Frock. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 12 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch fabric—2½ yards 36-inch.

4839—A sleeveless frock has a deep bertha and tiered flounces, scalloped. Designed for sizes 2 to 8. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch print.

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Slender Chic for Matrons

L. H. 4854—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material—2 yards frilling. Width of frock about 1¾ yard.

L. H. 4853
Monogram 558

L. H. 4857

L. H. 4853—Sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material—⅛ yard plain. Width 1⅝ yard.

L. H. 4857 Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material—Width 2 yards.

L. H. 4743—Smart with collar. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material.

L. H. 4736—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material. Width 1¾ yard.

L. H. 4854

Jacket
L. H. 4743
Frock
L. H. 4736
Mon. 686, 3 inches

L. H. 4112

L. H. 4669

L. H. 4112—Emphasizing the slim line. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material—3⅛ yards 39-inch lining. Crêpe is chic.

L. H. 4669—Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Width about 2 yards at bottom.

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Costumes for Various Uses

4790—Cretonne and two shades of jersey make this ensemble. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch print for coat—1⅜ yard 54-inch plain for blouse—1⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting to trim.

4775

4760

4775—Smart for beach wear. Designed for sizes 12 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch dotted material to trim.

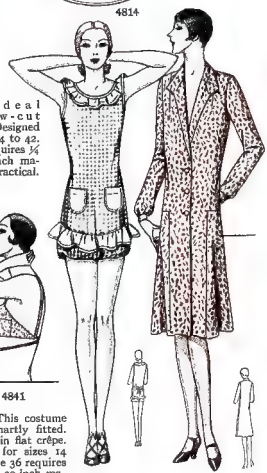
4760—Sporty pajamas. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch print—⅛ yard plain for contrast.

4814—Chic berets and turbans. Designed for sizes 20 to 24. See pattern envelop.

4790

4814

4841—Ideal with low-cut gowns. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires ⅛ yard 36-inch material—practical.



4841

4828—This costume slip is smartly fitted. Practical in flat crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material.

4828

4829—Attractive cotton rompers for dancing or gymnasium wear. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch checked—¾ yard plain.

4829

4861—Circular sections add fulness to this fitted smock, buttoning conveniently in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch print.

4861

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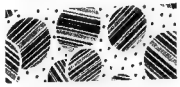

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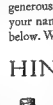

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Continued from Page 70

kerchief against her forehead and sighed exhaustedly. "I'm awfully glad you liked it, Captain." There was a slight note of irritation in her voice; a trace of her usual professional dignity was touching her lips. She hesitated, then went ahead determinedly. "I could have played it lots better, tho. To tell you the truth, it didn't sound near the way it should. This piano ain't got a good tone."

The captain's red eyebrows became scarlet arcs of horror. "What's that you say, Miss Ula?"

"It ain't got a good tone, Captain. I hate to tell you that 'cause I know the piano cost you a lot, but when it comes to pianos that's my profession. And I can't tell lies about my profession."

THE eyebrows grew hopeful. "You mean it needs tunin'? Guess that Italian fellow down at Pine City can fix that quick enough, can't he?"

She straightened the cuff of a ruffled sleeve and shook her head sadly. "I'm afraid tunin' won't help it none. It's the strings and things inside that's wrong." She hesitated. "It's kind of like Turkey. Lots of showin' off outside it and nothin' much underneath." The primness in her face vanished again; she leaned toward him brightly, girlishly. "I'll tell you what I'd do if it was me, Captain. I'd take this piano and sell it and buy an upright You could buy a beautiful second-hand upright for what this'll bring you. If you want me to I'll go with you to Pine City to-morrow and help you pick it out."

Captain Miracle stared at an ant blackly attempting to crawl into the half-eaten cream puff reposing on the arm of his chair. At last it surmounted the exterior and commenced wallowing in the sticky paste. He made no attempt to remove it. "That'd be a lot of trouble, Miss Ula," he pronounced at length. "And a ignorant fellow like me ain't got no right puttin' you to trouble."

The conversation became desultory. Miss Ula made several attempts to revive it, and, finding them unsuccessful, rose to go. Politely, but without enthusiasm, the captain escorted her down the hill to her home; pleasantly, but with an almost imperceptible shade of disappointment in her manner, she bade him good night.

With a sigh of relief he hastened up the hill to find Cotton sitting in a chair by the piano examining his carroty face in a pocket-mirror. The captain took a seat beside him, arose to flick off a cake-crum which had drifted upon the instrument. "Was you listenin' when she said that about the piano?" he demanded.

Cotton nodded. "Can't beat wimmen, can you?"

"You sure can't. Sayin' a piano like this ain't no good. Why, for a minute I thought she was goin' crazy. She may be a music-teacher, but she sure don't know nothin' about music." He took a bottle labeled "97" from a drawer and poured some of the whitish powder it contained into a spoon. "That's often the way, tho, it is with teachers, they says. Don't know nothin' about what they teach. I read that in a almanac that come with one of your stomach-bitters."

"I read that too. You get good results' with some of them bitters. As far as that goes I didn't think the playin' was so much, neither. I'd have liked to hear that fellow plays on the piano in the picture show at Beaver Slough play that piece. He'd have made the hairs jump clear out of your head."

"You're sure right. That fellow down at Beaver Slough is what you call a musician. You don't see him goin' around teachin' it, neither."

Cotton discovered a black strand concealing itself in a snowy lock over his temple. He jerked it out mercilessly. "Did you read in that article in the bitters almanac how there was people could play and not know anythin' about what they was playin'? Kind of automatic like? Like machines? Run a typewriter the same way, or a sewin'-machine or anything."

"Yep, I seen that. Sure fits Miss Ula. Seems to me a person like that's just a little bit crazy."

"Course they're a little bit crazy." The captain licked the spoon. "If a person's crazy like that what's to prevent 'em gettin' up at night and takin' a knife and tryin' to kill you?"

"Ain't nothin' to prevent it far as I can see."

The captain returned the bottle to the drawer. "Did you taste them things she calls cream puffs?"

"I was goin' to. But they looked too tough."

"They are tough. I ate two of 'em and I'm all doubled up. I tell you, Cotton, I'm a lucky fellow not to get hooked by that there woman."

Cotton sucked at his swollen finger. "Course you're lucky. You're the luckiest man in this valley. Besides if you want to get another woman, there ain't nothin' to keep you. There's plenty of women."

"Course there's plenty of women. Lots more women than there is grand pianos. Look at this here State, for instance. Or the whole United States. Ain't there women everywhere you turn? And how many grand pianos? Or take a place like this here China. Why, they tell me there's a woman there for pretty nearly every rice-seed. But I'll bet you'd wear your eye out lookin' for a single grand piano. Yes, sir. I guess if I could get a grand piano I ain't goin' to have no trouble gettin' a woman."

HIS eye lighted upon a moth fluttering through the unscreened doorway. He arose from his chair. "Let's you and me go in the kitchen, Cotton. Ora Rivers give me a sample of a new reducer he got for me down in the drug-store in Pine City. Rub it right into you, like a salve. This 97's all right, but it ain't any too good. The new one's got some fine testimonials. One from a old man has the same name as a old man I used to know down in Perryville. I'd like to sit here a little bit longer, but the bugs and flies is flyin' to the lamp and gettin' the piano all tracked up."

They strode out the room and closed the door behind them. The piano was left in silent glory.

DOT AND CARRY TEN

Continued from Page 25

"You have to think of games here, don't you? I'll bet you can play like a house afire. But I've got a bad ankle. Maybe it's gout. I want to drive around somewhere to-morrow. Do you think, if I brought out my car in the morning, you could find time to show me Flag Rock? We could take lunch and be back by——"

"I never motor to Flag Rock," said she.

"Don't you?" Like one receiving a new idea. "How do you get there when you go?"

Rapidly inventing obstacles, she replied, "With a carriage and a very old white horse."

"We could manage that." But his tone was unsure.

"I couldn't possibly go if the horse wasn't right."

"The horse is important." Solemn as a judge.

"He must be lily-white—and with a black tail."

"Only one?"

"Only what?"

"Black tail."

"One will be enough. It's the color that counts."

"That's not prohibitive, I think—to be with you——" Heavens, he was blushing! "Only I was wondering about other conditions."

"I never go—" again a rapid fancy—"unless it's raining."

He opened his mouth as if to speak. Then, "Well, good afternoon, Miss Stewart." Another colored man with another message was approaching.

And when he was away she realized her impertinence. Fluffy young things

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maybe, could afford to toss rainbows with middle-aged financiers. But Dot? Especially with the ones who "pick you up" on hotel lawns.

"Dot. Oh, Dot!" Viola stopped her in passing. People seemed to be all ears. "Wicked little vampire," whispered Viola. "Is he rude as people say he is?"

"How rude do they say he is?" But Dot didn't wait for an answer. Some visionary purpose called her away, across the lawn; and as she hurried she was thinking, "I've got to get out of the Hen Party. Old women can make such a peck of trouble."

DOT was in her room, half dressed for the day, scratching off a letter to her mother. On the second sheet she wrote:

. . . and you were right, dear, in sending me to Hot Springs. I find that the rest is doing me a world of good, and it was better for me to leave Millport behind. Only I can't take the men very seriously. At my age it's—

The telephone and the clock rang simultaneously. The clock was trying to say "Ten," but the telephone was merely gargling out a mystery. "Mr. Neel calling," said the clerky voice. A cough; then, "Calling with his carriage."

From her window Dot could peer out on the driveway. It was raining lightly. Right under her stood a bony, white horse, switching his coal-black tail between the thills of a small carriage which, in its day, might have carried Thomas Jefferson through red Virginia mud. The creaky oilcloth top was up. It was quaint.

She had a rendezvous with Neel, most certainly. That he should have captured the grotesque combination of horse and carriage overnight thrilled her uncannily. So he had taken her lightly flung stipulation in gospel seriousness. Even to the black tail of the white horse!

Dot Stewart required longer than was necessary to finish her morning toilet. She tried on the reddest of her red hats, and decided that it made her look too young; her smooth neck, prettily curved chin, and clear violet eyes seemed almost immodest, as a combination, in a woman of forty-five. They were out of character. Other hats, snatched from here and there, made her younger still.

"The old horse has a black tail. The old horse has a black tail. The old *white* horse has a black tail." Said over and over, like a lesson in primary French. The black tail was an enthralling, proclaiming true fidelity. Maybe this Herbert Neel could do anything. Make a magic, wave a gold-topped stick, turn old women into children.

But she must hurry. At last, coming down-stairs in a very country jersey suit, a careless hat, and her carnelian necklace—the beads struck color from her face—she found herself putting a steady hand into Herbert Neel's and apologizing for being slow. He was very gray over the ears; his face was seamy and hard; his bright eyes danced like beach-fires, giving forth occasional sparks.

"I see," said she when they were under the porte-cochère, waiting for the strange rig to be backed to the steps, "that the white horse has a black tail."

"Everything's according to orders," said Herbert Neel. "It's raining and the white horse has a black tail."

Now they were away, creaking with the greatest dignity up the valley. Half shut in under the oilcloth canopy, they could peer up the hills and see the smoke-plumes rising from negro cabins; the smoke trailed downward, saturated with sweet, slow rain. White lilacs sulked in the wet. Dogs barked promptly. They were moving toward enchantment.

"As a practical engineer," said Herbert Neel, "I saw that your order was a large one. White horses are comparatively rare. They have two in the hotel stables, but they won't work in harness. I found one in the public livery. Just another white-tail. I Then they directed me to a colored man down the creek. Lo and behold!" With a victorious chuckle he pointed to the long plume of hair, somewhat bedraggled in the wet.

"I thought it was coal-black at first," mused Dot. "But there's a stripe of gray in it."

"Really?" The efficiency engineer leaned far over to look. "By ginger, there is!" His voice sounded unsteady. "It must be age. You know, you demanded an old one."

"If you braided it right the gray wouldn't show."

"Shall we?" he asked.

"Oh, not in the rain. Practically, anyhow, the horse is a miracle. And miracles are just like anything else. Never a hundred per cent."

"There must be miracles," he said. Experienced Dot knew that tone in men.

"Lots of them," she agreed.

"I came here to get away," he said rather thickly.

"You must—must have a great many business worries."

"Not so many as you'd think. I have things pretty well organized. Too well, maybe. I found myself getting into a regular beat. Work, play, drinks—everything by the clock—"

"I rather like that," admitted Dot. "I've lived such an eat-and-run, hit-or-miss existence. I think I should like to fall into a routine It's my age, I suppose."

"I guess so." He was watching her closely. "There are routines and routines. Even happiness goes by the clock. But then you've got to be—" He swallowed the qualifying adjective.

"I came down here to be quiet and prosy," she said.

"And you've found just the fellow for that!" She couldn't take offense, his smile was so disarming. "It was really Elsie who brought me down. She says I ought to get out of my rut. She's the only one left. The other two are married." It left her wondering whether he had been divorced. Certainly there was no apparent Mrs. Neel.

"'Gee up, Napoleon; it looks like rain!' Caily he was dangling the long whip over the old white horse. The animal shook his thin neck and staggered toward the uplands.

"I shouldn't wonder," she said, "if he'd turn into a fiery dragon and whoop us right over the mountains."

"This horse would, you mean?"

"Yes. He must be magic—the way he sprang out of the ground, colored to order."

"Oh, he's only human." Herbert Neel said it rather chokingly, and took off his shell-rimmed glasses to wipe his eyes. "He's a circus horse They're the humanest kind."

"He behaves like a circus horse," she concluded. "But he's magic, just the same. The minute you mentioned rain what did Napoleon do? Switched his black tail; and it cleared up!"

SURE enough, they had risen above the drizzle. Shreds of ultramarine showed in the sky; instantly the air quickened a wet tree; a lark began to sing. They smoked a while and gazed and were contented. If they talked at all it was in the vein of nonsense. It was surprising to see how this big man, externally so heavy, could sit on Nature's nursery floor, playing with blocks. And under it all the look of an old wound.

Presently, because the sun had come flashingly out, and the evergreens below were festooned with gauzy mist, she said, "Let's put down the top so we can see."

"Fine," he agreed, but seemed to misunderstand her.

"So that we can look up the ridge over there. It's splendid after a rain. I came here last week with the Hen Party——"

"Hen Party?" He lifted shaggy brows and was amused. But he didn't stop the horse.

"The middle-aged females that I flock with."

"You must have a lot of fun."

"We do. But why don't we let down the old canopy?"

"I hoped it would rain a little longer," said he irrelevantly. "It would have been more perfect."

"The picture." Then he stopped the horse, unstrapped a side-flap, and crawled out.

Herbert Neel's behavior was undoubtedly eccentric; but again he became the practical engineer as he lashed reins to whip-socket and began letting down the crackled, leathery teepee. Only a secretive smile played around his mouth. Then Dot got out, defied the wet pine-

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needles, and stood on the stony marge of the grade. Sweet winds, lightly touched with cold, came to her like a little rime in which the poet has dropped a bitter word, adding tang. Perhaps she didn't know it, probably she did—somewhere there was consciousness of a man's protection, of a haven, unshadowed by false pride or childish vanity. Away and away the deep woods stretched, and above the spires a great bird, a carrion-buzzard, made heavenly by the stretch of wings, caught her gaze, exalted her.

"Take a look at the royal barge," said Herbert Neel.

The commonplaceness of his fancy dulled her mood a little. She turned and saw that the top was down, revealing worn maroon cushions. The old white horse had edged to the side of the road and was stealing a mouthful of weeds. They were ready to move, apparently. But why was Herbert Neel standing there in expectation?

"Do you think now," he asked rather throatily, "that we might braid it and keep up the illusion?"

What was he driving at? Then, as by instinct, she turned her eyes to Napoleon's shaggy tail.

"Good Heavens!" she cried. "It's almost white! And what's happened to his hind legs?"

"The colors ran," said Herbert Neel. "Colors?"

"I hoped they'd last the trip," he explained moodily. "You see *all* the white horses had white tails. Then I found an African magician who brought out a bottle of liquid shoe-blacking. He said it was indelible."

"Why, Herbert Neel!" she cried on an impulse. "To think you'd sink so low." She was laughing.

"Dot Stewart." His voice was quiet. "I'm an engineer. If I can't do a thing one way I have to do it another. If I'd had time, of course, I'd have made that dye permanent. Green or purple or any color you wanted."

"It was a matter of what I wanted, wasn't it?" she asked, now regarding him thoughtfully.

"You know it was. I did my darndest to fill your order. If you'd asked for a dragon, now, and a golden chariot, I'd have been stuck. But I'm awfully sorry—"

"Don't waste any time on that." She stepped into the carriage, and hoped she hadn't made her voice too hard.

FLAG ROCK. They loafed in the shadow of a boulder. Her back against rough stone, she enjoyed the luncheon which her magician had smuggled under maroon cushions. Now in suave daylight the Blue Ridge, span after span, shimmered behind its purple veils. He had told her about himself, this tight-lipped man of affairs. To her own shame, she had been more reticent.

She knew now why she was practically alone, dependent on his young daughter. Shortly before America's entrance into the World War his wife had gone to France, and for reasons of her own. He had not contested the divorce, but had kept the children. Dot saw the cause. A silly woman's infatuation for a British officer of the General Staff, who stayed in Paris and seldom smelled powder. She had married him, and they were living somewhere in Kent.

Dot reclined against the rock, biting absent-mindedly at her sandwich. "The trouble was," he had just said, "that she was too young for me. I married her when she was seventeen; that was all right until I began to settle down. Women of twenty-three don't settle. They want the earth, and it's only fair they should have it—fruits of the earth, the moon that goes round it—young stuff."

"She was a quitter," said Dot.

"Quitter? Marriage, after all, shouldn't be a game of endurance. There's no credit in being a martyr."

"But to leave her children."

"That was all right." He seemed to be weighing her behavior. "In heart she was a young girl. Children bothered her. And I—" his voice was brittle—"wanted my children."

"Poor Herbert." It came from her involuntarily, a sigh.

"I'm glad you think of me like that." His words were coming rapidly. "People have told me a lot of trash about getting married again. I couldn't see it. Then I just stepped onto the Hot Springs lawn and changed my mind."

"Why?" Something caught in her throat.

"You don't know much about me except what I've told you." There was despair in his eyes.

"Yes, I do. You're famous." Then, because emotion had swept aside caution, "Nobody knows about me. I'm obscure. I'm—"

"That doesn't make any difference." Magic! The white horse with his vanishing tail; the very celebrated Herbert Neel leaning over her, a suppliant. "I only know that when I saw you and we began talking like that—I felt I'd found the woman for me."

His face was aflame with something better than youth. Dot gripped her hands to keep from clasping him about the neck, comforting him, calling out for the love she needed.

But, "Why—why should you think I'm the woman for you?"

"You're beautiful," he said, "and it's not girl-beauty. I hate that. You've got the mind and the experience—"

"You mean," she broke in, and her tone was cooler, "that you love me because—because we're about the same age?"

"Yes. I'd love you anyhow." He sat back and coddled his knees. "But it means so much more to know that you and I belong to the same generation. You're forty-five. I'm fifty. We'll like the same things; we can see things with the same eyes. That's what love ought to be, Dot." Because she still sat, still and silent, he went on more urgently, "This isn't calculation on my part. Usually I don't rush into things. But you've disturbed me as I didn't know I could be disturbed any more. I seemed to have stumbled on the thing I was looking for."

"Herbert," she said softly, "you've told me of one mistake you made. It was dear of you to tell me. The way you speak of me—I feel that about you, too. But marriage is a long, long game. I couldn't marry a man I didn't love. But I've lived enough to know that you'd be a great catch in a worldly way—"

"But I know you wouldn't—"

"No. I wouldn't. That's why I'm an old maid."

"You're not—"

She lay her hand on his, an arresting gesture. "You've made your fortune by knowing men. But you must know women. You mustn't take a pig in a poke this time, Herbert."

"I know all about you."

"You don't; that's the trouble."

After a pause he asked, "You don't want to tell me?"

Should she?

"Not now," she said. "Maybe I can—some time—I can't—" She saw a storm-cloud rising in the west. "We'd best get back, or we'll be drowned."

They almost beat the storm in to Hot Springs. Their trip was merry, fanciful, dealing with little jokes which seemed to snap between them. In sight of the hotel porte-cochere, we'll be drowned." They almost beat the storm in to Hot Springs. Their trip was merry, fanciful, dealing with little jokes which seemed to snap between them. In sight of the hotel porte-cochere, we'll be drowned." They almost beat the storm in to Hot Springs. Their trip was merry, fanciful, dealing with little jokes which seemed to snap between them. In sight of the hotel porte-cochere, we'll be drowned." They almost beat the storm in to Hot Springs. Their trip was merry, fanciful, dealing with little jokes which seemed to snap between them. In sight of the hotel porte-cochere, the storm broke again, molten bullets, centering their fire on the patient old horse whose tail, as if by trouble and travail, had turned snow-white.

THE Hen Party resigned itself to its loss. When Dot Stewart appeared among them they were all pleasant, as none might be toward a sister who has forsaken the convent for the wicked world. Their every smile seemed to tell her that Dot Stewart, aged forty-five, was playing schoolgirl with a man of fifty. Of course Herbert Neel was a prize worth any spinster's efforts. His wealth, his position in Philadelphia, gave him glamour beyond that of the average hotel idler with gray over his ears.

Dot's behavior, unfortunately, was not up to the Hen Party's standard. He was often on the lawn, but she was mysteriously elsewhere. They saw him of evenings reading a book in his corner. What had become of Dot? Not that she had gone completely; the Hen Party enjoyed her morning screams under the needle-shower. But, sentimentally speaking, she was absent.

"She's charming enough to capture the Prince of Wales," said Viola, true to faith. "But something's happened."

Continued on Page 86

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She *looked* exquisite as a June Rose *—but they left her alone*

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Everyone's eyes followed her—every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her!

How often she'd experienced this before! What was the reason?

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Odorono, which was developed by a physician to check perspiration, gives you *continuous protection*—its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant odor.

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The regular use of Odorono assures a fresh, dry underarm by checking perspiration in a safe way.

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Send 10¢ and the coupon for the sample Odorono underarm toilette.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

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NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)
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Telephone Hour . . . a new way to keep Family Ties alive

A Bell System Advertisement

THE Family is gathered in the library . . . Dad in his easy chair, telephone in hand, Mother concealing her excitement with busily plying needles, Sister brimful of importance. . . .

It's Telephone Hour—and the missing members of the Family are "coming home" for their regular Sunday morning chat!

Dad will call Marjory first, at college. It has been a thrilling week. Tuesday night the glee club concert. Last night the sorority dance . . . and the Family must hear all about everything.

Then Dad will telephone Junior in the big city, where he has gone to make a career for himself. The first weeks on the job were pretty hard for Junior. He hadn't been away from home for any length of time, before. . . . But someone thought of Telephone Hour. And now he hears Dad's and Mother's voices regularly, and gets those bits of encouragement that are so important to any boy, no matter what his age.

And then the Family will talk to Dad's folks up state. They telephoned them last week for the first time—a surprise call. And what a time they had! Now they're regular additions to Telephone Hour.

Telephone Hour is a new way to keep family ties alive. Talking to loved ones is next best to seeing them. You can do it so quickly, so easily, so inexpensively. Someone, somewhere, would like to hear your voice—now. Telephone today.

BELL SYSTEM

Continued from Page 84

Apparently. One morning Elsie Neel and the young man she had engaged herself to were seen waiting for the station bus. Then Herbert Neel, followed by a regiment of bags, came to the lobby, signed checks, and led his family to the bright-yellow pullman of the C. & O. Good-by Herbert, good-by Dot, as far as any fictional value was concerned. The Hen Party, playing bridge that afternoon, held a lodge of weeping. "She may be an old maid," said Viola, choking a sob with a square of chocolate, "but she can charm the birds out of the trees. Any man's a fool who wouldn't grab her. She's got more pep than——"

MOONLIGHT over the Blue Ridge and the heavy breath of white lilacs. Far away the band was playing "My Blue Heaven." Dot Stewart, having slunk down-stairs, to be as far as possible away from everything, had found a place at a corner of a railing where she could watch the moon weaving lace over the woods.

She didn't blame him for going away suddenly and without saying good-by. She was to blame. She had always managed men clumsily like that. Since that elfin drive up to Flag Rock she had rather avoided him. How could she tell him? How could she square herself with what he wanted in a wife?

Then, in an instant's rage, she thought, "But he might have said good-by."

She had a vision of herself returning to Millport, fluffing again with the racket. Her mission to Hot Springs had been a failure. She had come here to grow old pleasantly. And again, out of nowhere, a man had walked there to spoil it all.

"I'll engage my transportation tonight," she was thinking.

Looking slantwise into the lobby, she caught a flash of pink and saw a pretty girl, all arrayed for the evening, plump herself down in a lonely corner "She's trying to keep up the bluff," thought Dot. "But now she's tired. Tired to death. She's sneaked away from the dance just to rest a minute. Just to rest her feet."

Then Dot heard footsteps, the noise of male shoes, scuffling along the veranda. In the patch of lamplight from within she glimpsed a face, misty and white.

"Oh, Herbert, you've come back to me!" she thought in that hairbreadth of time. But she sat silent. Would he pass her by?

"That you, Dot?" He paused.

"Yes." Very frightened she sounded to herself. "I thought you'd gone. I thought——"

"I got off at Covington. I'd forgotten something——"

"That's too bad " Dully.

"Dot," The tone was almost chiding as he towered above her. "You wanted me to think it over. I've taken time. I can't go on like this. I'm dreadfully in love with you, Dot Can't you feel it—can't you——"

"My dear, my dear " That was all her explanation as she reached up, clasped him around the neck, sank into his strength. What foolishness had kept them apart? Why had she let herself come so near to losing him?

"We'll not wait," she heard him saying in her ear. "We'll be married here to-morrow." With every word she was cuddling closer into his rough gray coat. Foolish one!

Then again the murderous thought.

"Herbert!" She pushed him from her. "Why did you pick me out? I mean there must have been every woman in the world just waiting for you. I'm not anything in particular. I'm——"

"You're not only perfect—" She felt his solid presence on the rail beside her— "And I've told you, I think. We're about the same age; we can talk the same language. But something wonderful has made you what you are. You've had the brains and character to keep your beauty. You look like a lovely very young woman and you're mature as I am. It's your spirit—spirit of youth—they can't kill that in you. You've got that. And you know the things that people of our age——"

She broke in, "You've been so good and so brave in telling me about yourself. I know I love you. When you went away this morning it was written all over everything, in red."

He made a move toward her, but despite her impulse to let him gather her up again she shrank away a little. Almost whispering, she tried to explain. "You've been so frank. That's what hurt. I wanted to tell—I didn't know how to begin. I mean I was over my head so soon. Herbert! I can't cheat you any more——"

"Cheat me?" The alarm of both financier and lover.

"I've been deceiving—everybody. I'd have gone on lying if you hadn't come along and made me ashamed of it. I came here to rest—" her voice broke—"to stop being thirty."

"But you're not thirty, my dear."

"No." A moan.

"Nobody takes you for thirty, Dot, honey. Nobody——"

"I don't care what other people think. But you've got to know the truth." Impatiently she flung herself to her feet. "I've lied ten years about my age."

He too had risen, was stooping to be level with her eyes. "It can't be possible! I've seen women before—Dot! You can't—can't be *fifty*-five."

"Don't be stupid. I'm the age I am. Have I got to tell you in so many words? Well, then. I'll be thirty-five next November."

She saw his set look, heard him growl, "Well, what in the name of——"

"I know it sounds crazy," she wailed. "Women tell all sorts of things about themselves." He began pacing up and down. "But I'll bet this is the first time in the world's history that a woman ever put ten minutes on her age. And ten—years!"

"I can't make him understand." She looked away, complaining to the moonlight. Then, catching a flash of the girl in pink, wearily resting in the lobby. "Look at her " He turned his eyes toward the pretty figure with the tired feet. "Herbert, she goes around Hot Springs telling the world she's thirty. I was like that not so long ago Tired and trying to keep up. I liked it for a long time.

"I didn't mind it until after the War Then there seemed to be a new deal for girls all round. Everybody coming back from France. Everything going twice as fast, twice as loud. I was jolly old Dot at Millport, my everything was Racket. Racket was all they wanted. Dance till dawn, ride till noon, keeping up on cocktails. Perfect children, running everything. And there was jolly old Dot, sort of confused, racketing with the rest.

"That's why I never got married, really. There wasn't time to fall in love. I was swamped in racket; it was like trying to enjoy a headache. That's the reason. It doesn't sound like a reason, does it?" She giggled nervously. "But I said to myself one day, 'I'll pull ten years over my head and hide. I want to be an old, old maid. One of the cool, satisfied ones. I'll go somewhere and be so ancient they won't ask me to do a thing. Just let me alone——'"

And all this time he had been standing there, smiling a little, but unconvinced.

"YOU expected me to be near your own age, didn't you, Herbert?" She leaned against the rail, folded her hands.

"Well, yes."

A panic took hold of her. She had told him the truth. Her candid effort had made no impression on this wall of rock. Inside the lobby the girl in pink had been joined by her partner, was looking hollowly vivacious. What could Dot say now?

"Herbert," she resumed softly, "do you believe in Freud?"

"Freud? Maybe I do. I never thought of it."

"Well, I believe in Freud. You don't understand yet why I've acted this way It was my subconscious Herbert. I didn't know it myself when I came here and told everybody I was forty-five. But my subconscious knew it."

"Knew it?" He had come closer to listen, for she was speaking very low.

"Knew that you would come, Herbert, and that you'd want me to be forty-five."

How long did he stand there? Five weeks? Five minutes? Then——

"Well, for the love of——"

Love of what? Did it matter? When he took her up, laughing a little while she cried a little, she knew that there was one thing, at least, that needed no further explanation.

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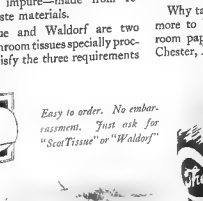
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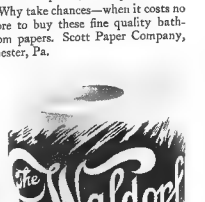

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FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from Page 20

The news of the bombardment of Copenhagen struck Garrett, as it had stricken England, with horror. That the matter had been planned carefully for months before was beyond doubt. The secret visit of Mr. Jackson to Denmark in early Summer seemed a piece of unwarrantable treachery. The envoy had been such friends with the Danish minister, Count Bernstorff, and with his younger brother, Count Joachim Bernstorff, that from them he must have extracted much valuable information. It seemed a foul piece of work. Mr. Canning was exultant. Beneath Castlereagh's cold mask Garrett could read satisfaction. But regarding the bombardment Garrett said nothing. The Secretary at War was the first to mention it.

"I take it, Garrett, that you do not approve of the capture of the Danish fleet."

"I do not, my lord."

"No more do I, Garrett," Castlereagh said calmly, "and yet it was necessary."

"As how, sir."

"If we had not taken it Bonaparte would."

"I don't see that a contemplated piracy of General Bonaparte's excuses an actual piracy by us, my lord."

"My dear Garrett, at Tilsit, Bonaparte and the Czar agreed to call on Denmark, Sweden, and Portugal to close their ports against England and to declare war on her. In case of their refusal they were to be treated as enemies."

"But Sweden has not closed her ports."

"Sweden is being attacked. So you see we were right"

"I see we were wrong, my lord. For if the Prince Royal of Denmark fought us so valiantly, he would have been just as valiant against the French"

"But the French would have won, Garrett, and Napoleon would have the ships before we could have helped. Now we have the ships, and the Sound, and the Czar of Russia is held in the Baltic like a rat in a corner."

"Nevertheless, my lord, it was a wrong thing."

A little spot of red was burning on either cheek of Castlereagh's marble face. He snapped the quill between his fingers and threw it away.

"If any one was wrong, it was Mr. Canning, for never was a piece of diplomacy so botched. I had thought that Denmark would be an easy prey to the French. So it would. But I had also thought that a show of force would have been enough without the actual use of it. It seems to be the fate that wherever my finger touches, blood flows! And every corpse in Europe seems blamed on me. Except for those to whom I am useful, I am avoided as tho' I were the plague. I except you, Garrett."

Dillon felt a surge of pity for the man.

"Do you know, when I was young, I was a member of the United Irishmen; I even founded a society for the study of the Irish tongue; I dreamed of freedom, as young Irishmen dream. I gave all that up for this. I impoverished my family to save a king who loathes me, to work with men who hate me, to save a people who will spit on my grave when I am dead."

"My lord, you are overwrought with the strain of it all. You imagine these things."

"DO I?" Castlereagh's smile was terrible. "Garrett, were I to leave public service to-morrow, and retire to get peace and strength from the Irish hills, would I be welcomed? What hunt would be proud to have me? Do you think I could venture fishing without a bodyguard? I have given up my country for them, and, I tell you, when I am dead they will cheer." He walked across to the window and shook his fist at the passers-by. "Confound you! Confound you! Confound you all!"

"Easy, my lord," Garrett went across and took his arm, and led him back to his chair. "You are very tired, sir. That is evident."

"I suppose you will want to go home, after the Copenhagen affair, if you feel that way, Garrett?"

"I, my lord? Of course not," Garrett lied. He would not leave Castlereagh now. The man had been on the verge of madness for a minute. "There will be other Trafalgars to make up for this."

"There will be no more Trafalgars, Garry." Castlereagh shook his head. "But we will soon fight Napoleon on his own ground."

"Sir, is there anything you wish me to do?"

"Yes," the Secretary at War rustled among his papers, "I wish you to go down to Gosfield and see the Comte de Lille——"

"The King of France, my lord?"

"The Comte de Lille, Garrett. Until he is actually King of France he is the Comte de Lille to us. He will ask you why England is doing nothing against Bonaparte. He has a shrewd idea he will be one day on the throne again, but before he is on his throne again he will cede to England the colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, Ile de France, Rodriguez Island, and the Seychelles, leave Malta and her dependencies to us, and hand over the Ionian Islands. He himself will bring the conversation as to what *quid pro quo* His Majesty's Government will expect in case of a restoration. You can be quite blunt about it. And Garrett!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Didn't your wife have an uncle or grandmother a canon in the Isle of Man, a Reverend Mr. Munro?"

"She is staying with him there, my lord."

The secretary picked up the *Morning Post* from his desk. "I am afraid," he said, "the poor old gentleman is dead."

A footman came into the library on slithering, servile feet. "General Sir Arthur Wellesley to see your lordship."

"Show him in," Castlereagh said, and before Garrett's eyes Lord Castlereagh put over his features of a tortured Irishman the cold, inscrutable mask of His Majesty's Secretary at War.

GARRETT thought the letter to his wife would have been very difficult to write, but, once started, the packed thought of years came on to paper with extraordinary ease. "I have only heard from the journal of the death of your grandmother," he wrote "And from what I have heard of him from you and from those Ulsterman with whom I have come in contact, this late and appalling century was vouchsafed a saint and prophet. I am sorry for your sake and for his parishioners. But when one has reached his years the body becomes so worn that it is useless. He earned his translation.

"I hope you will not think I am meddling in the affairs of your family if I interest myself in the refilling of the vacant parish. Both churches, of England and Ireland, have become, in hazardous wartime, a bag of spoils for politicians, and if I did not meddle Heaven knows whose secretary or what lady's chaplain might not get the post. For what work I am doing for this Government I have asked neither honors nor money, so that His Majesty's ministers are under some obligation to me. I shall make it my affair to see that your grandmother's successor is a man of whom he would have approved. His flock shall not be abandoned. I promise you that.

"And now for a bout of plain speaking, Jocelyn. I wish you to return to Derrymore at once and to take up the reins of government there. I shall explain myself. You spoke of my getting a bill of divorce through Parliament for myself. I have always set strongly against it. It seems to me so un-Irish. I cling to my people's belief in one birth, one marriage, one death. If a marriage turns out unfortunately, put up with it: that is all. Whether or not our union has turned out unfortunately, I do not know. We had a year of great happiness. We still retain an affection and respect for each other, which is vastly more than many other people do after a year.

"The only excuse for my marrying again would be to have children to follow me at Derrymore. If I married for that reason and were disappointed it would be an abysmal tragedy. I feel also assured of this, that if children were to come they would have come in our year of marriage. You know," he wrote honestly, "the Dillons of Derrymore are not in the habit of having numerous progeny. Per-

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haps in this generation the fertility has come to an end. If that be the case, as to me seems more than probable, it is you who are robbed.

"Another matter that may occur to you—you will pardon me for mentioning it—is whether I should not at a later date feel impelled to marry because of attraction. Our family has never kept sempstresses—that is a tradition. Even if I were impelled toward women, I'm blessed if I should risk our melodious Irish heaven for half-hours in the stews. Were, however, the very improbable to happen, an attraction to form between myself and some other woman, I should stamp it out ruthlessly. You will pardon me for mentioning this, but I think it better you should know.

"Now, as to material things, Derrymore, by my testamentary disposition, goes to you, as does all my personal estate. Nothing would make me alter that. When you threw in your lot with mine for better, for worse, that naturally came to you. Apart from you being you, I feel that the family of General Munro should have some part of Ireland. Tho I am in the special employ of this Government, yet I feel, as do many people in this country, that Henry Munro was a martyr. His cause, Jocelyn, I think, as you know, was wrong. That does not subtract from his gallant life and bloody martyrdom.

"I am becoming more convinced than ever that only in union with England does Ireland's future lie. I have seen much in my years here. Republicanism is an ideal that will not be respected by the ambitions of autocrats. The Batavian Republic, which Bonaparte founded, was quickly turned into a kingdom for his brother. And the Italian republics, about which the so-called Emperor was so fulsome, are now a kingdom governed by him with an iron hand.

"England is ringed with enemies, and when she falls Ireland falls too, a prey to any Continental power to whom the French may allot it. Even the Czar Alexander may conquer France and England, and what mercy would his Cossacks show to our poor starving peasantry? Moreover, Jocelyn, from the standpoint of common sense we need England. Greater than the cattle, food, and linen we export, we export brains, art, and military genius. It is a simple matter of supply and demand. England has few of these things and we are glutted with them. We are poor. England is rich. Believe me, my dear, we get the best of the bargain. So you see I stand much more firmly than I did before on my political opinions.

"As to Derrymore, we both love that house, the kindly oakwoods and the quiet lake. When I was there last the place had a deserted look—I don't know why, except it was this: that sufficient love and attention were not bestowed upon it. After all, a house has a personality. It does not occur. Into every stone and aspect of it some one has put thought and hope. Gardens have been laid out by brides long dead, and the house's self has been solemnized by births, by marriage nights, by deaths. Rooms and staircases have absorbed the laughter and the little weeping of children.

"One should no more think of leaving a house to the limited and material mind of servants than of turning an old nurse out among strangers. I may never see Derrymore again, but I should love to think that my boy's fairyland was prospering. It is your house. Return and give it some of your lovingness. Don't be sensitive as to what people say. Very few of our Ulster folk will say anything. Our own people at Derrymore have affection for us both. What outsiders think matters nothing, for they are outside.

"So the gist of it all is this: I wish you to remain my wife. I have no designs on your privacy, mental or physical. I am safety, and that the house my fathers builded and my mothers tended is receiving its meed of love and grace. It will not be ungrateful, Derrymore. God bless you." And he signed it "Garsett McCarthy Dillon of Derrymore."

THE King of France was fat, unwieldy, bloated as a frog. He could hardly walk, so much did the gout impede him. Garrett had never seen a more cold, a more selfish eye. With him was his favorite, the Comte d'Avary, a man evidently dying of consumption, but cold and haughty as the King. The house itself was gloomy, and the wretched French court tremendously depleted now, since so many had gone over to Napoleon. There were pretty ladies, shivering in furs, and looking out over bleak Sussex and heavy Suffolk with eyes in which one could read "Paris is worth a Napoleon." Garrett wondered if Castlereagh's profound political wisdom were not for once at fault. Surely these frail puppets and this bloated-frog King would never again reign in France.

"I suspect time hangs heavily on your hands, Monsieur," Garrett suggested.

"I write madrigals, and I read Horace," the King replied.

THE King was wroth at his reception in England. The Prince of Wales had wished him to be received as a King of France, but the Ministry had overruled him. "I think a street-sweeper in England has more power than the English royal family, is it not so?"

"Very possibly, Monseigneur." Garrett felt very little sympathy with the fat *émigré*, who was living at the expense of the country. "United street-sweepers can depose a king."

"They offered me Holyrood in Scotland to live in. Colder than Essex, is it not?"

"Very much so, Monseigneur."

The closed windows, the blazing fires, the smell of musk and stale body-linen disgusted Garrett. He wished to get away as quickly as possible, but he was forced to stay to luncheon, an honor at which the courtiers were astounded, but with which he was not impressed. The conversation at table was in French, which he could not follow, but he had the impression it was scabrous. The sad meal was punctuated by the favorite's hacking cough. At each repetition of it the table murmured sympathetically, and there was a general search to find the current of air.

"It is queer," the King was determined to be rude, "that the Government should send the King of France an envoy who has not a title."

"But I am not an envoy of the Government, Monseigneur. I am a private messenger of Lord Castlereagh's. And I did not come to see the King of France. I came to see the Comte de Lille," Garrett smiled.

"But a peer—it would have been more courteous."

"So many of our peers, Monseigneur, are new and come from nothing. I, at any rate, am of a very old if unimportant family."

"But you have no title, no? Why?"

"They do these things so much better in France." Garrett bowed.

But for all his conversation about titles, the King was no fool. Seated with him was the Comte d'Avary. Later the King made a shrewd remark. "I think," he said slowly, "that your cunning Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning are only using us as a threat against Bonaparte, and to hold the French royalists together. As to the King of France and the royal family, *ils s'en foutent, n'est-ce pas?*"

"I don't understand you, Monseigneur."

"They don't care for us, yes?"

"I am not in the confidence of the Ministry to the extent of knowing whether they do or not, sir," Garrett answered dryly.

He brooded bluntly the suggestion of Castlereagh, and the King's face brightened. He turned to the favorite with a complacent smile. "So shrewd a politician as my Lord Castlereagh considers our returning to Paris," he said. "But surely, Monsieur," he turned to Garrett, "these are matters to be discussed at length with chancellors, men versed in the arts of diplomacy. One does not ask a King blunt questions like this, as tho it were a commercial transaction."

"But it is a commercial transaction, Monseigneur."

"Let us see," the King purred. "If the traitor Bonaparte is defeated by the English, it follows logically that I shall return to the throne of France without any conditions."

"Monseigneur, it does not follow at all. Lord Castlereagh may decide to

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FOR THE GUMS

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leave the French a republic, or he may decide on another candidate. Monseigneur will pardon me, but the family of Monseigneur seems hardly popular in France."

"But does this Castlereagh consider he has the right to dispose of France as he thinks fit?"

"Evidently, Monseigneur."

The Comte d'Avary was coughing terribly. The King glanced at him. The favorite nodded.

"I see no option, Mr. Dillon, all things considered, than to agree to the stipulation of Lord Castlereagh."

"Then I shall inform him of that, Monseigneur."

"You will inform him of that. And, Mr. Dillon, since you seem to carry through negotiations of weight, you might draw Lord Castlereagh's attention to the discrepancy between the amounts allowed me by the Government and the amounts allowed to, say, M. de Châteaubriand. M. de Châteaubriand is a nobleman, a man of letters, and doubtless a most competent spy. But I am King of France."

"Monseigneur, I know nothing about the moneys. But M. de Châteaubriand has only been helped as a man of letters out of the Royal Literary Fund."

"But what a wonderful name for it!" the King of France smiled sardonically. "Now when I return to France I must too be a patron of letters. Royal Literary Fund," he rolled the words on his palate. "It sounds so much better than police money. Now, how many of your English men of letters have been aided from the Royal Literary Fund?"

Garrett reddened. "I'm afraid I have little interest in literature, Monseigneur."

"And so, I'll warrant, has your Government," chuckled the King of France.

When he got into the saddle, Garrett broke his mount into a gallop. The groom beside him remonstrated.

"That's all right, Jobson. I just want a bit of fresh air in my lungs, that's all. I'll breeze him out for a couple of furlongs."

Garrett had the impression from the King of France that the last thing he cared about was his country. A man so selfish that, exclusive of himself, nothing existed. The turmoil of the Revolution meant only a personal insult to himself, which he felt he must avenge. His brother's execution and the fate of the unhappy Marie Antoinette had produced no impression on that shallow mind. He was so unhealthy, his favorite was so unhealthy, and the women of the court! "Napoleon," Garrett said aloud, "is the better man."

"Was you speaking of Napoleon, sir?" the groom asked. "He's a proper swine, 'e is. Makes me fair sick, 'e does."

"He'll probably make you sicker, Jobson, when you have to fight against his Imperial Guard."

GARRETT was surprized to find, at the Castlereagh dinner-party, that George Canning was absent. For some time he had noticed that there was growing a difference between the two chiefs. There was Castlereagh, more pleasant than he had ever seen him. There was Lady Castlereagh, with her complexion of a Dresden doll, her sad eyes, her tongue's tip continually evident on her already too moist lips. There was Sir Arthur Wellesley with his iron face, dominating the lower end of the table.

On Lady Castlereagh's right and beside Garrett was the strangest figure Garrett had ever seen. It was very much in repose but for the eyes, which searched everywhere, particularly watching General Wellesley. There was an air of asceticism and great power about the man, and his hands were whiter and more beautifully kept than any woman's there. His English was perfect, and the English of courtliness. On his right hand a great episcopal ring flashed. Garrett knew he was a Spaniard, and from the appellation of "monseigneur" gathered he was a Romanist cardinal. Lady Castlereagh made an effort to charm him, but her charms were valueless against that granite face.

For the first time since he knew him Garrett heard Castlereagh boast a little of his part in affairs of the day. Now he was among friends, he spoke darkly of the Czar of Russia. His Imperial Majesty was not unwilling to throw in his lot with England as against the Emperor of the French, but the moment had not yet come. Taking example from England, Napoleon had decided to seize the Portuguese fleet, but with the help of the English the Portuguese fleet had taken the household of the Prince Regent of Portugal on board, set out for Brazil. Not only was Napoleon disappointed, but the great principality of Brazil was opened to English trade. The Spanish cardinal listened with great attention to Lord Castlereagh, but of all the company he did not applaud.

HE SPOKE to Garrett much, discovering he was Irish, talking about the fate of the Spaniards of the Great Armada who had landed in Ireland.

"You come from the North of Ireland, do you not, young man? When prisoners were brought from O'Donnell's country, that is Donegal, to Newry, two escaped who were supposed to be dead, Don Garcia de Avila and Don Diego de Guzman. You never heard of any family in the North of Ireland with Spanish blood?"

"No, Monseigneur."

"It is more terrible than an assured death not to know what has become of one's countrymen in a strange land. You are not of my faith, are you?"

"No, Monseigneur. I am of the Church of Ireland."

"We have many Irish in Spain. Your name is very Irish. Why are you of the Church of Ireland?"

"There are so many of us, Monseigneur. It's a matter of liberty of thought. I frankly think a great section of a liberty-living people were turned away by the Inquisition."

"In medieval times, my son, civilization was founded on a unity of culture, and the culture was the church. Anything that threatened civilization had to be disciplined, as obtains to-day."

"But burning a heretic at the stake, Monseigneur——"

"Was mild," said the Spanish cardinal, "compared to the law against a poisoner in the Eighth Henry's time. He was boiled alive in a caldron. Heresy was an offense against the church, and the church was a supersense."

"You fail to convince me, Monseigneur."

Lord Castlereagh, at the end of the table, at the request of one of his guests, was relating the vision of the burning boy which he had seen as a young man. The Spanish cardinal listened with vast gravity.

"I was on a visit to a gentleman in the North of Ireland about fifteen years ago," the Secretary at War said in his precise voice, "in a very old house with antique appointments." Garrett thought he was referring to the Earl of Antrim's gaunt place on the Irish coast. "The apartment which I was given as bedchamber had a great width of chimney like the opening of a tomb. Complicated and heavy draperies closed the windows. The bed was like a hearse with funeral trappings. I made an examination of the room, with its pictures of grim men and stern-faced women, and, dismissing my valet, I retired for the night. The candles had hardly been extinguished when I perceived a light gleaming in the folds of the canopy of the bed. As there was no fire in the grate and all the candles had been extinguished, I supposed some other guest had accidentally entered my room.

"Turning around to the side from which the light proceeded, I saw, not any human visitor, but a young naked boy, from whose right arm a glow came, as from the moon. The light emanating from him made near objects visible. The spirit stood at some distance from the side of my bed. Certain that my faculties were not deceiving me, and suspecting that some of the other guests were indulging in a jest at my expense, I proceeded toward the figure. It retreated toward the vast chimney and slowly sank into the earth. I returned to bed, but not to rest. I was harassed and suspicious. Was it an imposture? Was it a trick of my imagination? Was it real?

"I decided not to mention the subject in the morning, certain that if deception had been practised the perpetrators would have betrayed themselves, tors would have betrayed themselves, unable to conceal the vanity of their triumph. Conscious looks, concealed smiles between the conspirators. But of that

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there was nothing. Everything went its accustomed course. At last I felt compelled to acquaint my host with the occurrence of the night. For a while he seemed perturbed, but at length he told me that the radiant boy was a tradition in his family."

"You have seen the radiant boy. Be content. It is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."

A chorus of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "How wonderful!" greeted the anecdote. But the Spanish cardinal went ahead peeling a peach, and looking steadily at the narrator. And suddenly his very cold, very clear voice broke through the murmurs.

"And did you make a good bargain with him, my lord?"

The guests looked at him stupidly, until General Wellesley gave his harsh laugh.

"Begad! Castlereagh, his eminence thinks you've sold your soul to the devil."

Lady Castlereagh looked frightened, and the Secretary at War's white face showed a dash of scarlet at the cheekbones. The Irish general continued his grating laughter. The Spanish prelate said nothing more; went ahead eating his peach daintily. For the first time in his life Garrett felt afraid.

JOCELYN was so thankful when she saw the oakwoods of Ballinderry, saw the low manor-house, saw the green-gray lake with the swans, that she could have gone down on her knees and cried in thankfulness. And her heart stood still as the carriage came up the drive. The screaming and barking dogs, the running maid servants, and the old housekeeper, who threw her arms around her, crying, "Oh, pulse of my heart, 'tis long you've been gone from us!" all but made her break down before them. But she managed herself. Only when she was alone in her own quiet room did the tears come. "Och, it was douce to be home again," she said. "Dear Derrymore," she looked through the window at the woods, "and I thought I should never see you again."

She had no idea that she was so much a girl of Ulster until she came back to the Northeast. The strange Ulster dialect was like music in her ears. There were words she had not heard for so long that they brought a little laughter of delight to her lips and a moisture to her eyes. The language was unique; not Scots, not English. And somehow thick and honey. But when they spoke Gaelic they spoke a precious tongue, dainty as a sea-trout fly.

In Man they spoke English, and when they talked in Manx it was like a slovenly Gaelic. The dim island of Manannan, son of Lear, faded from her as tho she had never been there Nothing remained but the memory of the uncle who had been saint and seer, and of whom her husband had written so beautifully, and who had taught her so much. Oh, she was so glad to be home, she told herself, and the house needed looking after so much. Well, it would not be long until it was the gracious dwelling it had been before she left. Oh, Garry's generosity would be repaid. The housekeeper would ever work as she would work.

She had been but a week before, sitting in her uncle's house in Man, waiting for the new incumbent of the parish to arrive, and winding up her kinsman's slender affairs. When he died his complete estate consisted of less than five pounds, so much had he given to the poor. Tho she had no expectations from him, yet his was a roof-tree, and what she would do, now he was gone, she did not know. That most terrible of all adventures for a proud woman, the seeking of employment, lay before her. She shuddered before it. What a dreadful word "employment" was! And then Garry's letter had come. There was a tone in it she had not recognized in him before, a note of mature command, and she had found herself obeying before she thought. Of course she could not accept Derrymore, but to take care of it would be her chief joy.

There in the strange island in the Irish Sea she thought of how happy she had been in her husband's home. Tho wife and lover she had led a white, maidenly existence, feeling the sister of

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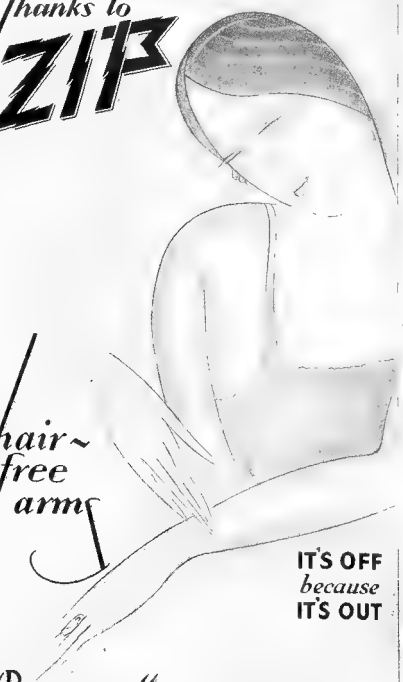

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all Irish life. The harsh and healthy Winter of the garnered hazelnuts and red apples she loved, the trumpeting of wild swans and the white triangle of the geese high up in the air, and Spring coming with daffodils blithe and yellow as canaries, and in early Summer the foam of wild hyacinth. And when Summer came with its heat and bees she would so often, in the cool morning, go down to a sheltered glade in the great lake, with the three blue Irish terriers, and, stepping out of frock and body-linen and leaving the terriers on guard, go swimming in the great lake.

The she said she would never again be Garrett's lover, yet this letter made her heart rejoice. She had feared that his closeness to Castlereagh would have spoiled him, indued him with something of the statesman's sweet but sickening charm, but no! the tone of his letter was that of a man firm in masculinity, as different from Castlereagh as an eagle from a cormorant. Also, she thanked God for what he had said about women. If he had made himself cheap with the cheapness of London she could never have come back.

The servants about the house asked her for news of him. "And is himself coming back soon?" She answered, No, that he was busy with his duties at Whitehall. "And isn't it a great comfort now for the King over England to have Master Garry with him, and the troubled times that are in it!" Jocelyn replied that she was sure His Majesty appreciated her husband's comfort and good. "Begad! then he'd be the fool of the world if he didn't!"

"And would your ladyship be expecting himself home on a short holiday?"

Jocelyn said she didn't know.

"Ah, well. God is good!"

Her first night at home found her so excited that she could not sleep, and, slipping down, she opened the great door and moved out on the lawn. The night was crackling with stars, and in the west the faint shade of the new moon was setting over the lake. A Gaelic invocation came to her lips. "Whole you found us, and whole may you leave us!" Turning, she came in, and tho there was none to see, she looked around before she kissed the wall of Derrymore. "Dear house," she whispered. "All is well. Jocelyn is here." Going up the wide oak stairs with her taper in hand, she paused before Garrett's room, and, turning the handle, went in. She must see that his fishing-rods were overhauled and his guns oiled and the spare riding-boots filled with oats to keep them supple and in shape. She moved here and there through the clean masculinity of the room, and so happy was she to be at home again that she was singing a song of the peasantry:

I swear before Christ that, if the need be,
I will sell the calf from off my head,
The shirt from my back, the shoe from my foot,
The gear within the house, the brown mare's silver bridle,
And spend it all to cross the seas to you—

The knowledge of what she was singing came to her, and in the darkness of the room she felt herself flushing. "'Tis only an old song," she said to herself, "and my heart that is full and thankful."

The third instalment of "Field of Honor" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

THEIR WEDDING DAY

Continued from Page 13

of course, all the wedding-presents will have to be returned."

Strangely enough, she doesn't seem to show that sleepless night at all. Nor any of those deep thoughts she's been thinking. No, her skin, which she has tried so hard to keep from getting tanned through June, is warmly pink and white. Her little nose, with just one freckle on it, looks the way it has since she was three. Her eyes are wide and sweet. Her lips—oh, dear, her lips—

It *does* seem too bad when she would have made such a—well, such an acceptable bride—that she should have discovered, on such short notice too, that Mr. Smith was mostly animal.

Her hair, tho. She fingers its honey-colored straightness. Well, even if she remains a virgin forever, she supposes her hair must be washed. And throwing a wrapper over her shoulders, she starts down to the kitchen on a hunt for boiled soap.

The door-bell! How can it begin ringing so early in the morning? She wonders anxiously if it's another wedding-present. It is. Seleena is bearing it triumphantly up the stairs.

"Tree hoondred foorty-seex," says Seleena. "Sooch hoppiness I never saw before."

Miraculously Mrs. Smith-to-be's sister and brother appear, wiping the sleep from their eyes; also her father, wiping the lather from his cheeks.

"Hello, Bride!" says her father, kissing her gooeyly. "You're looking spry this morning. Hurry up. We want to see the present."

Now this, says Mrs. Smith-to-be to herself, this is the moment to tell them.

"Listen, my dear family," she will say, "there's no use opening this present because all of them, *all* of them, have to go back. I'm not getting married to-day."

She opens her mouth to say it.

"Listen, my dear family," she says, "there's no use hurrying me unless you can produce some scissors. This is the world's worst knot."

"Oh, how heavenly!" cries the sister.

"Mother!" one of them shrieks down the stairs. "Mother, come here! *The* most divine pair of old Waterford vases. Do hurry."

"Listen, sweetie—the photographers at nine. Remember?" asks the sister. "It's the only time we could get him. So if you're going to wash your hair you'd better hump."

"*At nine?*" falters Mrs. Smith-to-be.

"Sure. I told you three days ago."

"But I can't be all dressed by nine. I'll call them up and tell them not to come."

"Don't be silly—you won't be able to get hold of them because they're coming straight here, and not going to their office. Besides, all brides have to have wedding-pictures. I'll help you with your hair. Come on."

But how can she let herself be taken in her wedding-dress when she's not going to get married? Why, it would be dishonest—almost like embezzling a bank. She'll have to tell them quickly!

"Listen," she says desperately to her mother, who has come up-stairs to see the Waterford vases. "Listen, Mother; I simply can not go through with—"

"For Heaven's sake, Susie, don't toy with old Staffordshire. Those plates belonged to your great-great-grandfather. Now skip, my lamb. Here's Seleena with your soap."

"Soaoaoaoap for de briiiiide," sighs Seleena, holding the kettle as tho it were a sacred libation. "Soaoaoap for de briiide's hair."

Oh, the devil! Well, she'll wash her hair and *then* tell the family. When the photographers arrive they can just be sent away. Like the iceman.

"No—no bride to-day," her father can say. She screws the spray in the faucet and douses her head.

Only supposing she never got married, she thinks, rubbing the soap in hard.

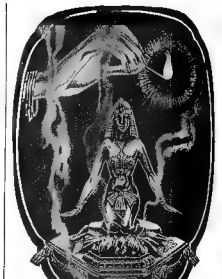
If she *never* got married this is certainly the last time she'll ever have a wedding-present. (Gosh! soap in the eye.)

It will probably be passed on to her younger sister. (Distaste'ul idea.)

Such a delirious kind of wedding-dress too. (Where is the cold-water faucet?)

Here's a thought: Mightn't it be rather romantic for a sweet-faced old maid to have a picture of herself as a bride tucked away in rose-leaves?

"This," she could say to her grand-nieces, "this is the way your old aunt



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THE wedding-breakfast! Mrs. Smith-to-be is present. She has shining pink nails and shining waved hair, and a flush that comes from tears not too recently shed. Her dress is a drifting flower-patterned chiffon. Her hat a drooping softness.

In the corner the band is letting itself go. The violinist tosses his bow, the drummer twirls his sticks, the saxophone-player goes completely ga-ga.

The ushers, young friends of the not so ancient Mr. Smith, are going back to work to-morrow. But to-day—to-day is theirs. Their finger-prints are on it.

The bridesmaids nibble at their nuts and chicken, waiting for the music to begin again. Oh—there it goes! A pushing back of chairs as they leave the long syringa-covered tables and float off.

Mrs. Smith-to-be's parents and other assorted parents watch them moving past; uptilted faces to downtilted faces; long, young shanks pulled by the music; straw-clad, leather-clad, kid-clad feet balancing perfectly, then swinging on again. Some parents rise also and strike out for themselves, stomachs held bravely in, and laughing conscientiously. Then back to the tables once more. It's time for the toasts.

"I should like," says the old friend of the family, "to be allowed to say all the things I want to say, but the mother of Mrs. Smith-to-be here has asked me to be brief and not too meaty. So I can only say——"

The mother of Mrs. Smith-to-be is half conscious that the waiters are slow in taking away the coffee-cups, and half conscious of the voice coming out of the old friend of the family going on and on and on.

The truth is she is feeling singularly limp. She has, in the last four weeks, herself opened and listed some two hundred and forty-two presents. At the same time she has been busy posting the social secretary so that the deceased would receive no wedding-invitations and the extant not more than two apiece.

Moreover, all the dear little decisions, such as colors of ushers' ties and spats, bridesmaids' dresses and bouquets, sandwiches, cakes, and ice-creams, which rooms will which out-of-town bridesmaids be installed in, which bathroom shall which out-of-town usher use—all of these have been winding themselves in and out of her dreams for too many nights. That is why she has asked the old friend of the family to be brief. She doesn't, she emphatically does *not*, wish to be reminded of Susie when she was five years old.

Those tears of Susie's this morning right in the middle of having her bridal pictures taken—they had unstrung her more than she had realized. Of course a the child was exhausted. All these parties and darn foolishnesses would kill any one—let alone a high-strung, fly little creature like Susie. And sharply her own wedding-day had come back to her, beginning with her walk in the morning through the New England daisy-fields—a June wedding too.

Why, even to-day, when she sees a field of daisies, with the sun on them, she feels a faltering—a sweet, unreasoned terror. And now, she thinks, that same perilous future has turned into a staunchly lived past. A happy one at that. But, oh, her daughter! Her foolish dear young daughter! Will she fare as well?

Words that she had made up and said to herself years ago, when things and circumstances had seemed to crowd in on her too suffocatingly, come back to her now as she looks at that young listening face: "You are now in the difficult waters of life, my child. Swim! *Oh, you are now in the difficult waters of life, my child. Swim!*"

"And so," the old friend of the family is winding up, glass in hand, "and so here's to her. He can't love her more than we do, but we'll let him try——"

IT IS three-fifty-nine, and Mrs. Smith-to-be is standing with her hand on her father's arm, waiting for the wedding-march to begin. But, oh, why is she there? For a time at the wedding-breakfast, with the music going on and the ushers looking at her so admiringly, and John quite sweet and worshipful in his new flannel trousers, she had felt light-hearted again. But now great prickling waves are sweeping up and down her backbone, as tho some one were playing a hose upon it.

Dum dum de dum. Dum dum de dum. Oh, there it goes! Can it be possible that she is actually willingly moving down the aisle toward that utter stranger? Not an unattractive one, to be sure. But what in Heaven's name is the matter with his Adam's apple? It acts as tho it were on a pulley.

They move together. Her father steps back.

"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together——"

Oh, Heaven! Oh, Heaven!

There is an icy clutch at her fingers, and she looks up at Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith is waving. Not shaking, but waving as tho he were out in a high wind. His lips move.

"Sick," he says.

And then suddenly and sweetly warmth rushes back into Mrs. Smith-to-be—warmth and strength. Why, poor thing—she loves him. That's what all this is about anyway. She loves him. She'll take care of him too. No one shall hurt or frighten him while she's around.

She gives him a smile and he hangs on to it.

"Don't," his eyes implore, "don't look away or I am done for."

"I couldn't," her eyes answer. "Don't you see that I adore you?"

"Oh, you are mine," his eyes reply. "Forever."

FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

Continued from Page 34

mixture is well blended and smooth. Add alternately the rest of the liquid and dry ingredients, beating well after each addition. Finally fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour the mixture into a greased, floured pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 to 50 minutes, or until done.

This makes a large cake.

Wedding-Cake

½ Pound Sugar
¾ Pound Shortening
½ Pound Flour
9 Eggs
2 Pounds Raisins
1½ Pound Currants
¾ Pound Citron
½ Pound Almonds
2 Ounces Grated Cinnamon
3 Ounces Nutmeg
1 Ounce Mace
½ Ounce Ground Cloves
½ Pint Grape-juice

TO PREPARE the fruit, chop the raisins; wash and dry the currants and remove the stems; cut the citron in small pieces. Sift the powdered spices with the flour until they are well mixed. Then sift a little of this over the fruit, and set the rest aside to be used for the cake batter.

In a large bowl cream the shortening until smooth and waxy, and beat in the sugar a little at a time. Separate the eggs, beating the yolks until thick and lemon-colored, and add to the sugar and shortening. When well blended add alternately small amounts of the grape-juice and sifted flour and spices, beating after each addition until the mass is smooth and creamy. Stir in the almonds, and when the mixture is thoroughly blended add the floured fruit. Finally fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and turn the mixture into loaf-cake pans, lined with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for 4 hours. When cold cut the cake in small oblongs to fit the boxes to be used. Wrap in wax-paper.

Amber Fruit Punch

1 Quart Cold Tea
3 Quarts Ginger Ale
Juice 4 Lemons
2 Cupfuls Sugar
4 Seedless Oranges, Thinly Sliced
Large Bunch Fresh Mint
4 Cupfuls Orange-juice

COMBINE the ingredients, stirring in the sugar until dissolved. Chill, and just before serving add 1 quart of charged water and 1 gallon of cracked ice.

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Continued from Page 51

himself had retreated so far that he was but a few paces in front of Labay. Just behind Peter the balcony ended and joined the second floor.

Suddenly and again the fencers were on guard, their blades flashing, as if nothing had interfered. Peter held his left hand over the painful wound in the muscles of his stomach. He found it difficult to lunge. Ornando had the endurance of a bull. Neither the wound in his rib nor that in his arm seemed to deter him. Yet there was an unsteadiness in his blade which Peter had not felt there before. His tapping was not clean. He often pushed rather than tapped Peter's sword. This gave Peter an idea.

With a wild cry the insurgents charged from below, demolished the barricade, flung themselves up the narrow stairs to their left. Peter was looking directly into their faces. Several were aiming their muskets at him. Their comrades jostled them so that when they fired they missed him. Peter saw that he must act instantly. He made a false rush for Ornando, was parried, pretended to lose his guard. Ornando came back with a riposte. Instead of parrying entirely Peter retreated, with Ornando's point about six inches from his chest. Ornando advanced. Peter parried quarte, but slowly, so that it was easy for the Italian to escape into sixte.

Peter still retreated. He retreated faster and faster. He reached the end of the balcony, then Ornando lost patience and rushed. Peter had only five feet between him and the door which protected Renée. He fell. He fell purposely. The Italian jumped on him wildly. But Peter's hand, which had been under control during the entire retreat, was in guard now. His blade was touching Ornando's. He whipped the sword, executing that high binding movement which he had accidentally discovered in Picardy. He whipped Ornando's sword over his head, and twisted his wrist so that the point of his sword hit Ornando in the stomach. Then Peter collapsed with fatigue as the giant ran with his whole weight on the point, which entered his stomach and came out the other side.

As Ornando fell he bellowed. He had fallen over Peter against the barricaded door. He now tried to rise, his bloodshot eyes inspired with murder. Peter was up ahead of him, waiting for his attack. The giant raised himself from his knees, staggering. He rushed at Peter with his sword held in both hands in front of him Peter stop-thrust him through the heart.

But meanwhile the insurgents pressed forward, having survived the three volleys which Labay had leveled at them. Labay and his men were standing on the top steps, striding downward, having been driven back step by step. If a man lost his footing he was not able to rise again, for the fight surged over his body. As Peter left the body of Ornando he saw one of his brave Frenchmen leap into the air and clutch an assailant by the throat. He saw them both roll down the stairs together, saw how the momentum of their fall retarded the others. This gave him a second idea.

Weakened as he was, he was still able to drag the body of Ornando to the head of the stairs. The insurgents, delayed for a moment by the two men that had fallen on them, were returning for another charge. With a final effort Peter lifted the dead Ornando on his back, tottered close to Labay, called, "Look out, Labay!" Then with a lift of his legs he sent the body sprawling into the faces of the foremost attackers.

They fell back. They recognized the body. They had not seen Ornando killed because the scene had been hidden by the French guards on the stairs. "Ornando the duke! Ornando the duke is slain!" Yet Bovaro kept pressing them forward so that the ones in the front rank were forced to fight against the Frenchmen for their lives.

Labay fell. Another Frenchman was wounded. Peter helped Labay to crawl away by shoving him with his foot. He and one guard were left alone. The confusion below increased. There was a loud discharge of musketry, cries, oaths. The Frenchman next to Peter was struck by a pike in the face. Peter stood before them with a pike in his hand, his helmet spilt, blood trickling from his head.

The twenty-third man!

For a fraction of a second, as he recoiled from a dozen soldiers who had reached the head of the stairs, Peter

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grinned. It was something to have anticipated this. He retreated. He put his back against the door. He leaned against Renée's door in such a desperate situation that he was almost at leisure. They were advancing. . . . He noticed for the first time that it was dawn. Dawn! Then Renée will be saved. . . . What are they firing at below stairs . . . shouting . . . Pentley and St. George! Lorenzo! . . .

The first pikeman, with his face smeared with blood, reached Peter. He made a jab at the twenty-third man. Just then Peter fell backward and hit the floor. At the same time he was deafened by the discharge of six muskets just over his body. Then some one dragged him away. Some one else cried, "Charge!" Five or six men jumped over him, yelling. Then there was a hand on his forehead, a cheek against his.

"Oh, Peter!"

Peter lifted himself on one elbow. He was on the floor of the antechamber, with furniture piled around him. He saw that Paccini had been able to revive several of the drugged guards, had opened the door, had charged just in time. Peter felt as if he had awakened from a dream.

"I am the twenty-third man," he said. Then he felt himself pressed tightly in Renée's arms.

IN THE hall the re-enforcements from Sir George were striking about them, supported by a number of gorgeously armed troopers. A tall knight clad in bright steel emerged from this confusion, his lifted vizor disclosing a handsome, middle-aged face, with dark eyes. Having first ascertained that Bovaro was captured, he made his way toward the battle-strewn stairs. "Where is the Count Ornando?" he cried in Italian.

Bovaro was struggling to rid himself of three captors and would not answer. The knight climbed the stairs, kicking the dead out of his way. As he mounted he took in the scene with the eye of a soldier. He reached the second floor and was challenged by the guards who stood before the door. Peter, who was lying just inside the door, saw the feathers of his helmet above the guard's shoulders.

The duchess was standing beside Peter and Renée. Seeing the knight, she cried, "Lorenzo!" and ran forward to embrace him.

"Who is it?" Peter asked Renée.

"Lorenzo of Milan, her highness's brother. Are you all right, Peter?"

"Yes. Let me up."

"No." She put her hand on his shoulder.

"I had begun to think you had deserted me, my dear," the duchess was saying.

"I did not know the danger you spoke of was so pressing, Isabella. I was within five miles of the city when I met the French re-enforcements racing to your rescue. Where is the captain of these guards?"

"Here I am," said Peter, struggling to his feet. He pushed Renée away gently. He wanted to appear at his best before Lorenzo of Milan, who was known as one of the greatest soldiers in Italy. "Is there anything I can do for you, my lord?" He swayed a little on his feet.

"By St. Anthony, you have already done more than I would dare to ask of man, sir. What is your name?"

"I am Peter Pole."

Lorenzo of Milan raised his handsome brown eyebrows under his vizor. "You are then related to the late Lord Richard Pole?"

"I am his son."

"*Per Bacco!*" cried the great man. "I did not know!" There was a brief silence while the dark military eyes estimated Peter. "It is no wonder you are safe, Sister." Then, to Peter, "I congratulate you, Captain—your heritage is only equaled by your courage. My hope is to prove my gratitude by some more tangible means, sir."

"I thank your lordship." Peter bowed unsteadily.

"But we must clear up this business," cried Lorenzo. "Where is the Count Ornando? He has not escaped?"

The duchess turned to Peter.

"I heard Ornando shouting, Captain Pole. Which way did he go? We must find him at once. We must prevent further slaughter."

"Yes! will find Ornando somewhere on the stairs," said Peter, a little wearily. "When he's found please let me know. I would like to see his face"

LORENZO took the three guards and turned to the stairs to search for the giant's body. It was not hard to find. It was sprawled under two other bodies, face upward, the arms flung over the head. But when they had lifted the others away they discovered that Ornando's face had been trampled by the heavy heels of the combatants. So Peter never saw the man whom he had fought for nearly two hours.

"How was he killed?" Lorenzo asked.

"By a lucky trick of the sword, my lord," said Peter, who just then remembered his beloved sword. He went out the door to look for it. He found it and sheathed it

"You dueled him?"

"Yes, my lord."

The duchess turned to her brother. "Will you not grant me a request before we proceed further?"

"Certainly."

"My Lord Pole comes of a long line of knights. He himself has not yet been knighted——"

"Ah, most fitting!" Lorenzo smiled. He turned toward Peter. "Kneel, my lord," he said.

Peter, feeling a little foolish, knelt.

"In the name of Heaven, and of Our Lady, and of St. Anthony, I dub thee knight." He struck Peter three times with the flat of his sword. "Rise, Sir Peter Pole. May we lift the sword some day side by side!"

The duchess held out her hand for Peter to kiss.

So now he was a knight and the world could go to the devil! He could follow after his warrior father now, he could lead armies, he could shake nations. The little ceremony just performed had transformed him into a man of honor and renown.

"Now to investigate this revolt," said Lorenzo. "I shall put the leaders on

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KEEP DANDRUFF AWAY

A MEDICAL APPLICATION—NOT A PERFUMED LOTION

trial to-morrow." He walked into the room where the duchess and Renée had been barricaded. "Who is this?" He pointed to the figure of Philippe flat on the couch.

The duchess whispered hurriedly in her brother's ear.

Peter reached for Renée's hand.

"He is dead," said Renée quietly.

Peter crossed the room and stood with folded arms beside the body of his enemy. "I have kept your secret, Count," he thought. "No one will ever know. It will go into the grave with your father and yourself."

He reached down and pulled a corner of the cover away from the pale face—even paler now than it had been in Ardente days. Looking at that countenance, the memory of an Autumn day came clearly back to him—the swirling wind, the bitter cold, and the sharp, clear tap of the naked swords of his first duel.

But no one ever discovered that Philippe was an illegitimate son of the Count Duprès, for Peter told no tales.

"AS FOR you," said Sir George, sitting on the edge of Peter's bed, "you have nothing to complain of at all. The duchess talks of nothing else. Your duel with the unconquerable Ornando is the most popular topic in Italy. The eight guards who have escaped with their wounds swear they will never leave you Francis is clamoring to forgive all your sins. In short, my young oracle, you are the center of the stage."

Peter grinned affably and looked down at the bedclothes from his sitting position. He had been confined for two weeks, the wound in his head proving more serious than any one had expected.

Sir George had returned a few days after Peter's battle, having been betrayed to the Spaniards by the chancellor But he had given the Spaniards a brisk engagement and had prevented them from flanking the French. As a result Lautrec took Pavia by storm. The soldiers wrecked that unfortunate town, to revenge the capture of their heroic king two years previously, and the slaying of Richard Pole. The wily chancellor, hearing that Ornando's cause at Savona was lost, went over to the Spaniards, in whose service he died.

"Besides," Sir George continued mischievously, "when Mademoiselle Duprès left, she seemed to be in love with you."

Peter felt uneasy at this, so he made no reply. His mind was confused about Renée. She had come to say good-by a week ago when Peter was slightly delirious. Not two days after the victory against Ornando, she had received a letter from the King, who commanded her to return to Paris at once. When the messengers from Savona should arrive with the news of Philippe's death, the King would be even more anxious to receive the new heiress. Both the duchess and Sir George therefore agreed that Renée must leave immediately. And so she had had no satisfactory interview with Peter.

HE TRIED to remember Renée's parting words. He sighed. "Thank God I won't have to stay here long," he said aloud.

"I leave to-morrow, but there is no hurry for you," said Sir George. "I shall turn the troops over to Lautrec. You can follow at your leisure."

The cause of Sir George's return can be imagined. The Governor of Calais, spurred to action by letters from Wolsey in England, had demanded the return of one Peter Pole, alias Peter Clos, who had been lent to the French for the purpose of giving evidence against the Thousand Devils. Where was that miserable Pole? By St. George, the Dragon, and many other sacred symbols, if he were not returned within the month, the French ambassador to Calais could consider himself a villain. Frightened lest the good relations between France and England should be disturbed, the French ambassador had put the whole case before the French King. Thus, a few days after Paris heard the news of Peter's exploit in Italy, Francis recalled both Sir George and Peter to settle the international problem.

"They say Lautrec is marching to besiege Naples," said Sir George. "A

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tedious occupation. I am glad the King has relieved us of it."

There was silence a moment. Then Peter said, "You will recommend those guards of mine to the King?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Also," said Peter, "let's now decide on my route to Paris so that we can keep in touch by messengers."

"Very well." Sir George produced a map and they busied themselves with their plan of march.

Dusk fell. Peter was alone on his bed, reviewing the past, speculating on the future. He had reached one of those large decisions which determine the course of a lifetime. Upon his return to France should he proclaim himself the Duke of Suffolk, heir to the English throne? Or should he remain silent? Even if he should conquer England, what was there to be gained? Peter sighed. "I have conquered every one but myself; I must understand myself."

His thoughts drifted toward Renée. What had she said in their last interview? Peter's mind could make no unity out of the fragments of recollection. She had said that Francis probably wanted to marry her to some one; she did not know to whom.

SHE had said: "Or perhaps my foolish uncle has arranged something. I don't know. I just wanted to tell you so that——"

"But, Renée, do you care for me at all?"

"Peter!" Her look was all the assurance he needed. He remembered it more vividly than any words.

"Then why not tell them so?"

"I will, dear, of course. But even my father used to say that a woman ought never to marry for love."

"Well, I shall not let them sacrifice you to politics."

She put her hand on his forehead. "I think I know a way to delay them until you come," she said soothingly. "But you must keep calm and get well quickly. Keep in touch with Sir George in case I need you. I think I know a way. And when the King sees you it will be all right. He will give you anything you ask for."

"What makes you think so?"

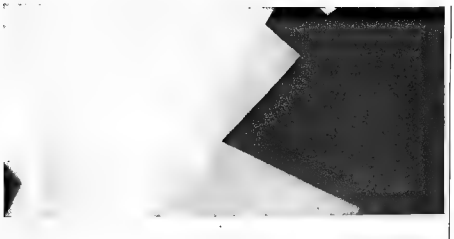
"Doesn't everybody?" she asked with a smile.

And yet it was just here that Peter recognized danger. Would the King be pleased with Peter? Would he be kind to a wandering Englishman? Having learned Peter's history, would the gallant Francis care to marry the heiress of Savona to a masquerader? It seemed doubtful to Peter. He lay on his bed, impatient for the return of his strength.

He was convalescent at last, wandering among the pleasant grounds of Savona, chatting with the courtiers. The duchess made him promise to come back to Savona. And the duke, who had taken to his wine again, urged him to return.

ONE golden, ruddy day in late October Peter marched his small squad of guards through the streets amidst the people's acclamations. He led them past the reviewing-stand, bowing to the duke and the duchess, who smiled down on him from that familiar gallery. He led his troops out of Savona and crossed Lombardy without hurrying. He was weakened by his sojourn in bed, and he must regain his strength He loitered in the interesting towns, and when he reached the Alps permitted himself to camp for several days on their picturesque slopes. The rains had been heavy and the rivers were swollen. This likewise delayed his going.

In those days one was proud of one's family and Peter felt a responsibility to his vanished ancestors. The very road he was traveling was symbolic of his past. He felt that he was riding back from Italy in the place of his father; that henceforth his life-work must be to rehabilitate the ruined house of Pole. He must acquire power for the house of Pole. As the road led upward over the Alps his thoughts also rose, to the limits of reason, to dizzy him with his desire for a throne. He had the right to it, and he had the youth, and he had the brains. But one clear afternoon, when Peter sat on his horse at the top of a foot-hill, looking down into the peaceful French plain, he had the courage to ask himself a question.



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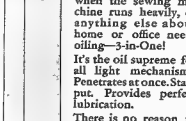

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"I shall have power, yes. *But what kind of power?*"

At mid-day of a certain Tuesday Peter reached the little town of Specs, almost a week's journey from Paris. He entered the inn and sat down alone to his midday meal. Labay and seven of the guards who had done such heroic duty at Savona were eating in the kitchen behind him. Peter had appointed them as a personal body-guard. He was certainly putting on airs.

He had eaten a large meal, when a clatter of hoofs in the street announced the arrival of a courier, probably for Milan or Rome. Peter munched contentedly. The courier stopped in the courtyard. He was talking to the landlord.

"This is his lordship," said the landlord.

The messenger came forward, rather sullenly.

"You wished to see me?" Peter asked.

"Yes, my lord. I bear a message from Sir George Pentley to your lordship." He produced a letter from the pocket of a soiled woolen coat. He handed it to Peter, who, still munching, opened it and read:

To Peter Lord Pole,

MY DEAR ORACLE: As soon as this reaches you jump on your horse and make for Paris at full speed. The lady of Dupres needs you. The King has commanded her to marry a certain count, whose name I will not mention here. At first he insisted upon this particular husband, but the lady objected so strenuously that His Majesty consented to the plan which she herself suggested. There is to be a fête Wednesday, November 5th, at the Palais des Tournelles. As part of the diversion the lady is to select her own husband. She will choose before the whole court. It is rumored that she has as least thirty suitors. His Majesty is moved to heaven by this plan, swearing that the court has not had such excitement in six months. The lady tried to defer the engagement a week, but the King called her coy, and would not allow it. My dear Oracle, for some reason which I am unable to understand, you are wanted; you must be present at the palace Wednesday night by eight o'clock or cause untold unhappiness to all of us.

Your faithful,
GEORGE PENTLEY.

At my lodgings in Paris, this Tuesday morning, October 28, 1527. To be delivered in great haste.

"Landlord!"

"Yes, my lord."

"How long does it take to reach Paris from here?"

"With good traveling, about four days, my lord."

"Name of Heaven! I shall make it by to-morrow night."

"Oh, my lord!"

"Bring me my sergeant!" Peter had decided to reach Paris in twenty-four hours, or die. The landlord hastened out. Peter turned to the messenger. "Why has it taken you a whole week from Paris, fellow?"

The man bowed and cringed. "Oh, my lord, you have heard but half of my message. I was stopped by brigands."

"Brigands!"

"Yes, my lord, brigands. To the south of Moulins. Near the Mont Dore."

"But surely Sir Pentley didn't send you alone with such an important message!"

The man shifted his feet, but did not answer.

"Oh, I understand clearly enough!" cried Peter, facing him closely. "You thought that by traveling alone you would save the money given you for a companion. You have ruined me!"

He was too angry to speak more. Presently he turned to Labay, who had come through the door.

"Bring me my horse instantly, Sergeant! I ride to Paris. Since I shall have to relay I shall ride alone. They say that relays are scarce. I leave you in charge of the company. You will report at Sir Pentley's headquarters in Paris in five days."

"Yes, my lord."

Labay was already out of the room, but Peter shouted after him, "Hurry!" Then he turned to the messenger. "How was it that the brigands spared you this letter?"

"Indeed, my lord, they found the letter. Their leader read it. Then he returned it to me and urged me to deliver it with speed."

Without pausing for more questions, and convinced that the man was lying, Peter paid his bill to the landlord and asked him about the relay-stations along the Paris road. The landlord told him where he could get the best horses, and recited the names of the principal posting-stations. Already it was rumored around the inn that the young lord was going to try for Paris by to-morrow night. A considerable crowd gathered before the door of the inn. Small boys were especially excited—the older people simply said that it couldn't be done.

Suddenly Peter ran from the doorway of the inn, and, without stopping for anything, jumped into his saddle. Then he hit his horse's belly with his spurs, leaned forward, and clattered out of the courtyard. He disappeared down the dusty village street at a full gallop.

Nor could he ever remember details of that ride. There was only the blurred sense of trees and houses in motion, of streets where all hurried away to clear the road for him, of dogs barking, and children screaming, and men and women staring. There were hours and hours of darkness, when the stars seemed to mock at his slow progress. There were times when he thought he was flying, and other times, in the uninhabited pasture-lands, when he thought he was creeping like a lame beetle over the face of the great earth. Twice his horse fell under him as he drew rein in front of a darkened inn. But nevertheless he suffered no great delay, throwing gold about him lavishly.

The terrible expression of his face and the fatness of his money-pouch were, as he wrote afterward, the legs upon which he was running. He never drew rein between posting-houses. At each house, while they were saddling a new horse, he drank a few gulps of wine and sometimes stuffed bread and cheese into his pockets. He was still weak from his wound. At times the weakness made him dizzy, so that he swayed in his saddle, causing the horse to change lead.

Yet he had more luck than he could have expected. His horses were excellent; he had plenty of money. The machinery of the posting system worked perfectly. Tho he was pale he still possessed the resources of a constitution which had never failed him.

He was approaching Moret, leaning over in his saddle, his horse blowing painfully. He was just east of Fontainebleau, in the country of the Marne. It was the afternoon of the second day. Peter had covered nearly three hundred miles in twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours! Moret, then a small hamlet, was sleeping under its spire in the afternoon sunlight. It roused itself as Peter approached, the dogs and children scurrying to shelter.

BUT here he encountered his first difficulty, in the person of the landlord, who was a grasping soul and understood that his lordship was *bien pressé*. He asked twice as much for his horse as other posting-houses had asked. Peter flung the money on the table with an oath, gulped down his wine, and strode out to the courtyard. There he was confronted by the meekest animal, the most motheaten, that he had encountered since the sale of his donkey by Father Gaspard. He turned to the landlord.

"I said I wanted a horse."

"I have given his lordship the best in my stables," said the landlord with a bow.

"By Heaven, your terminology flatters that establishment!" Peter strode across the courtyard, directly to the stalls. After a glance at the six or seven horses scattered there, he chose a large bay. Shaking the horse-boy by the collar, Peter demanded that the bay be saddled. He was almost frantic at this delay. The landlord came running into the stable.

"My lord, not that horse, not that horse!"

"Go to the devil," said Peter, without turning his head. He stood with his arms folded, fuming at the horse-boy.

"But, my lord——"

"If you don't close your mouth I'll run you through the guts!" Peter cried, turning around savagely. "The King and every one else at court shall learn of the worthlessness of your service!"

The landlord shrugged. The horse was saddled. Peter led him out, mounted him, and was off for Melun.

Melun was a town of considerable

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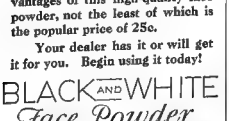

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importance, once captured for Julius Cæsar by Lieutenant Labienus; and in Peter's day the home of Jacques Amyot, who, in a few years, was to begin his famous translation of Plutarch. But as he galloped down a long hill five miles from Melun, Peter was not thinking of Labienus, or Plutarch, or even of Amyot. For the bay went lame in his off hind leg! And this horse had been such a poor runner that Peter had already despaired of making Paris by eight o'clock. Now it was hopeless. He sank back in his saddle and gave himself up to bitterness and fatigue—actually gave up Renée. He was entirely helpless in the grip of events—the messenger's delay, the lame horse. No acting, no bravery could rescue him here. It was a question of time.

He desired above all things to turn back to Moret and revenge himself on that landlord. If he did not reach Renée in time, better not to reach her at all. Why not, therefore, have the villainous pleasure of whipping the skin from the landlord's back?

This madness lasted only a moment. The landlord had tried to tell him something about the horse, and Peter had silenced him roughly. This accident was Peter's own fault. Moreover, as he now saw, there was a chance of deliverance from a group of horsemen who appeared to be troopers, just disappearing on the brow of the next hill. It was growing dusk and he could not be certain that they were troopers, but if he could catch up to them he might be able to buy one of their horses and so reach Melun without much delay. Perhaps the fête would be late. The troopers had already jogged over the hill and were now out of sight. If he could only urge his horse up to them!

He drew rein. He dismounted to see if there were a stone in the hoof. He was at the bottom of the hill, with a small woods on either side of the road. Peter was feeling and pressing the horse's hoof. There seemed to be no stone . . . the muscles of the leg . . .

"By Heavens, you ride fast!"

If Peter had had any color in his face he would have lost it at the sound of those deep, metallic words. Peter dropped the hoof and whirled, reaching for his sword. A soldier was sitting on a great sunset light that filtered through the woods, stood with his legs apart, one hand on his hip, a pistol at his belt, and an unpleasant smile playing around his lips. A second pistol was cocked and aimed at Peter's eyes. The shadow of a broad hat concealed the scar which, as Peter knew, extended from his forehead, along his jowl, and through the rough beard to his chin.

THAT which the spectators of an event can ridicule as "coincidence" the actors themselves must often recognize as a specimen of inevitability. Two and a half hours away from Renée, Peter was confronted by the man from whom he had originally taken her. The thing was profoundly just.

For according to his custom the baron had been patrolling the Paris-Milan highway southeast of the Mont Dore. He was not only patrolling it, he was using it for an expedition toward Paris.

As he and a dozen of his followers made their way northeastward they were met by a messenger riding at a leisurely pace. They stopped him, stole his gold, and read his message, which happened to be that urgent summons which Sir George Penthey, After the baron was not acquainted with Peter Lord Pole, to whom the letter was addressed, nevertheless he was struck by the similarity between that name and the baron's. The whole marriage contract he had once had the pleasure of witnessing. He, of course, noticed Renée's name at the beginning of Sir George's letter.

He did not put it beneath the imagination of Peter P. to set himself up as the Lord Pole. A fellow who could play tricks on the Thousand Devils might play similar ones on His Majesty of France. In any case, the baron reflected, his lordship of Pole would post to Paris recklessly, and if his lordship of Pole were really Peter the horse-boy, here was a chance for revenge. If he were really his lordship of Pole, here was a chance for a large ransom.

So the baron returned the letter to the messenger and sent him off. Then, since there were several highways to Paris at that point, he and his men rode on at top speed, and encamped themselves between Moret and Melun, where almost all the highways had converged.

BUT just outside of Melun the baron himself met with misfortune in the shape of fifty troopers riding in the service of His Majesty, to exterminate the brigands that infested the Paris-Milan highway. There had been a sharp engagement yesterday just outside of Melun. The brigands were outnumbered and scattered in all directions.

The baron himself made his escape by means of an enormous black Spanish horse, eluding the troopers in the broken country to the south of Melun. This very afternoon twenty of the troopers who had chased the baron southward gathered at Moret and set forth again for Melun to find him. Meanwhile the baron had returned to the highway, intending to flee southward that night. He tethered his horse in the woods, fifty yards from the road, and sat down to await darkness. Just before dusk he saw the troopers jogging down the hill from the direction of Moret. He watched them pass him by. But just before they vanished from sight he heard the pound of another horse from the direction of Moret. The rhythm of the hoof-beats became irregular and descended to a trot. The horse was lame. The baron could see the rider on the brow of the hill.

From a small kit at his side the baron produced a short telescope, and, setting this to his eye, observed the rider's face. A moment after, he muttered an oath, snapped up the telescope, and struggled to his feet. He drew a pistol. But he was afraid that the troopers would hear the report of it and return. Accordingly he pocked it and loaded it, and returned it to its holster for emergency. A second pistol he cocked by way of bluff, but did not load, and with a smile awaited Peter.

Ten yards away Peter stopped his horse and dismounted to inspect the hoof, planning to overtake the troopers, who had just vanished over the next hill. No action could have been more favorable to the baron, who had decided to hold up the enemy with an empty pistol.

As Peter whirled with his hand on his sword, his mind was confronted by several questions. Who were the riders that had just disappeared beyond the next hill? Why was the baron alone? How did the baron know that he, Peter, had ridden so fast? What was the baron doing so close to Paris? Why had the brigand who had robbed Sir George's messenger returned the message to him? Why were the baron's clothes torn? Why had not the baron stopped the riders who had just disappeared? *And would the baron dare to fire that pistol?*

Peter's particular frame of mind at that moment was one of desperation. With his failure to reach Paris life itself was not very desirable. Clearly he did not wish to live without Renée. So he decided to stake his life on immediate action. Accordingly he returned the baron's smile. But he continued to draw his sword.

"Hands up, hands up, Horse-boy! I'll blow your head off!"

"Indeed, my captain," said Peter. "Your greeting is warm. But supposing those troopers just ahead should overhear that cordiality?" Peter's cold-blooded ness was incredible. But it must not be supposed that he was doing this blindly. Rather, his eyes were boring into the baron. By the time Peter had his sword half-way out he knew that the baron would not shoot, altho he was crying, "I'll give you three counts. Drop that sword; do you hear?"

AT THIS point Peter stopped drawing his sword, and said, "Shoot if you must, my friend, but I would give my life to avoid delay."

"Ah," said the baron, "the lady is to make her choice at eight o'clock!"

Three questions instantly were answered in Peter's mind. This was the brigand who had stopped Sir George's messenger and read the message. This was the brigand who had returned the letter in order to trap Peter. Therefore this brigand knew how fast Peter had ridden.

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But these answers led to no conclusion about the baron's pistol.

"My captain," said Peter, "you weary me. Either shoot me or fence me. I am in a hurry." He began drawing his sword again. "I give you no other choice."

"Drop that sword!" cried the baron. It was now out of its scabbard. "And keep back!" But Peter deliberately and swiftly lunged. And as he lunged he flicked his sword so that the tip passed under the baron's wrist and drew blood.

The baron uttered an immeasurable oath. He dropped his gun and reached with his right hand toward his sword, which hung on his left side. The reserve pistol was also on the left, hanging near the sword, loaded and cocked.

Now Peter did not know whether the baron's failure to shoot had been due to an unloaded pistol or to fear of discovery. He was, therefore, uncertain what to expect should the baron draw his second pistol. In fact, he was not looking for this maneuver at all. He assumed that the baron's hand had gone for his sword. He waited on guard. The light was uncertain, almost dark. There was a moment's hesitation. The baron's arm came upward. But it was coming upward in a strange way. It was not coming across his body in the usual manner. *If he was drawing another pistol he must be intending to fire it.*

With a leap forward as rapid as the motion of the baron's arm, Peter was on him with his sword extended. He felt the point enter the baron's chest. The baron gave a cry, a gasp. There was a shattering report. Peter felt burned, but he had not fallen. And there was the baron writhing on the ground, with both hands clutching a wound in his right lung.

Peter did not waste another moment. Immediately after the report of the pistol he heard a crashing of brush in the woods. He thought it was the baron's companions, but it did not take him long to discover that the noise was made by the outlaw's horse, frightened at the report of the gun.

By the time that Peter had emerged from the woods, leading that wonderful animal, the troopers were riding down into the gully, waving their pistols and shouting. They gathered around Peter threateningly.

PETER struck his pose.

"Easy, easy, my man," he said to the sergeant. "I am the Lord Pole I ride to His Majesty in haste. If you are looking for the leader of the Thousand Devils, this is he." He pointed to the baron, who was lying in the dust of the road and holding his chest.

The sergeant was not altogether convinced. Peter showed him the letter from Sir George. The sergeant read it with difficulty and made a deep obeisance.

"Now obey my instructions," Peter said, "for I shall tell His Majesty that you have captured this man. First, keep him alive. If you let him die before he gives certain testimony which the King desires, it will be the worse for all of you. Take him to the surgeon in Melun and keep him until I send you instructions from Paris. That will be as soon as possible. Then send one of your men to court to inform me as to this villain's whereabouts. Then I shall give the credit of his capture to you, Sergeant, and to your men. There will be a prize of ten pounds apiece if you keep him alive and breathing for three days."

Having said this, Peter put spurs to the black horse, who shot forward and began pounding off the miles that separated him from Paris.

Never had Peter ridden so fast or been so aware of the giant's energy of muscles. He sped through the town without drawing rein, shouting ahead of him for the road to be cleared. Still he was holding the horse in check. He rode on to Corbeil and passed by the posting-station in the darkness without a pause. Several ran' out after him, calling to him that this was the last station before Villeneuve. He followed the western bank of the Seine, with the Spaniard breathing hard and laboring. He reached Villeneuve. Here he was forced to stop, guiding his charger's unsteady legs into the courtyard of the inn. The horse stood with bowed head and bulging nostrils and trembling legs, in the steamy light of the lanterns, surrounded by the innkeeper and shouting horse-boys. Peter put his arm around the wet, muscular neck. "You've made it up, boy! You win, you win!"

As he climbed into the saddle of his last post-horse he cried to the landlord, "Save that Spaniard, Landlord! You'll not regret it if you save that Spaniard!" And he was off.

Peter did not spare his horse for those last twelve miles, galloping along what was then but well-populated farm-land. Then he was through the gates of the city, stopping to inquire for the Palais des Tournelles. As he leaned over, receiving his instructions from a guard, he heard the clocks striking eight, answering each other leisurely over the dark roofs. Then he hastened on in the direction indicated.

THE old Palais was alight. We who think electricity indispensable might have been surprized at the brilliancy of the windows in François Premier's residences. Hundreds of the richest men and women of France were assembled within those old walls; there was a vague stir and hum of voices. Peter clattered up and drew rein. His horse swayed, staggered, and fell. Thinking that he was a messenger with urgent news from the frontier, half a dozen attendants ran out and lifted him from the groaning horse. They carried him into the hall of the guards, questioning him excitedly.

"Sir George Pentley," Peter kept saying. He was too weak to say it very loud. "Take me to Sir George Pentley at once."

One of the attendants ran off to find the knight, while Peter slumped onto a bench in the guard-room. He waited for five minutes, with his head propped on his hands and his elbows on his knees. He had the sensation that he was still on a horse, riding and riding.

Sir George appeared, accompanied by three of his own servants. Peter extended his hand, and tried to rise. "Am I too late, George?"

"Ten minutes more," said Sir George curtly. "Where in thunder have you been? Mademoiselle is at the end of reason."

"Your letter only reached me at Specs yesterday noon. I have not stopped since." There was a faint smile on Peter's mouth. He was on time!

"What! From Specs? Damnation, man, what did you come on?"

"On the wings of desire," said Peter, taking Sir George's arm and allowing himself to be led away. "And still I walk."

Sir George gave Peter something to drink. "Can you climb the stairs?" he asked. "Lean on my arm. There, that's better. The ambassador to Calais is here, you know"

"But my clothes!" Peter complained. "My clothes!"

Indeed, it seemed impossible for Sir George to usher Peter in these clothes into this court, famous for the magnificence of its attire. Clothes were the most expensive item in a courtier's budget, an outfit to cost the equivalent of ten thousand dollars being not unusual. And here was Peter, presenting himself as a suitor to the wealthy Countess Dupperly, in a dusty black hat to which one shriveled red feather was hanging. His blue riding-cloak was stained, his red breeches were torn, his boots were covered with mud, his spurs were bloody. His face and hands were so grimy it was difficult to recognize him. As he climbed the sweeping stairs the guards snickered, and the young pages, in their black-and-tan liveries, stood aside with open mouths.

But Peter pulled his wits together at last. "George," he said, "I haven't time to dress. Can't we make melodrama out of this business?"

Sir George reflected a moment and then turned to Peter with a smile. "Always your stage, always your acting."

"Well?"

"Well, I think you are right again. Just wait here till I get His Majesty's permission."

He led Peter to a gilded bench in the gilded anteroom. Several of the lesser nobility, just from the country, were gathered in this spacious hall, waiting to be received. They frowned at the intruder. The man's clothes! The man's face! They turned up their noses

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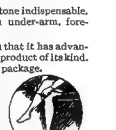
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OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

Peter could look into the great chamber, from which issued a hum of voices. It was hung with blue silk, embroidered with golden and silver fleurs-de-lis, the same device being repeated on the floor in blue tiles. The King, dressed in white velvet covered with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, sat at the far end of the chamber in a chair of state which was raised four steps above the floor. A canopy of golden cloth hung gracefully above his head, whose long black curls bore a golden crown.

At the King's right sat the dark Queen Eleanor, his second wife, the former Queen of Portugal and sister to Francis's great rival, Charles V. She likewise was dressed in white. Music penetrated the confusion of voices. Then came a sudden silence—Sir George was speaking to the King. Then Francis's bluff voice.

"From Specs yesterday noon to attend our fête? *Pot d'un gentilhomme!* That is something like a ride. And who is this Mercury?"

Sir George's voice could not be heard.

"Indeed, indeed! Show him in!"

Again Sir George murmured.

"What does that matter, Sir Pentley? Had he nothing but a shift you should announce him!"

There was a wave of laughter. The whole court had heard the King, but only those near the throne had understood the name spoken by Sir George. There was a buzzing and questioning as the knight bowed and hurried down the center of the hall, avoiding the groups of excited courtiers. At last he was beside Peter, laughing with a mixture of pleasure and nervousness.

"It is your turn now, my Oracle," he said.

Peter's first emotion was stage-fright The scene was so much larger and more splendid than that at Savona! Besides, at Savona he had been dressed for the occasion. But now Sir George was pushing him toward the door. Peter must collect his senses, he must mask his face, he must act!

Renée was in there and would see him. Sir George was whispering his name to the blue-and-white-liveried usher, who turned with a magnificent gesture which automatically imposed silence on the hall.

"Sir Peter Lord Pole!"

There was a general gasp as the courtiers heard the name, and beheld, between Sir George and the usher, a grim, triangular face, covered with mud and stained with powder from the baron's pistol; a face with prominent jaw-bones and eyes that pierced the magnificence before him from under a high and grimy forehead—a stubborn face, a stained blue cloak, and torn red riding-breeches.

Many of the courtiers who had known Richard murmured, "Pole!" Then Peter walked easily up the aisle they opened for him, while Sir George, as the lesser in rank, took his place behind. Peter held his left hand on the hilt of his sword, and as he walked, his eyes glanced from side to side, challenging those which were turned on him. Thus he reached the throne.

AND at this crisis Peter executed an unexpected maneuver, as was characteristic of him. He fell to his knee before the white splendor of Francis, put his right hand to his sword, drew it forth, and held it for a moment in the air. Then with a wide and graceful sweep he laid it at the King's feet, saying,

"Without a name, but by this sword of France, I am come to kneel before Your Majesty. I render unto Your Majesty this sword, which was never mine, which I borrowed from France to do what honor I could."

Francis arose. It was the kind of gesture he himself had performed on several occasions, notably after the battle of Marignano, when he had knelt before the Chevalier Bayard and asked to be knighted. And certainly nothing could be more accurately calculated to obtain the favor of this King. Peter kissed the extended hand and allowed himself to be drawn to his feet.

"Welcome, Lord Pole! Welcome, the White Rose!" cried the King, his flashing eye meeting Peter's enthusiastically. "We have waited for you a long time, tho you were not long in reaching us."

As he spoke, Peter turned to Queen Eleanor and made [illegible] then he said, "No, Your Majesties. Since I had decided to come I was impatient."

"That impatience should be rewarded."

Peter looked at him boldly. "Sire, I will ask you to remember that I, an outcast, could have chosen any sovereign in Europe for my own. In choosing the greatest and most illustrious, the only reward I can ask is to be received by him and allowed to serve."

Francis was highly pleased. "*Tiens!*" He laughed, showing his white teeth. "If only more of my knights were of that opinion! But now, sir, you have sharpened my curiosity. Tell me why you were in such haste to reach our court to-night."

Peter studied the King's eyes swiftly, to see whether they were mocking him. But Francis could rarely disguise his feelings. Peter saw that the King was really ignorant of the cause of Peter's ride to Paris.

"Now that I am here, Sire, my business is not pressing. If you will allow me to attend the fête to-night I shall be in a position to offer you a full explanation to-morrow."

"How is that? You refuse our first command?"

"Sire," said Peter brazenly, who relied on his own royal heritage, which made him in some sense the equal of this King, "let us put it the opposite way—that you are denying my first request to Your Majesty."

THE boldness of his words was combined with a pleasant and easy grin, so that Francis could not resist another laugh

"Your tongue is as quick as your sword, my lord!" With a quick motion he himself leaned over, snatched Peter's sword, and, folding his arm under the blade, presented the hilt gallantly. Peter was abashed. Francis, as usual, had gained the ascendency. "That which you have given to France," cried His Majesty, "France returns to you, as a symbol of her gratitude and faith. So long as you love France, wear this; and when you forsake France, throw this into the sea."

The whole court applauded. For a moment they had believed that this travel-worn stranger, who walked among them as if he owned half the world, would displease His Majesty. But where Peter's action was dramatic, the King's was magnificent.

Peter bowed himself away. Sir George would have introduced him to the nobility, but Peter insisted on being led to a corner of the room, where he sat down with Sir George, conscious of all inquiring eyes. But he could not avoid a few deputations of the more important courtiers, who were introduced, and stood about to question and examine the new pretender to the English throne.

But after the hubbub had subsided the King arose, his jewels flashing. Peter, who had been trying to control the pace of his heart, saw Renée—his Renée—approach the throne, surrounded by several ladies. The ladies stopped at the foot of the throne. Renée mounted the four steps alone and turned to face the room. She stood beside the King. She too was dressed in white, except for a wide sash of scarlet around her waist. Her head-dress and her small white slippers were studded with diamonds. She wore a pearl necklace at her throat.

Peter was certain that she was the most beautiful the most lovely—the most triumphant. He glanced at the other ladies: the dark, slim Queen; the Queen Mother, Louise de Savoie, proud and smiling, clever with love and politics; the King's sister, Marguerite de Valois, author of the "Heptameron"; and the fascinating Anne, Duchesse d'Etampes, Francis's mistress, who had dominated the court for two years by her beauty and was to dominate for twenty years more. But they seemed to Peter like ornaments to the splendor of Renée.

Renée was speaking. "Since Your Majesty has commanded this, I must obey. It is a great honor these gentlemen are rendering me." She turned toward the courtiers, in the midst of whom a dozen worried faces might have been observed. She courtesied gracefully. "Yet I can choose only one, Your Majesty, and they are all very enticing."

There was laughter. The King smiled. "Mind, then, that you make no mistake, Mademoiselle!"

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"Yes. I can choose only one," she repeated, "and I do not like him very much and"—she was interrupted again by laughter—"and hope the other gentlemen will take no offense."

The way her lips moved made Peter want to run to her. Did not like him very much? What a little witch she was!

"No, no! That is understood," cried Francis. "It is a recognized condition that none shall be offended. All have promised to abide by your choice. Come now, I will escort you myself." He turned and bowed to the Queen, and extended his hand to Renée.

They descended the steps. Renée led His Majesty in and out of the groups of courtiers. They all watched her with amused attentions. Here and there Renée would stop before a splendid gentleman, then pout and turn away. It was highly amusing. She did not go in Peter's direction at all! Peter was distraught. "I do not like him very much"—did she mean that she was taking some one else, that she was *not* going to choose him? Losing all sense of propriety, Peter leaned over to Sir George. "George, are you sure she had seen me?"

The knight laughed aloud.

Renée was enjoying herself, creating as much suspense as possible. There was a courtier named Montmorency, gruff and stern, and proud of his dislike for women. He was the most famous soldier in France, a man who eventually attained power just short of royal.

To be affected to despise women, he had been kind to Renée. As she passed his surly eyes she could not help stopping in front of him. The court gasped. Renée stood with her hand on her chin, as if in deep meditation. Montmorency fidgeted and bit his beard. She looked up. Even the King was nervous. Then at last Renée shook her head, very sadly, and walked on. There was a burst of laughter, and a sound almost like a bellow from the constable of France.

At length the heiress had led the King all around the room.

"Mademoiselle is fastidious," he said, seeing that she was playing with him.

"Sire, I have discovered him at last." She was not looking at the King, but at Peter, who stood ten paces away. For one moment his eager eyes held hers. Her lips were trembling. Suddenly she quitted the King's side and advanced toward Peter with outstretched hands.

"Your Majesty, this is my choice." She spoke directly to Peter. He held her hands. He knelt and kissed her fingers. As he bowed over them he heard the King cry, "Bravo, my Lord Pole! *Foi d'un gentilhomme*, but you do ride fast!"

ALL that night there was laughter and celebrating at the Palais. The affair was dramatic enough even for those French hearts. They loved Renée; and Peter, notwithstanding his dirty face, was already popular. Peter retired in the course of the evening and dressed himself handsomely. Then he and Renée had to receive the congratulations not only of the French nobility but of the foreign ambassadors.

One ambassador held himself aloof—he of England, who had on his desk in the embassy a letter demanding the capture and imprisonment of this melodramatic Pole. On the other hand, the Sieur de Beaumont, who considered himself responsible for this happiness, could not be induced to leave Peter's side, and was quite out of his head with jubilation.

The next day they set about untangling the threads of Peter's early life. It was obvious from the beginning that Francis would never hear of sending him back to Cardinal Wolsey. When he learned how Peter had extricated himself from prison at Calais, the King turned to the English ambassador with a smile, and said, "You must grant me that France, in that hour, won a great diplomatist!"

And still there was the promise which the Sieur de Beaumont had given, in behalf of France, to return Peter Pole, should Peter Clos be acquitted by the French.

While this problem of national honor was being settled by the ambassadors, Peter gave his attention to the captured Baron de Riancourt and the Thousand Devils. The baron was conveyed from Melun to Paris, still alive, the suffering in his lung. Here, at Peter's request, he was cross-examined without torture. But he would give no information; he would not even speak. He lay grimly on his bed, unmoved by threats of the rack.

At last even Peter's eloquence could not prevent the examiners from torturing this man who had caused so much anguish and pain to others. Peter saw him carried into the torture-chamber, his face set and ghastly. And yet the worst cruelties they could devise did not move this horrible soul from its silence. The baron died on the wheel, his joints broken and distorted, his face torn with agony, his tongue unsaid.

Peter had expected that. He shrugged, regretting that he had captured the fellow. And yet it had been necessary to do so—necessary and fateful. At the request of the authorities he drew a map of the retreat of the Thousand Devils. A large company of soldiers was sent out against them. In a month's time that band of outlaws was no more.

Peter indulged his own sense of irony by riding to Villeneuve and taking possession of the wonderful Spanish horse which he had captured from the baron. Peter was always something of an outlaw, belonging to no nation and making his way on what he could obtain from his enemies. Philippe's emerald sword and the baron's jet-black horse were the two worldly possessions that he loved most. He was proud of them, and proud of the use he had made of them.

THEN came Peter's formal reception by the King, as a French subject; and, several days later, his marriage to the Countess Duprès. Both these ceremonies were desired by the King, who wished to show the English that he did not intend to give up Lord Pole.

Renée, in her diamonds, her white silks and laces, was given away by her cousin Louis in the old chapel of Saint Louis—the jewel of the Seine—before the nobility of France and in the incensed mystery of the Gothic arches. The wedding was followed by a vast ball at the Palais, given by the King in Renée's honor, where even Peter, led on by the boisterous Sieur de Beaumont, drank deeply enough of old champagne to become imaginary king of the world. It was a night of rich attire and jewels and music and laughter.

True to a promise given when he was in need, Peter reported to Francis the "courtesy and trouble" that the Governor de Gans had taken in his behalf that fateful evening after a passage with Renée from the brigands' plateau. Monsieur de Gans, who had assisted the Duprès family, became the warm friend of the family of Pole.

The solution of the vexing problem between England and France and Peter came at last. Peter has recorded it himself, and perhaps it will be safer, at this point, to use his own words.

"Two days after that" (his marriage) "His Majesty summoned me to the *lever* about nine in the morning. Chabot was present, and Montmorency, and several others. His Majesty was just out of bed, and, seeing my arrival, he cried out and beckoned to me to approach. I did so, thanking him for the honor he was doing me to summon me at this hour.

"'My lord,' he said, 'I have determined that it shall be no unusual honor, for I want you to serve as a gentleman of the bedchamber.' I bowed.

"Chabot assigned me the care of His Majesty's coat, which carries a pension of three thousand crowns a year. 'Again, Sire,' I said, 'I must thank you for this honor, which, instead of becoming accustomed to it, I shall always regard as an extraordinary one.' He seemed pleased at that. Later, as I was holding his coat for him, I remarked that it would be a heavy blow to the English ambassador to learn that his escaped convict had been appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber.

"His Majesty laughed, and requested the others to withdraw. Then he said, 'Well, my lord, what would you do to that convict if you were in my position?'

"'You are stealing a page out of the Book of Esther, Sire,' I said. 'You will have me build my own gallows, like Hamon.'

"'But no!' he cried. 'I am asking advice of one who was clever enough to get me into trouble, and clever enough to get me out.'

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"I became serious then, and explained to him the only honorable way of escape that I could see. I said that if I should renounce all claim to the Dukedom of Suffolk, and all claim to the throne of England, and any other claim I could possibly make, forever, for myself and my heirs, then the English would indeed be exorbitant if they refused to let me go. For I had done no wrong against England and I had already made such a renunciation. So short and good I was. Oh, Elizabeth! How my heart beats and prays for you: mistress of that little island of great men, of whom I can not but be jealous!"

Peter lived behind the scenes of French politics during that stormy period when the Church of Rome was being attacked by Luther. He read and studied much. When the Duke of Savona died he became a full duke, through Renée, and he spent a great deal of his later life at Savona, among the sculptures and paintings of Italy. Peter and Renée became almost a son and daughter to the old duchess, who loved them much of her wisdom. And Peter was often at Rome, as French ambassador to the pope, tho this position was regularly held by the Sieur Henri de Beaumont, who owed his promotion to Peter's friendship.

Throughout his life, tho he disclaimed his English titles consistently, he was known as the "White Rose."

Sir George Pentley returned to Calais after Peter's wedding. From there he went to London and was married to a lady whom Peter considered "dangerously rich." But the two friends became so inseparable that the Pentleys spent most of their lives at the château of Ardente, where their daughter was born.

But the happiest day in Peter's life was his return to Ardente, after his ransom had been paid to the English ambassador. He was free. He was in love. He was loved. And Father Gaspard was there, in the same little cottage, studying the same brown "St. Augustine," visiting the same faithful flock.

The old curé's joy at seeing Peter was so great as to be dangerous to his health. But Peter had him taken to the château, where he was given an apartment of his own and appointed the family confessor. As soon as possible a chapel was built for him on the château grounds.

That first night, after seeing the curé, Renée and Peter stood on the balcony of the château—the balcony toward which Peter used to look every morning when he came for his fencing-lesson. He used to look for Renée there—his princess, his goddess. Now he was standing beside her, and they were looking out into the April night. Below the faint lights of Ardente were like prayers for peace to the new lord and lady. Well, those honest peasants would have peace. A philosopher was their master now.

"I have stood here so often, alone," said Renée, "wondering if it were possible, if *this* were possible."

"This?"

"Yes; being owned in my heart by some one else."

He kissed her reverently. "You are not owned," he said. "But I am."

The White Rose: the royal gentleman I chosen the throne of England"—you see, he never doubted his ability to get it—"at this time when England is becoming the flower of Europe under the great and noble Elizabeth. I would have had to destroy her by war.

"Sometimes I long to return to my ancestors. And then I realize that the suffering of the fathers must be visited, like their sins, upon the third and fourth generations. I shall never return, but I shall know what reigns in good Eng—Oh, Elizabeth! How my heart beats and prays for you: mistress of that little island of great men, of whom I can not but be jealous!"

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The White Rose: the royal gentleman I

THE END

BUNNY'S AUNT MATHILDA

Continued from Page 4

indescribably waggish, and opened her suitcase. Miss Mathilda, wistful, hovered close. "Can't I do something?"

"Thank you," Claire said. "I think I'll be all right."

There were cloisonné toilet articles in the tray of the suitcase, and there were earrings and powder-puffs and pearls. And when Claire lifted the tray out, there were glimpses of turquoise velvet and cloth of silver and pale chiffon.

"Well—" said Miss Mathilda. "Call me, if you need anything, won't you?"

Claire promised she would, smiling sweetly if a trifle abstractedly. Miss Mathilda pulled the window-shades lower, switched on the bathroom lights, and went out, closing the door. She carried back to the living-room with her, caught in the tail of her eye, the glint of a rhinestone heel on a sister sandal.

Bunny was standing with his back to her. Tall he stood, statuesque, superb in his evening clothes, and moodily blew smoke into the goldfish tank. "All set?" he inquired, without turning.

"Oh, yes."

"Hope she hustles. It's after ten."

In a minute he put out his cigaret, and stretched himself at full length in a chair. "How're you fixed for cash, Tilda?"

"Why—"

"I'm flat," Bunny said succinctly. "As usual. If you could let me have twenty till pay-day——"

"Of course, dear."

Bunny hesitated. "Well—could you spare any *more* than twenty?"

"Why—let's see——"

It was hard to concentrate. Her mind was dazzled still, and refused to dim itself to common things. My pocket-

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book is in my room," she said finally. "I'll get it in a minute."

"Before Claire comes back."

"Oh, yes."

She did not stir. After a time she said abruptly, ecstatically, "I can't *wait* to see how she's going to look!"

His expression was blank. "Look?"

"When she's all ready!"

"Oh," said Bunny. And then, "Oh, Claire always looks knock-out."

"I suppose," Miss Mathilda began diffidently, "I suppose she wears evening dresses—quite often?"

She had been afraid it was a silly question, and Bunny's eyes assured her that it had been. "Naturally," he said.

"I suppose she has dozens?" Miss Mathilda flushed. Sillier and sillier. But the idea of dozens of evening dresses, all subject to use, was so vastly exciting.

"I suppose so," said Bunny.

Miss Mathilda thought about it. Colors swirled in her mind. Lavender, orange, green. Red. Men were said to like red.

"Are," she moistened her lips, "are any young men—besides you—attentive to her?"

"Heavens, yes!"

"Oh!"

"Fifty or sixty," Bunny said moodily. "We trip over one another."

Miss Mathilda pictured it. Fifty or sixty young six-footers tripping over one another.

CLAIRE came out in a quarter of an hour. Sheathed snug in turquoise velvet, slung round with a silver-cloth wrap, she entered the living-room casually, matter-of-factly—as if to be so breath-taking were nothing, nothing at all. Light seemed to come with her, to shift as she moved. Perfume sighed all about her. Below her small left ear the three orchids curled and quivered, and one of a pair of crystal earrings fell among them, like a great shining drop of dew.

"Bunny," she said, "I know how it always annoys you, but you'll *have* to put this make-up in your pocket——"

Miss Mathilda scarcely heard. She was all eyes. Eager, greedy eyes, devouring details.

"Because *I* haven't any place to carry it," said Claire.

"You wouldn't," Bunny sighed.

He accepted the several articles. Claire drew her wrap tighter about her slenderness and pinned it on one hip with both hands. She turned to Miss Mathilda; smiled her slow, sweet smile. "Will you excuse us, Miss Meade? I s'pose we'd really better dash along."

Of course. Of course they must.

"Don't wait up, Tilda," Bunny added. He had taken, among other things, her latch-key.

Miss Mathilda followed them to the door. "Good-by," she said. "Good-by. Have a lovely, *lovely* time——"

Even when they were gone, when the door had shut again, she still followed them in thought; and somehow she knew that outside in the deserted hall, before they rang for the elevator, Bunny kissed Claire quite fiercely for a long time.

Miss Mathilda went back into the living-room and sat down. She sat straight in her chair, not relaxing. Her hands lay loose in her lap, the palms upturned. They looked very empty.

It was quiet in the living-room. The ghosts of Bunny's cigarets hung blue and dim and quiet in the air. It was a little cold, too, Miss Mathilda noticed, and she wondered why she did not go to bed. Wondered dully, sitting there.

Bunny and Claire. Bunny and Claire. *Why* was she suddenly thinking of Richard Whitacre? There was no connection. She had not thought of him for a long time. But he was in her mind now, superimposed upon Bunny and Claire. An old waltz-tune that had been new when she was young was in her mind. A billow of white taffeta, rose-sprigged and trimmed with lace. A compliment heard twenty years ago. (Or yesterday?) Tall Richard. Where was he now?

"He's in California," she said aloud, as if some one had asked her.

She knew that. It was all she knew.

Dark Richard, with dark, soft eyes. He had wanted to marry her, once, and she had sent him away. She could not think why. "Because I don't love you," she had said. She remembered that, but dimly. It seemed a trivial and flimsy reason.

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But there were things she must do first. Snap off lights. Put out milk-bottles. Write a note to the milkman about extra cream.

She did these things, directing their performance half aloud. Her tongue, lieutenant to her absent mind, gave orders. "See if there are eggs enough in the ice-box—" *How still it was!* In all this place how solitary still! Incredible that somewhere music moaned and crashed. Music for rhinestone heels.

She came out of the kitchen, and moved through the dining-room and the inner hall, leaving them in darkness behind her. Light shone from the guest-room ahead. She advanced to the threshold, and there stopped, and stood motionless, gazing in.

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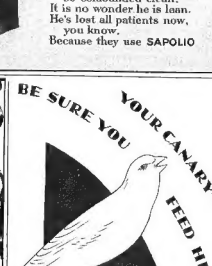

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1929.

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss:

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Abbott, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—PERCY WAXMAN, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Business Manager—WILLIAM P. ABBOTT, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. ABBOTT, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

P. BLOCK, 347 Park Avenue, New York City.

H. B. GOODSTEIN, 1457 Broadway, New York City.

R. LEWIN, 609 West 114th Street, New York City.

C. W. NELSON, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

I. B. TRIMOULL, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.

M. TRIMOULL, 35 East 84th Street, New York City.

A. T. VANCE, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY has issued and outstanding bonds aggregating $1,025,000, which were sold to Harris Forbes & Co., and the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York, and resold to a large number of persons whose names and the extent of whose holdings are unknown at the present time.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM P. ABBOTT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1929.

[SEAL] SADYE SHAW,
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first. Her hat still garnished a bed-post. The tan dress she had worn with it was flung on a high-backed chair. Little kicked-off shoes lay on their sides on a rag rug. And a pair of evening slippers stood on a table. A negligée spilled color from the bed's edge to the floor.

Miss Mathilda looked and looked.

For a while she quite forgot that she had come to fold down the covers of Claire's bed; then she remembered, and went into the room. But not straight to the bedside. That scarf of yellow gossamer hanging on the bathroom door: was that a *nightgown?* She had to go and see.

It was. It couldn't be, but it was.

She inspected the bureau. There were the violets, dying in their tin-foil. And other things. Perfume. Gloves. A wrinkled tube like a tooth-paste tube, with green salve squeezing from it: "Brilliantine" it was marked. Jars, jewels, a wee black brush that had stained the bureau-cover, a pink-plush powder-puff the size of a pincushion. Also an eyelash-curler that baffled Miss Mathilda. She had never heard of eyelash-curling.

She began, rather guiltily and fearfully at first, to touch things, to pick things up. First the violets, to smell them and to pity them. Then the black brush, to put it in its proper box. Then a jar. Then a lipstick. Then a tin that said "Eye-shadow."

She found herself thinking, "Maybe she isn't so pretty *really*——"

A phrase that Bunny once had used of a girl in a restaurant recurred to her. "A good paint job." Maybe that was what Claire was. Maybe that was all. Maybe almost *any* one, with aids like these——

Miss Mathilda's fingers, suddenly trembling, seized a box of rouge. Opened it. Rubbed the tiny pad on the round red cake.

In the mirror above the bureau she saw her hand come up: then "Nonsense!" she cried sharply aloud, and put the pad back, and snapped the box shut, and dropped it.

Her face, when she turned from the bureau, was as red as rouge could have made it—all over.

She crossed to the bed. She was very brisk and businesslike now. These things must be moved that littered the counterpane. This suitcase-tray, from which most of the cloisonné fittings had been taken. This negligée. This little rainbow pile of underwear, streaming pastel ribbons. She put them all on a chair with hasty hands.

She grasped the suitcase, and would have moved it too, but something she glimpsed gave her pause.

She let go, and stood looking.

In the bottom of the suitcase lay another evening dress. A flashing one, made of silver sequins. You could tell that it was a brief dress because, folded just once, it fitted; and it was beautiful, beautiful. It had a huge pink rose that would rest on the hip, and the hem of it zigzagged in points. As an added touch three flecks of confetti were caught among the sequins on the little bodice. One scarlet and two green.

"Last night," thought Miss Mathilda. There had been a football dance last night in a college gymnasium. Bunny had said so.

She wanted to see the dress fully, so she told herself that it would muss in the suitcase, that she should take it out and hang it up for Claire. She took it out. By its shoulder-pieces she lifted it and held it at arm's length from her. Then she held it against herself, over the new brown satin. She turned to the full-length mirror that was set in the closet door. Beautiful dress. Shimmering and radiant dress.

"It would fit me," she thought. "I'm slim."

She had always thought of herself as simply "skinny."

All at once she giggled nervously, laid the dress on the bed, and began to unfasten the new brown satin. Her fingers jerked at the snaps. Still giggling to herself in little, quick exhalations of breath, she peeled the garment off, over her head, and stood in petticoat and corset-cover. She scrutinized the dress. Too low. Too short. The corset-cover must come off, and the petticoat.

While she donned the evening gown she stood with her back to the mirror. She would not even peep until it was all on and fastened. Then she would burst upon her own sight. It was awfully exciting. This suspense. How would she look? What would the silver sequins do to her? They fitted tight, sheath-like, giving her a figure. She pressed the palms of her hands along her sides. Nice and slim! Lovely and slim! So many people

Prices of Patterns

These patterns may be obtained at stores throughout the world, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write to The Pictorial Review Company at any of the following addresses: 214-228 West 39th Street, New York; 560 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 417-423 Camp St., New Orleans, La.; 82-84 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford St., Boston 11, Mass.; 200-206 S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.; 263-267 Adelaide St., West, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada.

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4846	45	1/6
4847	45	1/6
4848	45	1/6
4849	35	1/-
4850	35	1/-
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were fat at thirty-ni—when they got a little older.

Her reflection, confronted at last, was rather disappointing. She stopped smiling when she faced it, and grew grave. The dress was all right. It was charming. It fitted her faultlessly. But below the pointed edges of the knee-length skirt were her heavy legs in dark-brown hose. And above the bodice, above the bare white neck (her neck *was* white, as milky white as Claire's, she proudly thought) the faded face in its scant rim of hair seemed not to belong.

"I need make-up," she said to herself. Of course! Make-up made all the difference. "And light shoes and stockings," Miss Mathilda added in her mind. She was sanguine again. She was buoyant, gay. She had looked too soon, that was all.

A glance at the slippers on the table convinced her that they would never fit. She ran into her own room, across the little hall, and returned bearing gray-kid shoes of her own, and stockings to match. Sitting on the high edge of Claire's bed, she substituted these for the brown. "They're not very evening-y, but I just want to get the effect—"

She laid the discarded footwear with the brown dress on the bed, so that in departing she would surely leave nothing behind. "*There!* Now, my hair—"

Her hair had long been bobbed, for convenience' sake; she habitually wore it bound with a net. To remove the net and brush the flat locks into fluffiness was the work of a very few minutes—and took years from her face. The ends needed curling. She curled them in the kitchen, heating, on one of the burners of the stove, an ancient iron she had dug out of a drawer.

"Now, make-up!"

Claire's bureau again. Claire's powder, a heavy layer. Claire's lipstick, rubbed hard along thin, bloodless lips that could scarcely control their quivering. Claire's rouge, in bright circles. Miss Mathilda was not ashamed any more; she did not snort "Nonsense!" nor think it. She was not Miss Mathilda. She was some one like Claire, preparing to go somewhere.

She daubed perfume on herself. She screwed on earrings, slipped on pearls. She penciled her eyebrows gingerly, and attempted to blacken her lashes, but gave it up when her eyes began to water and to smart.

The eye-shadow, the lash-curler, and the brilliantine she passed over, not knowing what to do with them exactly. Was there anything else?

SHE looked, not at her image, but at the bureau-top. No. There wasn't. She had used everything.

"*Now!*"

Back to the full-length mirror. She put one hand on her hip as she had seen models do, and walked to within a foot of it and halted. Her eyes were squeezed shut. She drew a deep breath, and opened them, then let the breath out in a single, almost frightened gasp. It was too marvelous! It was *too marvelous!*

She stood there a long time. Her eyes dilated, fever-bright; the rise and fall of the sequins that spanned her flat chest quickened, as if she had been running hard. Once she laughed aloud, joyously. Once she put light, tentative hands on her face, as if to assure herself that it *was* hers—that suddenly magically fair and vivid face with the actress's mouth. There was in her no glad realization that she could do this again; there was no regret that she had not done it before. There was only this moment, this high bliss.

She thought, "I wish Claire could see me—"

She had forgotten that everything was Claire's.

"And Bunny!" How she wished Bunny were here! How his dark eyes would widen! She could visualize it; she could hear him cry out, "Why, *Tilda!* What in the—why, you're *beautiful!*" He would turn to Claire. "Isn't she beautiful, Claire?" And Claire would agree. And they would say, "Come on, get your wrap. You're going to this dance with us!"

To the looking-glass Miss Mathilda shook her head gently, smilingly. "I can't," she told it. "You're dears to want me, but—I can't to-night." She blushed a trifle. "You see—Richard Whitacre is coming to call."

That was it. That was why she was in dressed up. Richard was coming to call! Before the mirror she played the little game of his arrival. She started, listened intently. "Wasn't that the bell?" Her hands flew to her hair; to her shoulders, to straighten the straps of the sequin gown; to the flower on her hip, to spread its petals. "Very well, Marie," she said aloud, over her shoulder. "Tell him I will be there in a moment."

From the dressing-table she took up the wilted violets carefully with both hands, as if she lifted them from a nest of emerald paper in a box. She looked at them. "Nice," she said, as Claire had said it. Then she laid them down again. It would not do to wear them with this dress, which had a flower. She would explain that when she thanked him for them.

She was ready now. She went into the living-room, switching on the lights as she crossed the threshold. She went forward smiling, both hands outstretched. "Richard!"

IN THE center of the room she stopped. Her hands fell to her sides, but she still smiled softly, radiantly, her face upturned. "You haven't changed—a single bit," she said.

He was answering her; his eager words were forming in her mind, and she was listening, tremulous and rapt—when the lock of the foyer door clicked and Claire and Bunny walked in.

She stood square in their path. There was no escaping their eyes, which, almost before she knew they were there, had found her. Bunny's voice cried, "Hullo! Are you still—" And then died out. Bunny saw. Claire, a step in advance of him, saw too, and halted, a little uncertainly. Her expression was curious. Embarrassment was in it, dismay and regret were in it, and it came to Miss Mathilda in a lucid flash of thought that Claire would like to turn around and go away again, pretending that she had seen nothing.

"*What* the ——!" exclaimed Bunny.

His voice was incredulous now. It was indignant. He brushed past Claire, and Claire came slowly forward after him. He stared at his aunt. "Why, you've got *Claire's dress* on!"

"Yes," said Miss Mathilda. "Yes, I—" Her throat felt stuck. She tried to laugh, to show them what a joke it was. What an awfully funny joke on herself. "I just thought I'd—I thought Claire wouldn't mind if I just—tried it on—"

"Of course!" Claire said swiftly. "I'm glad you did. It's fun, isn't it, trying on other people's things? At school we were always doing it." She hesitated. "You look sweet," she said.

Her eyes were compassionate, sympathetic. Bunny's eyes were angry and ashamed. Here were mirrors unlike that lying glass in the other room; four tiny steady mirrors that told the truth. Miss Mathilda looked—and she saw a comic valentine. She saw a rouged, bedizened old maid in a débutante's dancing-dress. She saw a fool.

She turned away blindly. "I'll go now, and take it off——"

Claire's voice followed her, "We're leaving again, in a minute, Miss Meade. We just came back to get my other slippers—"

"Yes," said Miss Mathilda senselessly. "Well—I'll see you in the morning, then——"

She was in her own room. Sitting on the bed. Her face burning, burning like fire. She was straining her ears to hear, through the open door, what Bunny was saying. What was he saying in that undertone? *What was he saying about her?*

She heard only Claire. "Hush!" Claire said softly. "Don't you understand? The poor old thing——"

Miss Mathilda rose, and shut the door without a sound. She wheeled from it, choking a little. Tight-lipped, she tore off the silver-sequin gown, not caring if she damaged it. What would it matter if she did? Claire had dozens of dresses. Claire had dozens of dancing-dresses, and fifty or sixty young men.

She cried a long time. Because tonight she had lost the things that had never been hers, she cried. Quietly. Terribly. Alone in the dark.

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